THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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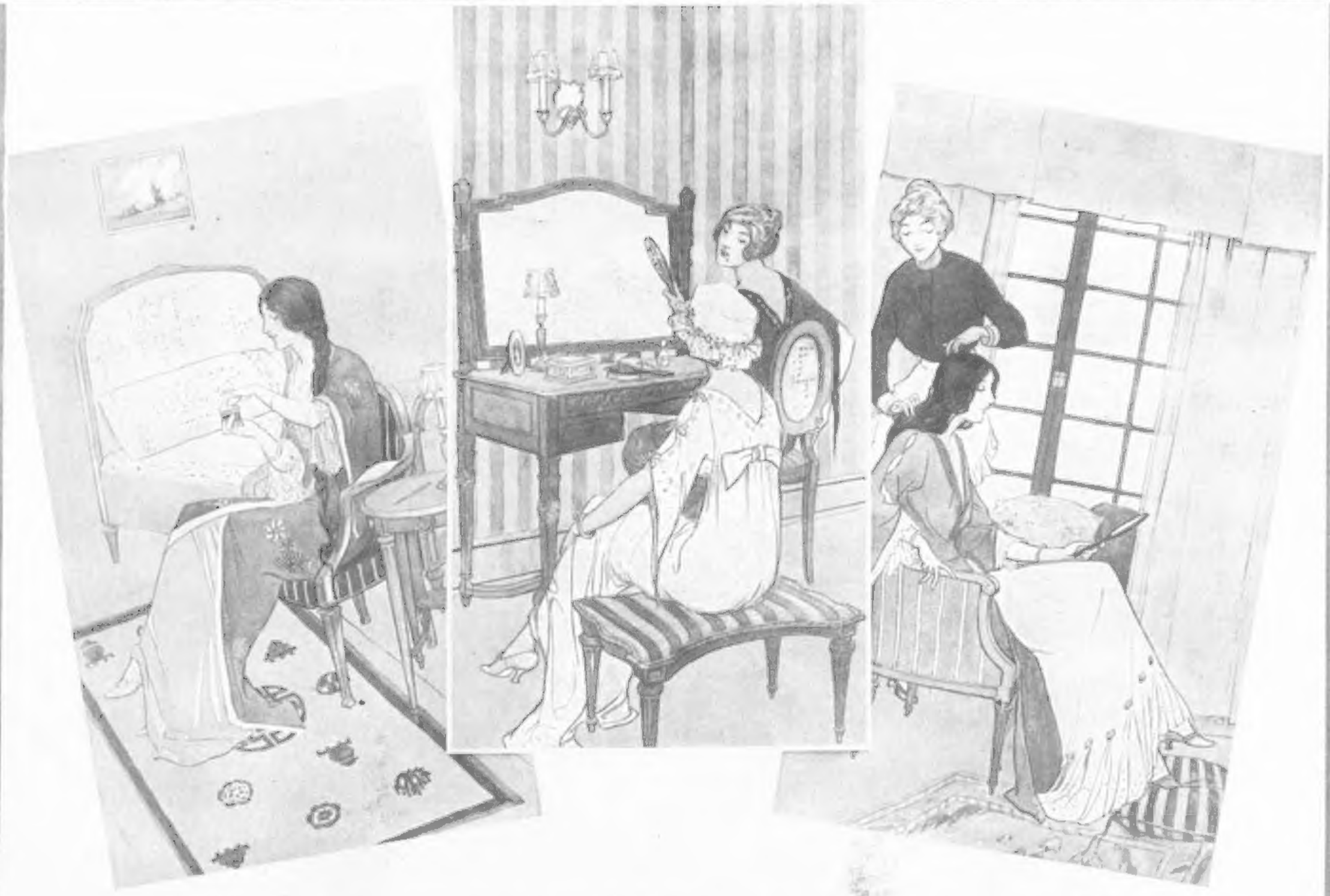
SEPTEMBER 12, 1914 — 5c. THE COPY

IN THIS NUMBER: George Pattullo—Irvin S. Cobb—Edwin Balmer
Ring W. Lardner—Fannie Hurst—Forrest Crissey—James H. Collins



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Hart Schaffner & Marx

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IS IT A LOST ART?

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

WHENCE comes this wail that oratory is a lost art—and why? For years and years every moth-eaten critic of literature and art and the spoken word has bemoaned the decadence of our declamation, shaking his shagged self in woe over the condition he proclaims, and harking back to the spellbinders of bygone days for standards of comparison.

Let us examine this subject a little, using the Congress of the United States as our medium for investigation and comparison with the efforts of the so-called classic orators—not because Congressional orators are our only orators, or a tenth of them, but merely because Congressional orators are concentrated, as it happens, in the two wings of our Capitol, and, thus herded, are easier for classification and analysis.

I make this contention: Never in the history of the world has there been so much oratory as we have produced in this country in the past six or seven years; and never, to be more specific, has there been a legislative assembly of any character or nationality whatsoever that has so diligently orated, with so vast an output, as the Congresses of the United States—from the Sixtieth Congress, say, until this present session of the Sixty-third. That comprises but the brief space of less than seven years—about six years and a half, to be exact.

"And When We Meet in November You Will Go Down to Defeat Never to Rise Again"

Let me dwell on this vast output which stamps our lawmakers as the champion producing orators of the world. Beginning on December 2, 1907, and ending at high noon on June 6, 1914, our statesmen, in Congress assembled, orated and otherwise talked to the extent of 62,268 pages of the Congressional Record. A page of the Congressional Record is almost as large as a page of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and when closely set contains approximately seventeen hundred and sixty words. Thus it will be seen that if each page were closely set there would have been emitted, exuded and otherwise presented 109,591,680 words in the time that has elapsed.

However, not all these pages are solid. A considerable portion of the time was taken up in debate, in question and answer—all oratorical, to be sure, but not to be considered as such in the strict sense; so let us say half the time was consumed in debate.

The Appalling Statistics of Washington Oratory

THIS shows that in oratory—just oratory—set speeches—we have had a production of 54,795,840 words in the interim between December 2, 1907, and high noon of June 6, 1914. Some orators talk more rapidly than others. Some use but one hundred words a minute, and some two hundred. Taking a general average as to the individual production of oratory it is fair to assume that one hundred and fifty words a minute is about right. Thus, carrying the computation out, we discover that about twelve hundred and seventeen Congressional days of five hours each—which is more than they average—have been devoted to oratory—to the production of proof that oratory has not been a lost art since the opening of the Sixtieth Congress; and we are but halfway through the Sixty-third.

The Greatest Asset of the Politician—and That Means the Orator—is the People

Thus, having shown incontrovertibly the incomparable repute of our Congress for productivity, it now remains to prove the quality of the offerings. It would be absurd to contend that any orator is like any other orator in every characteristic. Each man has peculiar personal excellences. However, there are certain broad trends that may be described—certain typical lines of oratorical procedure; certain attributes of style and method that may be set apart one from the other, which give to each fashion a distinctive atmosphere. These fashions, as set forth here, must of necessity be rather indicated than analyzed; for to go into a discussion of the entire field of idiosyncrasies would entail a consideration of each individual orator. Therefore I have chosen types, both of oratory and the exponents thereof. As I have had occasion to remark before, the greatest asset of the politician—and that means the orator—is the people. Hence, the most prevalent style or fashion of oratory may be called the Back-Home Style. It is intended to appeal to those who have the votes.

It were invidious to select from the great mass of peoplish orators any one who shall be listed as a type, for all are proficient in this branch of the art—some more proficient than others, but all proficient and all in perfect practice.

Staple Stuff for Consumption Back Home

THOSE 62,268 pages of the Congressional Record are crowded with reports of impassioned oratory of this brand; and to distinguish one orator above another by naming him as par excellence in this line seems unfair. To the end that none may be aggrieved I cite this anonymous paragraph, stating the while that, in substance, in form, in sentiment and in general character, it is of high grade; and it is exactly indicative of the pabulum fed to the boys back home:

"The people, Mr. Speaker—the people! My heart swells with pride when I think of myself as one of them. The people—the backbone and the sinew of this nation—the great, God-fearing, man-loving people, having faith in our institutions; ready to respond to any call to defend our honor; eager to sustain our flag on sea or on shore; who have made up the roll of our heroic dead in all our wars in the past, and who now stand willing to contribute their blood and their treasure to bring about our future welfare! The people—the great common people—wresting from the soil those riches of harvest that have made us the greatest nation of the earth; from whom have sprung our noblest men; reverently worshiping the God of our fathers; holding fast to that which is good and pure and true; unswayed by the fallacies of the day; working honestly at their honest employments; rearing their children to reverence the flag; giving liberally of their scanty store of wealth to the causes of religion and education; planting themselves on the Constitution—the people; the plain, rugged, honest people—our salvation and our strength—the people! God bless them and prosper them—the people! And I am one of them!"

That short excerpt contains the whole creed. It is a typical utterance of a peoplish orator.

Next to the Orator of the People is, in frequency and in fervor, the Party Orator—the partisan—who, a member of a political organization, proclaims the merits of that organization not only because he believes in what he says but because it is essential that his party shall win the election, lest he be relegated to the corner store as a forum for his oratory. It seems apt to take utterances of the three partisan leaders in the House of Representatives for specimens of partisan oratory.

There was the time, for example, when the Honorable James R. Mann, declaiming as to the virtues of the Republican party, rose to these heights:

"The Republican party—its memories are too sacred; its principles are too righteous and too enduring; its achievements are too inspiring and too lasting; its record is too grand; its need to the country is too great; its leadership and its membership are too patriotic and too filled with hope for the country for it to be destroyed. . . . It will go on and on, with heroic devotion to the principles of constitutional government. . . ."

The Honorable Mr. Mann's vision was, in this instance, prophetic, as all will recall who remember what happened to the Republican party in November of that same year.

Then, about a year later, came Victor Murdock, the leader

In the Days of Old There Were Orators Who Did All the Talking, While the Assemblies Remained Silent

of the Progressives in the same House. Mr. Murdock thus exclaimed over the principles of his party:

"The Progressive party believes that the hour is here when this nation must debrutalize a predatory individualism that has overrun the democracy and outraged the spirit of universal opportunity. The Progressive party puts public welfare above public place or party success; it makes public service paramount; it proposes accomplishment, not promise; it seeks results; it has vision; it has faith in the people; it has determined to open up in this country the door of equal opportunity, which special privilege is closing—to open it to everybody and for all time to come!"

For Years and Years Every Moth-Eaten Critic Has Bemoaned the Decadence of Our Declamation

It was freely conceded at the time that any partisan orator would have to go a long way to get a finer phrase than Mr. Murdock's "debrutalize a predatory individualism"; and there was considerable envy displayed by other orators because they had not thought of it first.

The Honorable Oscar W. Underwood, the Democratic leader of the House, is equally intense, but more repressed. This is the way he makes a Democratic speech:

"The Democratic party is entitled to the confidence of the American people because it has kept its pledges with them. It has demonstrated that it can and will revise the tariff taxes down to a revenue basis; that it can administer the affairs of the National Government; that it will stand for the Constitution of the United States. On the other hand, . . . it is impracticable to believe that the Republican party can set in order the House and bring about the proper reforms of its own misconduct, extravagance and greed."

Of course there was much more of it than that, but this will suffice to show the Underwood style of partisan speech.

Then comes the Patriotic Orator—the Star-Spangled Style. This brand of oratory is in constant display. It is used on almost every occasion.

No finer specimen of this particular style ever came to my observation than the closing paragraph of the tolls speech of the Honorable Champ Clark, delivered in the House of Representatives on March thirty-first last. Mr. Clark concluded as follows, amid, as the Record says, "prolonged applause on the floor and in the galleries":

"Now may the God of our Fathers, who nerved three million backwoods Americans to fling their gage of battle into the face of the mightiest monarch in the world; who guided the hand of Jefferson in writing the charter of liberty; who sustained Washington and his ragged and starving army amid the awful horrors of Valley Forge and gave them complete victory on the blood-stained heights of Yorktown—may He lead members to vote so as to prevent this stupendous folly—this unspeakable humiliation of the American Republic!"

Consider the Mockingbird Style

THERE, you observe, are skillfully blended references to our great deeds of the past, and the suggestion that we are now of the same stern stuff, the supplicatory note, and, withal, the proud and patriotic spirit—all used to advance a cause.

Another type is the Southern or Mockingbird Style. There is no product in which the South excels to so great an extent as oratory. Every Southerner is an orator and every Southern statesman is a super-orator; but there is none more truly and typically eloquent and oratorical in the Southern Style than the Honorable Augustus O. Stanley, of Kentucky. He has rivals, but no peers.

Once on a time he delivered a speech concerning Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton—a favorite topic for Southern orators—and from the many gems in that speech I extract this one:

"In the vast womb of the wilderness the Colonies took form and void, varying in their orbits and splendor, but they differed only 'as one star differeth from another star in glory.' In the hour of destiny each found its place about the great central power, to which, like the planets, they were eternally bound, yet forever separate. The Fathers, I declare to you, heard the voice of God when they covered this continent with states, even as the heaven is bespangled with stars. The same peril awaits the star and the state. The state, dissevered from her sisters, is lost, even as the planet wrenched from its moorings, cometlike, becomes the wandering vagrant of the skies. . . . Let no new Hamilton rise to disturb or destroy their exquisite balance. Harmonious, distinct, indissoluble, they shall remain as eternal as the revolving stars."

However, I must now pass to another style of oratory, a style in which we are exceedingly proficient, and which is classified as the Impressively Obvious Style. This style is based on the well-known oratorical proposition that the way to be a successful orator is not to lead the people into realms of information strange to them, but to tell them what they know.

One of our finest exemplars of this style of oratory is the Honorable Elihu Root, of New York, who can state a perfectly obvious thing in a manner at once so imperious and important that it becomes a greater truth because he has illuminated it with his intellect. Those who heard him, with great declamatory effect and intense earnestness, proclaim in the Senate on September second last these inspiring words, and those who read them here, will understand the force of his prevalent and powerful style of oratory:

"I am sure the American Union cannot endure, nor can free government be maintained, unless the representatives of our people have that self-control over passion and prejudice—whether it be of class or section—that wisdom and moderation which will lead them to be just toward their fellow citizens and toward every section of our great and beloved land."

Senator Root spoke many other important and well-known truths on that occasion as he has spoken them on other occasions; but this quotation serves to identify this particular style and fashion of oratory.

During the entire history of oratory there has been a distinctly classified style known as the Highly Informative. One of our most successful orators, and most copious, is the Honorable Theodore E. Burton, senator from Ohio. He may be said to be as facile at this style of oratory as any person in our history. At random I select this interesting passage from a recent speech by him:

"In the year 1913 the total freight passing through the Canadian canal was more than that through the American canal, in round numbers 42,000,000; or, more exactly, 37,022,201 tons passed through the American canal and 42,696,143 tons through the Canadian canal. Expressed in percentages, fifty-four per cent of the freight passed through the Canadian and forty-six per cent through the American."

And so on for hours.

Another and familiar theme is the Classes Against the Masses; and on this there has been built a style of oratory that has much to recommend it. It is held in high regard by the people. Many of our congressional orators are adepts at taking the masses' end of this sort of oratorical display, and none more so than that friend of the toiler—an exceedingly plain person himself—Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois. Senator Root, of New York, in a speech on the income tax, spoke of "My people," and that gave Senator Lewis a chance for an oration on the subject that is typical. This topic always is fruitful and is oratorically expanded many times in each session.

Senator Lewis asked:

"Whom shall we see rushing to the Government, asking that navies be put out in the waters bordering their possessions to protect them? . . . It will be those delectable gentlemen who for a while linger in America, absent from the polling booths, their names seldom seen on the tax collector's list; who flit from here to Europe, and there, in their luxurious yachts or in speeding joy automobiles, ensconce themselves along the Riviera, on the Mediterranean, in the winter, or in the mountain fastnesses of pleasure resorts in the summer—these, who contribute little to this Government and yet who would promptly demand that every man of the poor who could give his life—from the farm, the factory and the mill—shall be summoned to die to save their wealth from assault!" A perfect example and perfectly done by the senator, who himself does much to prove the falsity of the contention that oratory is a lost art.

A favorite is the Self-Depreciatory or Massively Modest Style. This is always adopted by the man who thinks he has a large supply of information and oratory on hand that all are clamoring to hear. He prefaces his remarks with a depreciation of his own abilities. This was never better illustrated than by the Honorable James E. Martine, senator from New Jersey, who began a speech on the canal-tolls question as follows:

"Mr. President: I do not claim that I can bring any great amount of intelligence to this subject, which, perhaps more than any other since I have been a member of this body, has been discussed and analyzed to an extent that has been quite remarkable. I can bring probably no information to this question ——" And so on, modestly disclaiming any reason for the speech and during its progress proving his opening contention, but also perfectly exemplifying the Self-Depreciatory Style.

It must not be thought for an instant that this style is other than a rhetorical subterfuge; for when a man begins in that manner, or makes such statements concerning himself, it always proves that his own thought as to his capabilities is exactly the opposite and he wants this to be taken as a jest.

Many of our leading orators indulge at times in the Highly Sarcastic Style, and none with greater facility than the Honorable William E. Humphrey, of the state of Washington, who, when discussing a recent statement by the President that this country's present business condition is "purely psychological," said with biting emphasis:

"What the hungry want is not bread, but more law. What the naked want is not more clothes, but more statutes. What the idle need is not work, but more legislation. What capital needs is not investment, but legal confiscation. What the nation needs is not prosperity, but a cheerful state of mind."

When one of our orators becomes sarcastic he is sarcastic world without end. And this style of oratory impinges on that other favorite style known as the Dignified Retort Style.

The McCumber, or Articulated, Style

THERE are many occasions in the Congress when it is necessary for a statesman to make a dignified retort. Often orators assail other orators; and, unless the orators assailed are cleverer than those who attack them, every rule of oratorical procedure requires the dignified retort. The basis of all dignified-retort oratory is the use, with the same sort of emphasis the actor puts on the lines of the oration over the dead body of Cæsar, of the phrases: "The honorable senator!" and "The distinguished representative!" This is about all there is to it; but we do it well and the rejoinder is supposed to be withering in its effect.

And no country in the world can compare with us when it comes to the Articulatory Style. Peerless as an exemplar of this style, though he has many imitators, is the Honorable Porter J. McCumber, senator from North Dakota; and as he proceeds he challenges admiration for the expert manner in which he articulates his burning words and separates each into its salient and segregated syllables. When he closed his speech on the canal-tolls question he was at his top. He said:

"Mr. Pres-i-dent: The ob-li-ga-tions of na-tion-al hon-or im-pose on us the du-ty of giv-ing that treaty a con-struc-tion in ac-cord-ance with the un-der-stand-ing of the rep-re-sent-a-tives of both gov-ern-ments at the time we en-tered in-to it—a du-ty from which no re-fined rea-son-ing, no strained con-struc-tion, no stud-ied soph-is-try, no pseu-do-pa-tri-ot-ism, can ev-er re-lieve us!"

It is to be noted that users of this style seek words that separate easily and musically. Likewise the style is economical as to mental effort. It takes much longer to articulate a speech after the manner of Mr. McCumber than to speak it in the non-articulatory method, and consequently does not require so much speech.

I could continue for hours to quote and comment; but that is not necessary. The facts are plain. There never was a time in our history when we had so much oratory of so many different varieties, and so many orators. The cry that oratory is a lost art proceeds from those who do not understand the situation or who fail to comprehend either our enormous output or its character and class.

When a Congress of the United States in six and a half years speaks, for record, 109,591,680 separate and distinct oratorical words, of the quality herewith displayed, it comes with ill grace from any American—even if he be a critic and thus denatured to some extent—to claim that oratory is a lost art.

Lost?

Who lost it?

While awaiting a reply I can tell you who found it. It was found by the Congress of the United States of America—found and, yea, even foundered.

There Was Considerable Envy Displayed by Other Orators Because They Had Not Thought of It First

THE CAMP FOLLOWER

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

LOLITA was sixteen years old and had never been kissed. That sounds preposterous; but there were extenuating circumstances. She lived on the shaggy flank of Tepitate, which tops the Ajos, and nobody ever went by there except woodchoppers, who were all old and whiskered and beyond ambition.

However, age is full of surprises, and one of those hairy elders forgot his burden of years and tried to hug Lolita. It was no paternal caress, either, but a healthy, deliberate effort, made when he came on her drinking at the spring. Technique is everything in such undertakings, and his was poor. Lolita tore loose and gave him a clout that rattled all his five teeth. The ancient rubbed his stinging ear, picked his hat from the dirt, told Lolita she was a devil, and went on down the trail toward Moyas, in the valley.

"Skunk!" she screamed after him, following hotfoot to the first bend of the road in order to say a few well-chosen words about his hirsute decorations. The woodchopper whacked his burro on the rump to get out of earshot.

Her mother awaited her return with a broad grin.

"Pitz! What a fuss! What harm?"

Lolita took no high moral grounds. Still breathing hard, she said, through clenched teeth:

"The old fool! He smelled of the burro. Puh! I could choke him!"

"You are too proud," her mother admonished. "Yes; you are so. One would say you were a grand lady! It is the truth. You are your father's own daughter. Him—wow!—nobody was good enough to dust off his stool when he had been drinking. That was your father."

"And so I shall be a grand lady! My father was a señor—I have heard you tell it yourself. Have we not his picture in his general's uniform?"—referring to MacFarlane, deceased, in Shriner regalia. "It is there, hanging on the wall, plain to see."

"All the same, you are stuck-up. What do you want? Angel Pena is a worthy man."

"He is very old and very dirty," said Lolita loftily; "and I shall marry a rich, handsome young soldier."

Her mother grunted.

"A soldier, eh? Huh! Maybe! But keep your eye peeled, *hija!* Remember—smear yourself with honey and you'll be devoured by flies."

Proverbs are the first and last refuge of parents, and Lolita hated those scourges of childhood. She walked off to herd the goats; her mother heard her singing on the slopes above:

Bee-yu-ti-ful Sun-day! I wish it would never come Monday,
'Cause I lie between the sheets, my bed ador-r-r-nin'.
Oh, it's verra nice; it's verra, verra nice
To get your br-r-reakfast in your bed on Sunday mornin'.

She had learned the song from her father, who had passed on to Lolita a fine, full roll to the r's. That was about all he had left her.

She and her mother lived in the thatched hut on Tepitate, whither MacFarlane had brought his bride after buying her from Candelario Ortiz, the cobbler of Tabutuma. Candelario was her first husband. Just whom we monogamists ought to blame in this transaction puzzles me, for each could plead a stout defense. Consider: The Scotchman paid sixty dollars for Mrs. Ortiz, which was every penny he had in the world; and Candelario accepted it because he knew that Mac would take her anyway. So there you are!

It is probable that MacFarlane often regretted his sixty, for we all know one can pay too dearly for things. Indeed, in his black moods he evidenced bitter anguish of soul, and would babble about self-respect and gentlefolk and eternal damnation. Not understanding these allusions, Mrs. Mac accepted the outbursts as incidental to a spree and kept out of reach. And Mac steadied after Lolita came.

He used to prospect round Tepitate and the neighboring mountains, tapping at rocks with a little hammer and scaling crags with undimmed hope. Thrice he sank shafts, and he was always on the verge of striking a copper vein that would give Wall Street the staggers; but when Lolita was fourteen some dynamite behaved prematurely and they never recovered enough of Mac to justify a funeral.

The widow cried for three days, and thumped her chest and pulled at her hair, precisely as she would have done had there been people there to see, and then went about her work much as usual. The house had a bedroom and kitchen, and a cross of cedar above the door, with a horseshoe under it. Mac had had implicit faith in the horseshoe. They owned a patch of garden and a flock of goats, and raised some chickens. Though coyotes, polecats, snakes and hawks made the chicken business precarious, Lolita liked it best of all, since it gave her opportunity to pit her wits against the marauders'.

In leisure hours they wove baskets of willow, sitting comfortably in the shade of the gourd vine that trellised four oak posts set back of the house. On top of this arbor were laid peppers to dry.

Every so often her mother would load the pack animal with their crude handiwork and onions and beans and fowls, and, trudging barefoot behind, a black shawl over head and shoulders, go to market in sleepy Moyas.

"Take me, *mamá.* You never have."

"Pitz! Be quiet, *hija!* Who would guard the house? And the town—it is not for such as you. Only the toothless are safe there."

She always refused and grew so vehement over insistence that in time Lolita gave up asking.

Having driven the goats round a peak to virgin grass one morning, Lolita crawled out on a rock to view the land. This perch was her lookout. It hung dizzily three thousand feet above the valley, and from it one could see Moyas through the clustering trees. Its gray-brown adobe walls glowed white in the sun. Between Moyas and the foot of Tepitate stretched a rolling expanse of zacaton. It was always the same, and Lolita gazed indifferently. A sunbeam glinted from the cross on the church; and she wondered whether it were true that in Mexico City, where Don Porfirio lived in his marble palace, the streets were paved with pure gold.

While thus speculating—flat on her stomach and pleasantly engaged in a conscientious effort to spit on a buzzard seated on a crag a quarter of a mile below—the clack of a horse's hoof against a stone caused her to turn her head. Some riders were coming down the trail from the other side of Tepitate, the side on which lay Tabutuma.

She sat up, with a catch of breath, and stared. They came in single file, carelessly, slouching in the saddle, their bodies giving to every lurch of their mounts. Rifles clattered against cantles and stirrups; sabers banged. What could it mean? Lolita brushed the hair out of her eyes and sprang to her feet. The head of the line was a scant hundred yards above her—another turn and she would be visible to him—and still horsemen were pouring round the bend at the summit.

She hopped off the rock and legged for home. Her mother was shelling beans under the vine; and at sight of Lolita leaping down the slopes she feared for one dreadful moment that a kid had been killed or crippled and commenced to shout lustily:

"It's your fault! You cannot pull the wool over my eyes. If one is hurt you did it."

"No, no! Soldiers, *mamá!* Soldiers!" panted Lolita, all out of breath. "They are coming—men with guns—hundreds—millions—thousands of them. Yes. Look! There they are now."

Fluttering like a hen that descries a hawk, the widow brushed the pods from her lap, seized Lolita by the arm and dragged her toward the house.

"But no!" she said, halting on the threshold. "What good to lock you up? We will stay quietly at our kitchen door, like ladies. They would find us anyway. And far better a thousand than two."

Acting on this sagacious theory of safety, they set stools beside the door and fell to work on the beans. They were thus occupied when two men on scrawny ponies reached the garden fence.

"Ow-ya, mother! Draw us some water." Four more riders ranged beside them.

Most native women would have meekly obeyed, but the widow had been wife to MacFarlane, and she retorted boldly:

"Get it yourselves, rascals! There is a spring yonder."

A gust of laughter greeted this rebuff and another shouted:

"Fair flower of Tepitate, touch the cup with your little hand! Eh, *querida mía?*"

"Aha! That is different. For you a big drink of goat's milk, *muchacho.* Wait and I will fetch it to you."

Chuckling that this was like the rosy days of her youth, the widow bustled to the rain barrel to get the tin in which the milk was kept cool, and Lolita went on snapping pods. She was too shy to look at any of the soldiers, who were not at all too shy to look at her.

"Ow-ya! Look above, *compadres!*" cried a trooper suddenly; and, whirling his horse, he clattered down the steep mountainside as though an enemy were at his heels. Startled, the others glanced up

Oh, to be a Man, That She Might Shoulder a Gun in His Service and Ride by His Side!

the trail and then, with one accord, followed his lead, moving at a sober trot.

"Pitz! What ails the fools?" The widow stood flatfooted and angrily watched them go, the tin bucket in one hand and a gourd in the other.

A party of four was ambling toward the gate and soldiers drew respectfully to right and left to let them pass. In front rode a gorgeous apparition on a gaunt sorrel. His uniform was of a brilliant blue, slashed with white; heavy gold epaulets widened his shoulders; his shiny, peaked leather cap was braided with silver, and a long sword kept poking under his ankle to his great discomfort. At least ten medals bobbed up and down on his flat chest and his spur bells tinkled bravely; but Lolita's keen young eyes made out that he was withered and bent, with a beard like one of her billies and eyebrows streaked with gray.

Behind him came two middle-aged officers in serviceable khaki suits and leather leggings. They had swords, too, and automatics in hip holsters.

Last, with one hand propped on his horse's flank like a vaquero, was a man under thirty. He had a tremendous sweep of shoulder; on his head was a sombrero; on his feet, new, high-heeled boots set off by spurs incrusted with silver. Blue overalls matched stains with a pink silk shirt, the sleeves of which were far too short, yet were upheld by pink silk sleeve holders round his biceps; and in a holster slung from a new cartridge belt he wore what is affectionately known to the trade as a young cannon. His roan horse nickered when it spied the garden patch and the green things growing there.

The cavalcade halted at the fence. Past them streamed a line of men going down toward Moyas.

"Whose goats are those up beyond?"

"Mine. My goats—all that stands between two poor women and starvation. I do not lie."

"Well," said the leader, his little red eyes wandering toward Lolita, "we need them. How much?"

At that the widow set up a wailing and wrung her hands. To lose her pets, her darling goats, of such bigness and agility, the mainstays of —— The man on the roan, who had remained quietly in the background, thrust forward and cut in on her lamentations.

"Shut your mouth!" he ordered. "You'll be paid for them. Coronna—give her the fair price, but no more. We have taken the beasts, mother, because we need them."

"Of course," sniffed the widow, ceasing her outcry as one of the officers started counting out silver, "if your valiant soldiers require them for food—I have always been loyal to Don Porfirio and ——"

"Don Porfirio?"

"Surely! You fight for *El Presidente*, do you not? You are his men?"

The four looked at one another; the elderly man laughed.

"And who," asked the young officer gravely, "do you think rules now in Mexico?"

"If I have made a mistake ——" faltered the widow. "We live so far away. It is true that Don Porfirio was a tyrant and an oppressor of the poor. I always hated him. Is there, then, some one else? I am loyal. Every one knows that. Perhaps ——" And she began to weep.

"Do not be frightened, mother. Nobody is going to hurt you. We are fighting for such as you and not against you. Cease! Do not weep. Stop it!"

The voice was kind and masterful. The Widow MacFarlane dried her eyes and made bold to look at him again.

"Who, then, are you, captain?"

"I am General Miguel Barraca. These are three of my officers. And those"—pointing to the horsemen still coming from above—"are a part of my cavalry. Men call me the Liberator."

He said it with a touch of grandiloquence and the widow almost swooned in the path. Wow! What a mess! Here she had estimated this youth as a species of lackey to the glittering general with the medals!

Behind her Lolita let a handful of beans slip slowly from her fingers. The Liberator was looking at her with kindling glance and her knees felt weak. She saw a blond young giant with hard blue eyes and finely cut features. Strong teeth gleamed under his short mustache.

"Who is that?" he demanded abruptly.

The widow told him, adding that Lolita was a pearl without price and pure as the driven snow.

"Doubtless!" was all Barraca had to say to this, and he continued to stare.

Barefooted and bare of head she stood—tall, full-throated, with the matchless grace of youth and fine proportions. Her skin was a smooth, delicate olive, deepening to russet under the general's intent scrutiny. And her confusion darkened her come-hither eyes from hazel to a warm brown. Lashes that cast soft shadows, proudly arching brows, and heavy black hair—the Creator had fashioned Lolita for wholesale slaughter. An old cotton waist revealed the firm lines of her bust and lay open at the neck. Her soiled cotton skirt had a rent in it, and through the rent peeped a slender, round, dimpled knee.

"You are Mad! We are Beaten! The Federals Fight Like Fiends"

The Liberator spoke again, in a slightly husky tone:

"And you live up here all alone? That is not right. The *colorados* are all round and you will get into trouble. Have you no male kin? No son? No husband?"

"None," answered the widow, growing vaguely hopeful. "We are alone in the world. Who are the *colorados?*"

The general frowned thoughtfully, flicking the reins against his boot.

"You cannot stay here," he repeated. "There will be fighting. You will be robbed and —— Get ready to come with us. No noise now—we will pay you for all we take and all you leave. The women are behind. You can throw in with them. We need more cooks and nurses—don't we, Tio?"

"But, general—Your Excellency!—my dear chickens, and sweet bed, stuffed so softly with feathers; and my walnut chair ——"

"That'll do! You can't stop here. So pack your things. Colonel, take all her chickens and vegetables, and whatever else she has, and help them get ready."

Without bandying more words he turned his horse and rode off. The matter was settled. That was the Liberator's way.

"And, Tio," added the general to his chief of commissary, "take care they are looked after like your own sisters. If anybody so much as winks an eyelash at her he'll ——"

The Liberator did not complete the threat, but the colonel understood. He said hurriedly:

"It is done, general."

And Barraca went on down the trail with his staff, leaving him to superintend the removal of Mrs. and Miss MacFarlane.

II

SO LOLITA became a camp follower. Nearly two thousand women tagged behind the army; some were wives and some were not. Being there to fight and march the warriors let the camp followers do the drudgery, while they lolled in camp listening to music or taking a nap.

It was all a picnic to Lolita, however. There were oodles of babies of every size and age and tint; and within a week she knew, with a precise and intimate knowledge, the sex and peculiarities of one hundred and ninety-seven of them, and had had a hair-pulling contest with an angry mother for smuggling her brat off to a stream and there bathing him.

The first time I saw Lolita was when General Miguel Barraca's forces started across the Turkey Track range on their advance south. From the security of Bisbee the manager had sent word to us to receive the rebel chieftain with every honor; but, inasmuch as the Liberator had a habit of taking what he wanted whenever he found it, these orders seemed to me superfluous.

However, I took five men and seventy head of cattle as a peace offering and went to meet them at the west fence, to assure him of our loyal friendship, and to give Tud Arthur an opportunity to run off the best of our horses and all the fat stuff round headquarters.

The Legion of the North marched like a mob. It was hard to believe that this ragged, dirty, loose, noisy horde was the efficient fighting machine with which the Liberator had conquered two states in eleven stiff battles! He had only cavalry with him, for there were desert strips to be crossed, where the sand was too heavy for infantry, and a certain valley that must be traversed between dark and sunup. Besides, he entertained a medieval baron's scorn for the foot soldier and employed him only in garrison duty.

Of order and formation there appeared to be none. If units existed in the Legion of the North they kept it a secret on the march, and simply streamed across country, five thousand fighting men, any way at all. When the Liberator wanted to go anywhere he just started off and went. It was beautifully simple.

They plodded along on their scrub ponies—graybeards and thin slips of boys, fat men and lean. The majority carried good rifles, for Barraca had captured an entire Federal garrison, but the others bore any weapon they had been able to lay hands on, from muzzle-loading shotguns to twenty-two-caliber target rifles and bulldog revolvers. A considerable number of the more youthful had provided themselves with long knives; and one lout of a recruit on a mule fondled a scythe with practiced ease. To us it looked like a mighty useful tool.

If they had been white men we should have said they were afoot, so starved and dead-limbed were their mounts; but a Mexican can take a horse you or I have ridden to a standstill and coax another twenty miles out of him. It is a gift and cannot be acquired.

We had speech with Barraca, who curtly accepted the cattle and told us to bring them along to camp. It made us hot under the collar; but we went, holding a parallel course to them.

Saddles patched with wire, bridles built of ends of rope; gunny sacks for blankets—a considerable following rode bareback. And their dress was as varied as their accouterments—everything from American hand-me-downs to composite uniforms stolen from prisoners; but cotton trousers and shirts, with straw hats, and serapes wound like a shawl, predominated.

Our herd traveled slowly, vexed by the noise and the dust. And after a while, when about four thousand had passed us, I began dimly to get a different impression. This was not the shambling, useless mob it looked to a casual observer. Wretchedly equipped, yes; and without discipline, as we understand it. Nor could they hit a barn door with a rifle or maneuver in formation without getting tangled. Yet they could capture fortified cities. They could make marches across waterless wastes that would bring a blush to the cheek of a camel for his pitiful set of stomachs. They were formidable. And they were so because every man or boy in the Legion of the North knew how to take care of himself. Food might fail, the water give out and the horses drop in their tracks; still the men of the Legion would be ready. Barraca's force was a triumph of individuality.

Presently we had dropped back level with the tail of the army, which was made up of wagons and pack animals and women. The women drove the burros, laden with the commissariat.

Many perched atop the packs, but the majority trudged on foot, carrying bundles on their heads and pots and tins in their hands. Half-naked children clung to their skirts or were borne on their backs.

A girl with black hair and glorious hazel eyes jogged by on a sad mule. She looked us over. She was very young and beautiful. The mule was very old and stiff, and knobby in the joints.

"*Dios, Pancho, andate!* Cluk-gluk-gluk!"

She clucked at him, and then made a face at a toddling child who ran at the wheel of a wagon. He shrieked with delight and she stopped to take him up.

"Who is that?" I asked a mule driver.

"Which one, señor? Ah, the beauty? That is Lolita—yes—Heart's Delight."

"But what is she doing here?"

It was so glaringly, so pitifully apparent that Lolita did not belong among the slatterns and wrinkled hags who ministered to the Legion of the North.

"Well, His Excellency, General Barraca ——" he began in a cautious voice; then paused, adding with a deprecatory shrug:

"We are all human."

Nightfall surprised the army halfway across the Turkey Track, and they sat down on the edge of a mountain-sprung stream close to headquarters.

"What the Sam Hill," Tud fumed, "did Frank send orders to treat 'em good for? They don't need it. They're all over this ranch just like it's their own. Look out there—every corral and house on the place is choked with 'em. When the wind —— Whew! Did you get it? Ain't it rich?"

"They'll move to-morrow."

"Sure! And they won't leave a blade of grass between here and Zacatón Bottom. Guess what?"

"I pass."

"They want a hundred more cattle for a starter. Yes, they do. This Big Noise just emptied the store of every tin of stuff and side of bacon and sack of flour we had. And look what he paid for it with!"

He opened out a fistful of paper money—the Liberator's own currency. They carried a wagonload of it with them.

"That's not so bad. There must be a thousand dollars there."

"I couldn't buy a plate of ham and eggs with it outside the towns he holds. And he aims to pay me for them cattle with the same sort of money. Said he'd accept that bunch you turned over for the cause of liberty."

"I'll give you twenty cents on the dollar for all you've got of that."

"No-o-o!" said he, grinning shrewdly, "I reckon I'll just hold tight to it. You never can tell about that booger."

The Turkey Track headquarters was really a considerable village. There was one long, rambling frame house for the manager, surmounted by a belfry where swung a cracked bell used to summon the hands to meals; there were nine bare adobe bunkhouses, where they slept, and a straggling row of dirt-roofed huts for the married natives; a tin-sheeted store, where the ranch supplies were kept; an acre of stables; and three corrals capable of holding eighteen hundred head. A sort of street ran between the bunkhouses and the native quarters, which we called Broadway.

The Legion of the North drew a breath of unalloyed pleasure and took possession of all this as their own. They lugged the guns into Broadway and parked them. Next they drove their horses into the home pasture to its last blade of capacity, and grained the others out of the ranch stores—appropriated seven hundred bales of alfalfa we had grown by expensive irrigation to feed their accursed burros. And, having devoured a thousand dollars' worth of our chuck, they scratched contentedly, rolled cigarettes and lay down among the horses and mules and pack animals to hear a little music and crack a jest.

The main corral was about a hundred yards from the manager's house, where the Liberator and his staff were established as guests of the Turkey Track. Its adobe walls were eight feet high and two feet thick, and it had only one gate. I should guess that three hundred mules and burros, and twice as many men and women, selected it as a suitable place in which to spend the night.

About nine o'clock, with the camp fires flickering low, and the Liberator telling his officers from my bed what he wanted done on the morrow, shrill plaudits and smacking of hands attracted Tud and myself. We strolled down to the corral to see.

It was filled with soldiers and camp followers. They were gathered in a wide circle, those in front squatting on the ground so that the rear ranks might see, and they were yelling encouragement to a dancer. We could see her skipping about in the glow of a fire.

"Let's horn in and get a peep," Tud suggested.

We did; and there was Lolita on her toes in the middle of the ring, hair and skirts flying. It was a dance that none there had ever seen before. Both hands level with her head she poised a moment; then one little brown foot tapped the earth and darted upward and about her knee; snap went the fingers, and she was off on the other foot, whirling round like a top. It was the Highland Fling. Her mother, sitting comfortably on her heels, droned through her nose like a set of bagpipes in need of repair, and clapped with her hands to mark the time. Lolita's bare legs flashed in the light.

"There was a girl once in Madison, Wisconsin," said Tud, striving to speak with judicial calm, "and I saw a woman in Ragusa, on the Adriatic Sea—but that is the finest female that ever stood on two legs, bar none!"

III

"GIVE me a kiss, little boy. I love you!"

"I am not a little boy. I am a man. And I don't want to kiss you. You are a bold woman!"

The standard-bearer of the Legion of the North eyed her sternly and swelled out his chest. The smile he encountered causing his glance to waver, he stalked proudly away; but Lolita sprang after him and, despite his frantic struggles, picked him up from the ground in her arms and imprinted a resounding smack on his cheek.

The soldier was furious. All round them men were guffawing and urging her to do it again. A patriot, the Liberator's chosen man, to be kissed publicly by a girl! He struck at Lolita, and in a voice choked with rage and tears called her names that are fighting words north of the thirty-second parallel; but the camp follower did not mind in the least. She laughed and chased him a hundred yards to get another—chased him straight through the lines, where a thousand might see his humiliation. To escape from her he was obliged to leap on a horse and ride for dear life. The standard-bearer was twelve years old. Lolita adored him.

They were in camp on the line of the railroad that ran to Opodepe, waiting for trains which had been promised by the First Chief of the Revolution to transport them across the desert. The trains were slow in coming, like a great many other things the First Chief had promised, and the Liberator employed the time in replacing twenty miles of torn track and whipping his forces into some sort of shape.

He was up to his eyes in work and apparently had forgotten all about Lolita, who looked up to him as a demi-god, a being apart. To her he was the mighty soldier raised up to be the savior of the poor and the downtrodden. What thought had the Liberator for anything but the great cause in which he fought?

The Legion of the North sang their idol's glory, morning, noon and night. They had a species of chant they called the Evening Hymn to Miguel Barraca, which they droned by the hour round the camp fires. One after another would take it up, each contributing a verse extolling his feats and invincible prowess. Lolita would hover on the edge of the circle, her lips parted, aquiver with divine fire as she drank it in. Oh, to be a man, that she might shoulder a gun in his service and ride by his side!

The women, too, were forever babbling of his achievements. As they washed the men's clothes on the stones in the shallows, they gossiped of their loves and their babies, and how rich they would be when the dear general reached Mexico City and captured it, golden streets and all. Then would they surely divide the land among themselves, each taking what suited her man's fancy; and there would be money for silk dresses and shoes and necklaces of price.

Yes; and they would have meat to eat and could sleep in the noonday heat while the perfidious Spaniards sweated for their ease. And was it true that the doors of the palace were made of ivory, with diamonds in every knob? The land would be theirs and the fullness thereof when the Liberator turned his wrathful frown on the usurper and hurled him headlong from his throne into the dirt.

Rubbing Colonel Tio's shirt hard against a rock at the side of her mother, Lolita listened and swallowed every word. To be the chosen instrument of God—an humble peon boy, now the champion of a suffering people—to lay the bloody heads of violence flat—Lolita watched him go past on his roan horse, followed by his jingling staff, and endowed him with all high thought and courtliness, and the desire of fame, and love of truth.

At that moment the Liberator was saying to Colonel Tio:

"Why the hell don't you make some of these women carry the water then? I tell you we need all our mules on the line."

She noted his careless nod in response to the cheers that greeted his approach, and worshiped him as something more than a man; but the Liberator did not see her.

Indeed she had passed completely from his mind. The widow was cooking for the chief of commissary, who was well satisfied with the arrangement and saw no reason why he should go out of his way to recall the pair to his general; and in the hurly-burly of

(Continued on Page 65)

"And I Thought You Were Great and Good—Bah! You—You Pig!"

THAT PIKER HERCULES

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AFTER you reach a certain age it seems to you about every second man of the same age that you meet is doing something for his hair or for his figure. He is trying to keep his hair or he is trying to lose his figure; sometimes both.

So far as my own experiences and powers of observation go, both of these are absolutely hopeless endeavors. In legend Hercules typifies accomplishment. He is chiefly recalled as the demigod who, being assigned by a higher power to perform certain large contracts, straightway went and did them with dispatch and more or less neatness. When we think of Hercules we think of the Augean stables before and after treatment. But as I look at it Hercules had comparatively an easy job. Suppose, for instance now, his hair had become a little thin on top and his figure a little thick in front, and he had been ordered, within a given space of time, to increase the one and decrease the other. Imagine the result, if you please. It is possible to do this with no great stretch of the imagination. In song and story Hercules would have come down to us as the most pronounced and prominent failure of the mythological period—the smooth-turreted, broad-beamed, official bust of the Olympian outfit.

For the nonce, dismissing Hercules from the equation, let us consider these two subjects of hair and flesh in the order in which they have been mentioned here. Let us first take up hair, its shortcomings and its outgoings. In the period of his youthful maturity the average man pays small attention to his hair. He has it trimmed at intervals and shampooed about once in so often and two or three times a day he combs it; but otherwise he devotes no great amount of thought to it. Ever since he can remember his head has been covered with hair, and he assumes that such will always continue to be the case.

Less to Brush, More to Wash

THE consciousness that he is beginning to lose his hair comes usually with a jolt of sudden surprise. It comes, as some one else has remarked of something else, like a bolt from the blue. Startled, he observes some morning that his comb, after use, looks a good deal like one of those chow dogs which some women are so fond of carrying about under their arms. He consults the mirror. To his alarm he discovers that incipient baldness has stolen upon him, so to speak, in a single night. Above his eyebrows the animal is beginning to triumph over the vegetable. Day by day his brow lengthens. Or else, upon the exact top of his skull, a round, white spot, conspicuous as the bull's-eye of a target, manifests itself. Frequently the two phenomena occur simultaneously. In that event the pained victim may mark with growing distress how the baldness in the front and the baldness at the top draw ever and ever nearer one to the other. Steadily, inexorably, the process continues until amalgamation is accomplished, and then there he is with a forehead running all the way back to where his collar buttons behind. Except when he has his hat on, no one can tell where his face properly ends. Even to a lazy man the situation presents few or no attractions. If there is less to comb, there is more to wash.

Every Week His Head Smells Differently From the Way It Smelled the Week Before

During a certain period of our national development—to wit, through a generation recently concluded—the man who was becoming bald might with propriety let his whiskers grow in luxuriant profusion, thus striking a happy facial balance by replacing upon the lower end of his countenance the masses of foliage that had already disappeared or were disappearing from the upper end. Historians aver that the Civil War was fought by boys; but the photographs that have survived show that a good many of the boys were densely enmeshed in whiskers. Anyhow the generals were. An unwhiskered general in those times must have been almost as rare as a whiskered one would be to-day. Our chief executives wore whiskers too. From James Buchanan to Grover Cleveland the line of whiskered presidents ran unbroken. Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, all of them were whiskered, although the last named showed the effects of a strengthening, countrywide influence against whiskers in high places by mowing his away in front and landscaping them on the sides. Then after an interval came Harrison, who also was plentifully whiskered. It seems strange that the emblem of the Republican party in the days of its ascendancy should not have been a set of whiskers flowing free.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that from the early sixties to the mid-eighties baldness could be, and often was, offset by hirsute ornamentation of the lower jaw and environs. But in the hurrying-forward movement of our present-day civilization whiskers no longer hold the place that once they held. They would get into the wheels of progress and clog up the gears and cams and things. Besides, whiskers some twenty-odd years ago became one of the national jokes, which was fatal to their sustained popularity. So now, because of the altered sentiment of our country, the man who is threatened with baldness can no longer retreat inside of his whiskers without becoming a subject for the jests and japeries of the comic paper and the cartoonist. He must quit lying in ambush and step forth into the open. Society refuses to stand for any bushwhacking. "I see you hiding there," says society. "Come on out of that, you!"

Therefore, upon finding that his hair has turned untrue to him, he sets himself to the task of wooing back the fickle tresses. And right there is where his troubles multiply. For all the available evidence proves that once a man's hair starts to go away it is almost impossible for him to catch up with it.

Yet at the outset the task promises no great difficulties, because nearly everybody he meets tells him exactly what he has to do and how to do it. Every barber has a sovereign remedy for falling hair. Your barber may be as bald as a potato-masher himself, but invariably he has something in stock that is guaranteed to restore hair to the most arid scalp. Generally the decoction is blended according to an infallible private recipe of his own. He practically promises that if the first bottle fails of the desired result he'll drink the second bottle himself. And most laymen also know how to make hair grow—other folks' hair anyhow.

He Was Getting His Money's Worth Beyond Doubt

Thus do we find the man whose hair is on the wane devoting many of his spare hours and a great deal of his thought to the outside of his skull. By turns he is determined, persevering, hopeful, then desperate, then hopeless; and finally he is resigned. During the first stages of this prolonged period of transition his acquired aromas betray his progress. Every week his head smells differently from the way it smelled the week before. Generally he starts his campaign by singeing the outer ends of his hair. But the base of the trouble lies at the other end. He speedily discovers that. Accordingly he undertakes to revive and stimulate the roots. He seeks to awaken the sluggish follicles to a sense of their own duty. But next to a practical politician, a follicle appears to be about the most ungrateful thing there is. The more you do for a follicle the less it is willing to do for you. It takes all and gives nothing in return. A follicle sitting up on its haunches, begging for just one more drop of pink hair lotion, is one of the most entrancing spectacles in nature; but you forget its natural cuteness and remember only its innate depravity when, having been fed at your expense, it retires to its lair and stays there indefinitely. Dern a follicle anyway!

They Were Almost Beside Themselves With Enthusiasm Over This Pleasant Sport

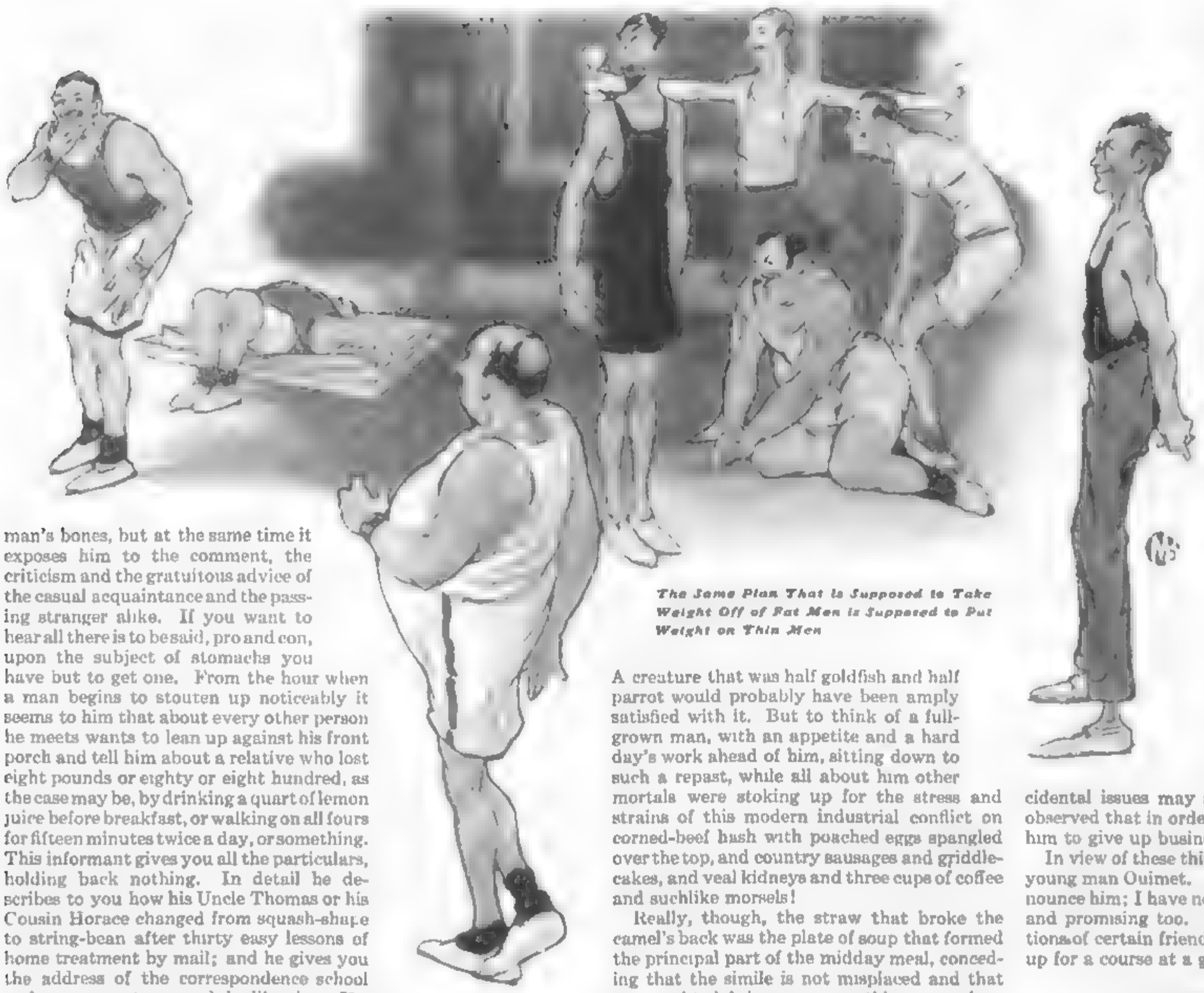
On one day you meet the man who is fighting a losing fight for his hair, and when he takes off his hat you sniff and look about you inquiringly to see whether they haven't been oiling the street again. That is a sign that he has reached the period when he asphalts his scalp with tar products. The next time you meet him pomade has him in its sticky grip, and he makes you think of a fashionable wedding in colored society. He tries quinine products and the powdered remains of a certain Spanish insect put up in alcohol. He anoints his dome with raw eggs until he suggests an underdone omelet with spinach. He seeks for aid in greases and salves. All that happens is that the band inside his hat could qualify for a lamp wick without any rehearsals, and he dare not put his head too close to a gasjet for fear of an extensive conflagration resulting from spontaneous combustion.

This Talk About Tummies

THE stuff, soaking through, may make his intellect soggy, but his hair keeps right on getting thinner. Naught will avail to save it now. For the human hair might be likened, in a sense, to the orb of day. In the morning of life it comes up glorious and effulgent, but sooner or later, and in some cases much sooner than later, it fades away; and then only the pinkish afterglow, shining through the scalp upon the sunset slope of the skull, remains to remind the late owner of the radiance of the dawning. Science and the arts stand helpless. Baldness has claimed another victim for its own, and there is nothing for the poor man except to wear a skullcap when traveling, and stay out of the first row of the pit when patronizing musical shows. The hairs of his head are numbered; and he, alas! is reduced to a few of the minor fractions, and before he can comb his hair he has to find the least common divisor. He might buy a wig—and sometimes he does. But a wig never fooled anybody yet except the man who wore it.

As with hair which is departing, so with a figure that is increasing. There is this to be said for a stomach—it makes conversation. The Germans talk about their own stomachs, the Americans about other people's stomachs. People are never driven to the necessity of discussing the weather or the neighbors if there is a stomach handy—they will converse freely about that and tell its proprietor what he should do to get rid of it. For conversational purposes a stomach is anybody's property. Folks never go behind a stomach's back to talk about it. What they have to say they say right out before its face, speaking just as freely and frankly as though the man to whom it belonged wasn't present at all. You might think, to hear them carrying on, that the man who owned the stomach had gone far away and left it behind, instead of his being right there, with his lap full of stomach, gently rocking it to sleep on his knee and trying to avoid appearing self-conscious.

Fleshiness is not the protection which some persons imagine it to be; quite the contrary. Excess flesh pads a



The Same Plan That Is Supposed to Take Weight Off of Fat Men Is Supposed to Put Weight on Thin Men

man's bones, but at the same time it exposes him to the comment, the criticism and the gratuitous advice of the casual acquaintance and the passing stranger alike. If you want to hear all there is to be said, pro and con, upon the subject of stomachs you have but to get one. From the hour when a man begins to stouten up noticeably it seems to him that about every other person he meets wants to lean up against his front porch and tell him about a relative who lost eight pounds or eighty or eight hundred, as the case may be, by drinking a quart of lemon juice before breakfast, or walking on all fours for fifteen minutes twice a day, or something. This informant gives you all the particulars, holding back nothing. In detail he describes to you how his Uncle Thomas or his Cousin Horace changed from squash-shape to string-bean after thirty easy lessons of home treatment by mail; and he gives you the address of the correspondence school and urges you to go and do likewise. His tone carries with it the intimation that if you wait much longer you will pop, and then it will be too late.

It may be that the man who has fleshened up is well satisfied with things as they are. If it is his destiny to be plump, who is he that he should meddle with destiny? After all, fate is but fat with an extra letter added. That is the way in which he looks at it. Yet even as the constant drip of water wears down the hardest lump of sugar, resulting in sirup, so in time his resolution to let well enough alone dribbles away under the weight and pressure of all this outside argument. Besides, even a stout person may have his vanities, just as the person who is getting bald has his. It is very galling for a single man to be mistaken at a short distance for a couple, and he gets frightfully tired of having amateur humorists ask him whom he is carrying in his arms, and why he doesn't put the little fellow down and make him walk. He begins to hanker after thinness again. For a while he takes it out in hankering; then at length, seeing that this course is productive of no material results, he seeks out active measures to achieve thinness.

A Wig Never Fooled Anybody Yet Except the Man Who Wore It

Work for Idle Gastric Juices

TO HIM two courses are open—dieting and exercise. Some fat men try one and some try the other, and some—heroic but deluded souls—try both at once. And oh, how those poor wretches do suffer! I tackled the diet proposition once myself. I began it at breakfast and faithfully continued it through luncheon, or perhaps I should say through the hour which all natural laws intend should be devoted to luncheon; but along toward dinnertime I saw the whole scheme of the thing was predicated on the wrong basis, and I called in a waiter and advised with him over the dinner card, and together we took the proper steps to abate the rigors of the system. Better a figure like two figures than the constant gnawings of a mistreated digestive apparatus; and what—as I said to myself—what is the use of having gastric juices unless you occasionally give them something to do? Presumably they are not ornamental; therefore they should be useful. Thus I reasoned it out.

Never shall I forget the unhappy experiences of that day. At the outset there was a breakfast consisting, as I recall now through a mist of distressful memories, of a drink of water and a dry and crumbly cracker. It was rather too much breakfast for a goldfish, but hardly enough for a pollparrot. A creature that was half goldfish and half parrot would probably have been amply satisfied with it. But to think of a full-grown man, with an appetite and a hard day's work ahead of him, sitting down to such a repast, while all about him other mortals were stoking up for the stress and strains of this modern industrial conflict on corned-beef hash with poached eggs spangled over the top, and country sausages and griddle-cakes, and veal kidneys and three cups of coffee and suchlike morsels!

Really, though, the straw that broke the camel's back was the plate of soup that formed the principal part of the midday meal, conceding that the simile is not misplaced and that you might rightly compare a thing so weak as that soup was to a thing so robust as a straw is. I have forgotten the dietetic and scientific names of this decoction, but in my own mind I shall always think of it as Honeymoon Soup and associate it with the hour when a young couple go away upon their wedding tour, for it was sprinkled with raw rice and it tasted like old shoes.

So, as I remarked just now, along toward the dusk of the evening I realized the faultiness of the system, and by making a suitable selection from the menu I succeeded in relaxing its barbarities to such an extent that by the next morning the period of my strict dieting lingered in my mind only as a disagreeable but fleeting dream.

You see, I knew when to quit a thing. I quit before starvation had become a confirmed habit with me. I had a friend once though who hung on too long. It was a very sad case. He was taking the milk cure for what ailed him—living exclusively on milk, you know, at the sanitarium of Saint Cowes; and in the third week he made the mistake of venturing out in showery weather. Being in that delicate condition he should have known enough to stay close to a refrigerator or an ice pack; but, no, he would go. The result was he got caught out in a severe thunder storm and it clabbered him. He never got over it. To the day of his death he was a human cheese.

Then there is the matter of systematic exercise. I have but recently completed an exhaustive personal test along this line and am in position to speak understandingly of this subject also—understandingly and likewise feelingly. For a time I considered taking up golf; but in good season I put the temptation aside. It seems to me that being stung in a vulnerable spot, such as the head, by the caddies' worm is one of the very worst things that can happen to the average man. It may help his figure, but it certainly does impair his intellect and unfits him for any company except the company of others who are similarly afflicted. In a little while he gets so he cannot think or talk about anything except the score he made yesterday, or the score he is going to make to-morrow, or his magnificent drive for the ninth hole, or the faultless manner in which he addressed the ball at the thirteenth. I know I never addressed the ball excepting once, and then my language was totally unfit for publication. Every time I tried to knock it off the little pile of sand upon which it was perched it dodged down so that I merely winnowed the atmosphere with infuriated strokes and almost put my right shoulderblade out of joint. Finally I caught it in the act of dodging, and then in an effort to circumvent the blamed thing I aimed just under it; whereupon it leaped nimbly into the air for a distance of perhaps eight inches and the butt end of my club dug clear down through the top soil to the solid flint below, so the spot looked as though a geologist had been round there collecting specimens. It was after this happened that I addressed the ball in the manner intimated.

This served to discourage me with golf, seeing that the ball used in playing it was so treacherous. Nevertheless, in spite of all that I might have gone ahead had it not been for fear of the mental consequences. Indeed, even at this late day I might still take up golf if only some of my friends would consent to lay it down once in a while. But they won't. A confirmed golfer is fit to associate only with confirmed golfers. Golf, to a man, appears to be what a new symptom is to a woman. It is all-engrossing, all-absorbing. A man who is interested in golf ceases to be interested in the lesser topics of the day, such as the tariff and the high cost of living and the trouble in Europe. It may be he finds no time to read the papers, or it may be he fears that worrying over these incidental issues may affect his score. Frequently I have observed that in order to perfect his golf it is necessary for him to give up business.

In view of these things I did not start in to overtake this young man Ouimet. I am satisfied with being able to pronounce him; I have no desire to beat him—and he so young and promising too. But, misled by the specious suggestions of certain friends who had nothing to lose, I did sign up for a course at a gymnasium.

Flesh-Grafting in Gymnasiums

I WAS specially influenced by the enthusiastic statements of one man. I should have known better than to take his advice. He is professionally optimistic about everything that partakes of the nature of a sporting proposition, he being what is known as a born rooter. If he knew the deceased he would root at a funeral. It was he who impressed upon me the benefits, in a physical and symmetrical way, to be derived from gym work.

So I enrolled. And now I am qualified to say that the main point of difference between a gymnasium and the Spanish Inquisition is that a gymnasium is designed to inflict tortures upon the excessively thin and the inordinately stout, whereas the Inquisition, playing no favorites, took 'em on at all weights. For you must know that, according to the theories followed in most gymnasiums, the same plan that is supposed to take weight off of fat men is supposed to put weight on thin men. Every time the fat man loses a pound the thin man next to him is presumed to take on a pound. It is as though the flesh were being grafted from one to the other. In this connection I use the word graft advisedly.

(Continued on Page 45)

I Was Reflecting That the Water Looked Very Chilly, When One Accidentally Bumped Into Me

How We Put Smithboro on the Convention Circuit

ILLUSTRATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Every Year Men in Charge of Big Business Interests Spend Centuries of Time Listening to Poorly Planned Convention Programs

YOU see, Smithboro was awfully handicapped when it came to town boosting. We were in the effete East, yet not a very big city or notorious enough to be visited as a show place. The engineering profession all over the country was familiar with our measuring devices, and factory superintendents came to see us make machine tools. A few families in every state picked us out and sent their Johnnys and Marys to be educated. We were abundantly provided with a historic past, culture, academic spirit, financial resources, and nice, tidy green Eastern scenery. The Western push that builds up a community was utterly lacking, however; in fact, we were asleep.

In some way Smithboro got the feeling that steps ought to be taken to boom the town. Maybe there is a specific town-boosting germ that floats round and inoculates communities with this feeling, and we caught it. Certainly we had never had it before in two hundred years.

At our first meeting there were bankers and trustees in charge of enough deposits, savings and endowments to have financed many a Western city, and holding the bonds and mortgages on many of them. There were staid merchants and cautious little mill treasurers, and the whole reserved executive population of a typical Eastern center that strictly minds its own business, devotes most of its time to making a bank-interest profit on its turnover amid shifting prices for goods or materials, and sees other people only at the country club.

They came in the beginning chiefly to see what the other fellows proposed to do. There was a spirit of skepticism about anything being done to wake up the place, along with a conviction—like that of original sin—that something fearful would happen if no attempt was made.

However, they soon forgot themselves in the crowd and warmed up as they listened to an account of how other towns had pushed to the front; and they were enthusiastic enough. Out of that meeting came a revived Chamber of Commerce, a town slogan—Put Smithboro on the Map!—and an advertising envelope, which all our business houses agreed to use in their correspondence.

The Beginnings of the Boom

IT WAS the city clerk who got this up, and the principal feature was a lot of pictures of our notable buildings, giving people outside the impression that we were a good town to do business in because we had four colleges, two hospitals, a Carnegie library, two high schools, a park with a band stand and a small mountain with a restaurant.

Then somebody suggested that we ought to secure a few big conventions. Nothing would advertise Smithboro to better purpose than having visitors from all over the country come to attend national gatherings; so a convention committee was formed to invite these conventions, and I was made chairman because, as sales manager for the machine-tool works, I traveled regularly and could personally extend the invitations.

Well, we were about as innocent as they make them, I guess; and I was as green as the rest. We started out to get some of the biggest gatherings in the country, such as the fraternal orders, with uniformed ranks and a parade; the professional societies, attracting learned men from all over the world; and the technical organizations, whose meetings are accompanied by the perfect expositions of equipment shown by manufacturers. We went after these because they were the only conventions we knew about. Any one of them would have turned Smithboro upside down had we landed it—but, of course, we did not land any.

The first gathering I went after was that of the American Knights of Chivalry in a Middle Western city that fairly foamed with banners, flags, street arches, electric-light greetings, uniformed men and gayly dressed women. The place was wholly given over to the gallant knights and their fair damsels for an entire week, and the spirit of the occasion had been expressed in a three-colored electric-light design on the city hall: Welcome A. K. C.—You Own Brownville!

Mentally I saw such an aggregation set down in Smithboro, and the shy, sophisticated wonder of our citizens; and it became clear that we lacked not only capacity for such entertainment but also something temperamental.

When the matter of deciding about the next convention town came up for a vote I found myself just a solitary sales manager, representing an unheard-of place, single-handed and unprepared against most thorough organization. Three cities that wanted that convention had been working to get it more than a year ahead, and were on the spot with delegates pledged and campaigns all arranged. Several other cities had no organization, but were there to bid against each other with entertainment funds and bonuses. Finally there were half a dozen enterprising towns with neither organization nor money, but on the ground with brass bands and silver-tongued orators, determined to carry it away by noise.

Smithboro had not even a chapter of the A. K. C., but we got results the first year just the same; for, as soon as I caught the drift of this convention game, I found there were hundreds of quiet little gatherings we could invite and entertain—organizations of business men, public officials, professional men, and the like—mustering maybe fifty or a hundred delegates from all over the country, or somewhat larger if centered in the East, where Smithboro was easily reached by rail.

Such a gathering brought from two to four hundred visitors. We could put them up at our three hotels without crowding. Business would be conducted without a street parade or brass band, and we offered a quiet, pleasant place to work, cool in summer and handy to the famous Eastern cities, which could be seen on the way home at moderate expense.

We were also in a country rich in side trips of interest to the business and technical man—with a little arrangement it was possible to show almost any gathering something notable in the way of processes, plants or public works.

By working with these modest attractions I got several conventions that first year—one of accountants, another of factory experts, an association of trustees, a conference of wholesalers, and a reunion of trolley pioneers. It was during the second year, however, while working to land a specialty-manufacturers' convention, that I hit on the line of development that has put Smithboro on the convention circuit to stay.

These specialty men had not been organized long, for their business was new, and each manufacturer had developed his plant and trade in his own way, meeting all sorts of competition. Eventually the shrinking of profits and the present-day drift toward trade organization had brought them together; but they were still in the suspicious stage of organization when every member went as an individualist to see what he could get out of his competitors without contributing anything himself in the way of information.

It was a hot day in a big Western city, with plenty of attractions outside, and the hundred or so business men, sitting in a hotel ballroom in their shirtsleeves, were listening to a series of talks that had been arranged by the program committee. First, a college professor spoke. The subject set down for him was full of promise; but the committee had not even explained to him what line of business his audience was in, and he went wide of the mark—clear over their heads in general economics. The gathering listened patiently, as though it felt this must be very instructive if one could understand it.

Then a jobber handling the organization's goods spoke; but he was not a talker by training and his remarks were chiefly a recital of his own trade grievances, enlivened only by profane denunciation of the manufacturers. There were other speakers of the same caliber; and as I glanced over the program I was struck with the waste of time to those business men, who had come long distances and left important work to spend three days in listening to a very ordinary lot of stuff.

Planning a Year Ahead

IF ALL the talks had been printed in a pamphlet they could have extracted the meat in about half an hour. Their business relations would have been strengthened far more if they had left the hall in groups of half a dozen and gone off together on pleasure trips to get acquainted.

This convention was typical. Every year men in charge of big business interests spend centuries of time listening to poorly planned convention programs.

When my turn came to talk to that meeting on behalf of Smithboro I had a definite proposition to offer.

"If you will come to our town," I said, "we will give you a pleasant place to meet, a comfortable climate and an attractive hotel rate. Tell us what you want to see in the way of processes and plants, and we will arrange side trips through factories within easy reach of Smithboro. That is not all. Many towns offer a cash bonus to secure a convention. We ask for one instead. If you will give our Chamber of Commerce committee one hundred dollars and let us work with your program committee, we will undertake to strengthen both your business sessions and your banquet. We will work to help you knit your organization together more closely.

"Every member who comes will go home feeling that his time has been well spent, and your next convention ought to have a banner attendance. Gentlemen, we have something new in Smithboro. If you are not satisfied that we have you may have your money back."

Well, I landed the convention and the bonus; and, though my ideas had yet to be put to practical proof, it was not hard to make good. We had a whole year to work in; and right at the start, before leaving, I got the history of that organization—found out why it was formed and what it was driving at in a general way—and arranged to keep in touch with the officers as well as the program committee. The rest was fairly easy.

You see, most convention programs are just amateur shows, given by picked-up talent working for nothing and put on without stage management.

Two or three business men are appointed to the program committee and plan in their spare time. First, they hustle for speakers, inside the trade and out. In the trade there are plenty of men who could tell things if they knew how to

speak, or write a paper and read it, but the fellow who does things is seldom skillful in telling about it, and such speakers are apt to be interesting chiefly because the whole trade knows and respects them for what they have accomplished.

Next, the committee hustles for outside speakers. It sends letters of invitation to business leaders in other fields, college professors, authors, politicians, and notabilities generally.

The committee may not know who is who; and demands on the time of every well-known man are now so great, with the thousands of conventions and dinners held yearly, that hardly one in a hundred can be secured.

Most of the invitations are declined, and speakers who do accept are expected to work for their dinner, or perhaps traveling expenses; and when the committee has landed them it does not know how to get the best out of them. They are left to choose their own subjects or assigned topics they do not understand. They have dim ideas about what the particular body of men they talk to has come together to accomplish. So their speeches are about as wide of the mark as a mayor's welcome to the city; and the personal equation, when they have it, is about all that really gets over the footlights.

Well, this first organization that we tried my plan on needed pulling together for harmonious business coöperation. One issue stood out above all others: For years competition had been bitter. Manufacturers cut prices recklessly, because not one man in twenty had a modern factory-cost system or knew what different classes of goods cost him to produce. There was a movement on foot to raise a fund, retain a professional cost expert, have all the factories studied and a uniform cost system devised, to be used by everybody. It looked as though years must pass before all the members could be brought to see the wisdom of this simple policy.

We made that the main feature of our convention program, and put on a show that crystallized the whole proposition, led to the raising of ample funds then and there, and sent every man home enthusiastic and eager to do his share.

A hundred dollars is not much money to work with; but the Chamber of Commerce raised another hundred and Smithboro happened to be well supplied with professors and students. I guess our program was crude—too serious and businesslike, for one thing; but everybody has to start somewhere.

The convention had a schedule comprising four business sessions, three side trips to plants and pleasure resorts, and finally a banquet. We let the program committee get its speakers inside the trade, did our best to have the cost-system project made prominent in their topics, and then filled in the gaps with our own talent. One speaker from our side was assigned to each business session, with all our stars in reserve for the dinner.

To open, we had Doctor Henderson, the big gun in economics at Smithboro College. Left to himself and invited in the usual way, the old boy would have felt that the convention was taking a lot of his precious time and would have talked 'way over its head about Adam Smith and the Wealth of Nations; but we coached him.

"Doctor, many of these men know you by reputation," we said, "and, of course, they want to hear you when they come to Smithboro. They are practical business men, but extremely individualistic in their methods, and we want you to go down there and show them how the whole trend of modern production is on a coöperative basis. Such a paper as we need will take time; so we wish to cover that with a modest fee."

Well, for twenty-five dollars and with the motive made clear, the old boy got up a dandy paper. We took pains to coach the chairman of the meeting, so he told the delegates who the doctor was, and, with just these little adjustments of each other's point of view, the results were really remarkable. The whole convention started off on the coöperative keynote, and we followed that up with cost experts and investigators, coached in the same way, and paid for their talks.

At the banquet we sprang two local speakers nobody outside our town had ever heard of, yet who were full of talent and vim; and the dramatic club from Smithboro College put on a little extravaganza after the manner of the Gridiron Club in Washington, showing a specialty manufacturer losing his bank roll among green-goods sharpers, the latter being shrewd buyers who got his profits away from him because he was ignorant of his costs and simple enough to cut prices in the dark to meet imaginary competition.

That was the first convention in the Smithboro style. It made such an impression on our visitors that they talked about us, and we landed several other conventions immediately; and since then our town has become known for its ability to give special values in convention entertainment, and organizations come to us with bonuses to be spent in strengthening their programs.

As soon as we saw the drift of the thing a regular bureau was organized to handle details on the lyceum plan. We made up a force of several dozen speakers who could be called on to appear for a fee, preparing papers or talks in keeping with the main purpose of a given meeting. Some of these men were technical experts, others college professors, others business men; but all were skillful speakers first and experts afterward.

We hunted for the fellows who could bring out the broad issues of modern affairs rather than the complications of specialties, on the principle that most gatherings furnish their own specialists, who are dry enough, and that the program usually should be lightened up with a little folly rather than darkened with the subtleties of specialization. So about half of our staff speakers were what might be called specialists in the humanities.

There was Charley Banks, for instance. When we discovered him he was just the editor of a little daily paper down in the southern part of our state, but an undeveloped humorist with real natural gifts. Charley did his best work for us while he was unknown. Tall, bald, lantern-jawed, solemn and dry, we could give him the gist of a gathering of business men and hide him behind a palm at the banquet. *(Concluded on Page 38)*

THE CHARACTER WOMAN

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREÉ

AN ITALIAN lake, photographic as a mirror, lay deep in the hollow of an Italian night. Stars shone up from it, trembling only occasionally, and sunk far down in its pool an inverted garden with a military row of cone-shaped cedar trees; a stone bench stained with the wanderings of ivy; a marble faun of Praxiteles grinning whitely under the moon; a bit of terrace. A formal garden, even thus topsy-turvy, and in moonlight the color of the silver side of poplar leaves while the breeze is turning them up. Immemorial the lovers who have plighted and blighted troth in just such dreaming nights on just such ivy-stained benches; countless the Francescas who have been wooed in clipped arbors.

Out of the welter of whole centuries of Latin nights come Romance perennially young and all the cardinal accouterments of courtship perennially new.

The flash of a fan, the drippling of water through dark leaves into a marble basin, a pause on the terrace with the powdery moonlight whitening a white bosom, a cry muffled in a kiss, a toga hurrying through a peristyle. A rose, a sigh, a tear. The faun of Praxiteles grinning to the moon.

One such faun, only in evening dress, leaned forward on the ivy-stained bench beside the mirroring lake and took within his own the hand of his lady, a long white hand as patrician as if descended from a hundred dukes, and gleaming with a ruby set in Florentine gold.

"*Bella mia! Bella mia!*"

She turned her eyes full upon him and her voice was as tender as heartache.

"Sh-h-h-h, Vittorio, my boy; you must not! You frighten me!"

He closed her hand in the impassioned vise of his two and leaned toward her. He was like a young immortal with a soul of pure fire, dark, delicate.

"I love you, *Bella mia;* I love you in a thousand ways I falter in the telling."

"Oh, Vittorio, how futile it is to attempt to cut off the heel of destiny. The Cinderella slipper will not fit my fate, dear boy. I must wear the moccasins of time."

"*Don't You Remember How I Used to Guy You for Being Strong for Kitty?*"

But every line of her was lyric denial of her words, and she closed her eyes as if she would swoon into his embrace, then drew back sharply from the edge of her desire.

"Vittorio, my boy, my little friend!"

"No, no, not that, *Bella mia*. Not that! You and I can never be mere friends, dear. Love transcends friendship as your beauty transcends all else."

"Sh-h-h-h, Vittorio boy, do not lose sight of the ten years between us. Not even your love can transcend the tide that has carried me beyond you."

"Were you centuries beyond me I would not have ears for what you say. What are years but chaff when we reckon in the golden grain of love? I love you, *Bella mia*. I love you for the gold in your hair and the gold in your eyes. I love you for ——"

"Vittorio!"

She struggled to release her hands, and her little head fell forward on her bosom so that the white nape of her neck was bare to the moonlight except where the curls lay close.

"Look, Vittorio boy, see for yourself, dear! If I loved you less I could not find this strength. See, beautiful boy, here where the hair waves thickest—see, Vittorio, the silver threads. Loose my hand, dear, that I may show you."

She felt for an amber comb, and the shower of her hair fell suddenly down her back like a torrent released, gleaming with gold, sparkling with strange veins of silver hitherto unrevealed, and her face fell lower on her bosom and would not meet his eyes.

"See, Vittorio, you are young as a god and my youth is withering, dear, withering like a flower that faints upon its stem and fain would revive itself."

He regarded her aureoled head as if its luster blinded him.

"Were you one hour less radiantly ripe, dear heart, I should find in you no such

perfect fulfillment, no blend of the girl and the sweet blow of womanhood. I love you, *Bella mia*, and what are years when love is eternal?"

"Ah, but ——"

"I am old as Loki among the gods in my love for you, dearest. I was born with the fires of love for you smoldering in my heart like the everlasting fires of Etna burn for the moment of eruption."

"Vittorio!"

"Time, my darling, cannot measure love."

He folded her suddenly complacent in his arms, and her hair with its gleaming strains of silver flowed over his arm and he bent his lips to hers.

"*Bella mia! Bella mia!*"

"Oh, my boy, what will they say? Your mother, the countess, who loves you; your father, the count, who is ambitious for you; what will they say? Your cousin, Lady Beatrice, who ——"

He kissed away her words and her face was like a pale flower on his arm.

"I love you, *Bella mia*, and that is all that matters."

Water dripped through glossy leaves into a marble shell held against the hip of a marble Psyche, her one arm thrown up over her head and her curving torso nicely outlined against the archway of clipped hedges. Off where the horizon met the motionless lake the sail of a boat passed and in echo a boatman sang of love:

O carina mia, mi piaci tanto,
Più che non piace il mare alla sirena.

"*Bella mia.*"

"Vittorio, I have not the right! You are the scion of a noble house, and I ——"

"And you are the scion of my heart."

And he buried his lips in her hair, and off where the white front of a villa gleamed, now here, now there, through dark trees came voices and the light spray of laughter. She sprang from his embrace to her feet, the froth of her lacy train curled about her as if she rose from the surf and her strange hair gleaming on her shoulders.

"The count, love, and your cousin, Lady Beatrice—I would not have them find us here."

"Why not, darling, when from the tops of mountains I would proclaim ——"

"No, no, not to-night, sweetheart. To-night is ours, Vittorio, *ours*."

"Every breathing hour is ours, sweetheart."

But he took her arm in the curve of his so that it lay white against the region of his heart and with slightly quickened steps guided her down the wide white stairs of the terrace.

"Ah, your train, my love, I have torn its laces."

"It matters not, Vittorio."

And there on the third step in a bath of moonlight he must seal her sweet forbearance with a kiss.

"Dear heart!"

"Vittorio!"

"How calm it is, *Bella mia*, calm as our love is turbulent."

"And the moon up there burning watchfully over us like a shepherd's lantern."

"Pretty thought, dear one."

"Sh-h-h-h, let us hasten, Vittorio. The count, I hear his voice nearing."

Then hand in hand down the remaining steps, lightly like two children whose hearts leap overhigh in their breasts, and on into the black shadows of clipped yew trees.

When the third terrace hid them she turned quickly to her companion, a high red running in her face.

"Fer Gawd's sake, Cliff, keep off my train, can't you? This show ain't hiring no wardrobe woman to repair my damages."

He side-stepped sharply, sending a ripple across the lake-view drop curtain.

"That's right, Letta! Flossie's just going on and queer her countess scene for her. That's right—shove! Say, look at me givin' the shivers to her moon speech, will you? Honest, a little more of that shove and I'd have torn a hole in the lake and put the dame with the shell out of business."

"On the level, ain't you ashamed now, Cliff, and I blew me forty-nine cents a yard for that lace."

"Can I help it you're too heavy for the part, Lett, and block up the wings? Me and Kitty could have slid out of that scene as easy as sneak thieves."

"You and Kitty! Say, she was so crazy about playin' opposite to you that she jumped the company the first

"Aw, Lud, Poor Dear, Laying There Just Like a Angel!"

time the Philadelphia Casino winked a eye for her to come over. Looka this lace, will you, and I blew me forty-nine cents per."

"Aw, you can mend your old train, Lett—that's right, pin her up. I thought the wings was clear."

"Forty-nine cents per."

"Can I help it that De Roy had 'em prop up those freak-shaped trees with soap boxes? Charge it up to the management, old girl, and tell 'em we need new scene props."

"If you wanna do a buck-dancing act, Cliff, stock ain't no place for you. What you want is big time on a two-a-day circuit, and a lady's train ain't no place for the try-out neither."

"All the months I was playin' opposite Kitty, Lett, we didn't ——"

"You didn't, didn't you! What about the week we was running the Hazel, the Heart Breaker bill? Every time that girl came off from the suicide scene I was waiting right here in the wings with my mouth full of pins to help her out with!"

"Aw now, Lett, old girl, don't get sore."

"Full of pins, I tell you."

Miss Kline sniffed to the air, flung the pinned-together train of her gown over one arm and high-stepped through the gloomy wings.

"Ouch!"

"Watch out for the soap boxes, Lett."

"Honest, Cliff, when I come off from that scene I'm as nervous as a cat, that's how it gets under my temperament. Feel my hand—just like there's a electric bell ringing inside of me. If De Roy wasn't afraid of the tired business man he'd give us some more genteel bills like this. Gimme lines up in high C every time. I can spill poetry like I was patented for the purpose."

"For the last bill of the season it ain't so bad. Kinda like feeding them tapioca after a season of goulash."

"It went swell to-night, didn't it, Cliff? Gee, I just eat them Cinderella lines of mine. Some speech!"

"Yes, but you gotta remember, Lett, we ain't runnin' a bill like Demsey's Flats this week."

"What you kickin' about? Who got the hand on the sunset speech, you or me?"

"Yes, but you got to get more used to playing straight. That kiss you give me to-night upstage was like a popgun. Did you hear the gallery give us a repeat? In all the weeks Kitty and me played together, old girl, we never had more'n two or three repeats, and for a ten-twenty-thirty house Bernhardt herself can't beat that record."

"What about the night the whole balcony started to gargle when you was strangling Kitty in The Stain of Guilt"?

"That was one of the two times, Lett, but it didn't happen often. Just play a little bit quieter, Lett. Remember you're playin' a straight sob part this week; you ain't Mrs. Demsey huggin' the iceman."

She moved through the narrow aisle of scenery, holding herself from the canvas background to avoid crinkling the lake.

"I guess I didn't give you full face front to-night on the bench scene!"

"Yes, but you covered me in the pergola scene, old girl."

"I—I just never had a part get under my skin like this one does, Cliff."

"It's because you ain't used to playing lead, Lett."

"Honest, did you hear me sniffle in the withered flower speech? I could have cried a real briny, that's how it got me!"

"Yeh, but ain't I told you, Lett, to give me a pause on my Etna speech? Honest, the way you grab that cue out of my mouth every time, you must be afraid your lines will burn your tongue if you don't get them out. That's one thing I got to hand little Kitty. All the months we played together she never mussed up my lines."

"Didn't you hear De Roy hissing for speed?"

"There's a hand in that Etna speech if you'd give me time on it."

"Come out of your Broadway dream, Cliff. You ain't creating the part before any Broadway firstnighters. That all happened twenty-five years ago when you was cutting your fronts on a teething ring. You're playing Harlem stock, my boy—ten-twent'-thirt'!"

"Kitty jumpin' us the last week of the season and giving you the chance to play lead has gone to your head, too, Lett. But cheer up, you'll be hitting the offices again for character next week."

"Nothing to it. Watch me work out of character now, Cliff. De Roy himself says I play the lead softer than Kitty could."

"Stick to character, Lett. You're strong in it and too heavy for lead. Take it from me, old girl, and I'm your friend."

"I could get down to Kitty's hip measure on a glass of lemon juice a morning."

"Don't do it, old girl; it's your character work gets over strong with me. Did Kitty's Molly in Demsey's Flats touch your Irish janitress? Who made the hit in The Two Orphans, you or her?"

"That's right; jolly me along and keep me down in the business."

She tossed him a glance as brilliantly hard as blue enamel, boosted herself atop a trunk and bound up her flowing hair in a chignon at the base of her head.

In the moony light from a shower of blue and yellow incandescent bulbs the silver glinted through the bleached gold, and beneath the artificial bowknot of her lips time, tide and even weariness, all crueler artists than the lip stick, had been at work.

"Keep you down nothing, Lett; but I hate to see a good character woman gone to waste."

"Aw, Cliff, quit your jollying!" But she leaned toward him with an Isolde note in her voice.

He swung himself beside her and crossed his slim, matinée-idol legs in the attitude of a shah, his dark eyes heavy with a heaviness not all of the pencil, and from the near side of the moon his delicate pallor verging more on the pale green of glacier water.

"Whew!"

He closed his eyes and leaned back against the bare brick wall, the apparent veins on his lids throbbing.

"You look beat out, Cliff. Once in the terrace scene I thought you was going to keel. Poor kid, you! Poor kid!"

Her voice was so low it trembled in her throat and died in a croon. Almost imperceptibly he drew back closer against the cool wall.

"If I look like I feel to-night, old girl, I'd make a hit in Hamlet diggin' a grave for myself. If De Roy don't quit singing that pigeon-talk love song out there in back of the drop I'll shy a shoe at him. Swell toreador he is! Say, ain't I all in!"

She placed her hand, with the showy red stone gleaming, pat on his brow, and he drew away with further unease.

"Poor kid, fever too! Nothing but real walkin' malaria has got you. I got some swell dope at home that will fix you, Cliff."

"If anybody else in this company gives me any new dope I'm going to jump the show."

"Swell excuse for you to chase Kitty, ain't it! But you don't need to jump the show too, Cliff. A twenty-five-cent telegram to Philadelphia'll bring her here in two hours. There's a telegraph office right near my boarding house, over next to the hospital, if there's any little thing I can do for you!"

"Lett!"

"Aw, listen now, hon, I didn't mean to make you sore. It's a swell dope I was talkin' about. Mae Wright, a girl I played with out in Syracuse stock about eight summers ago, was just like you, as run down as an eight-day clock on Saturday night, and this dope I'm talking about was all that kept her out of the city hospital."

"I'll take something stronger than that before I let them land me in a city hospital."

"Honest, Cliff, it's nothing but a mixture of herbs and quinine. I played dowager in Lady Audley's Secret opposite that girl in a open-air house summer before last, and after each act she'd collapse like a tire riding over a bottle, and a teaspoon of that dope would pump her up again in two minutes."

He opened his eyes with a show of interest.

"Got it at home, Lett?"

"I got the prescription, Cliff. I can have it filled and ——"

"Nothing doing! I got enough stuff standing round now to open a drugstore of my own."

Her lacy train lay on the trunk, a pool between them, and she leaned across it to him.

"I bet you're busted, Cliff."

"No, I'm not busted, old girl! They just elected me president of the Harlem Savings Bank."

"I told you not to blow for that phony horseshoe scarfpin. Honest, it's a wonder some vaudeville manager ain't grabbed you for a human sieve act. Your pockets must be made of tennis netting."

"But it's a swell pin, Lett; you gotta hand it to me there. Nothing phony about them stones when they light up on a sapphire-blue necktie."

"Wanna lend, Cliff? I can go as high as twenty."

He threw out his hand affectionately across her lap, and she bent to his touch as the flame of a candle bends under the wind.

"I never had a lend off a petticoat yet, old girl, and I ain't starting it now."

"When a fellow's loafing there's some sense to them lines, but when a case of walking malaria has been playing bill-a-week stock for a twelve-week summer season, and then goes broke on a phony scarfpin, it's different."

"Good old girl!"

He lolled his head round until their eyes met and a flush showed under the slightly flabby texture of her skin.

"I'm twenty to the good this week, Cliff. Floss gimme heart failure and paid me back on her willow plume."

"Good old girl! I bet if anybody in this show would beg that sealette coat you been buyin' on time all summer, you'd hand it over with a grin."

"Sure I would to you, Cliff. Anyway, who could wear a fur mackintosh in Indian summer like this?"

He shifted again and threw a note as light as froth into his voice.

"To any of 'em in this company you'd hand it over, from fifth business up. They don't come more good-natured than you, old girl."

"Nix! I been eatin' breakfast out of a cracker box and a can of condensed milk all summer to land that coat. That bunch of fur and a paradise on my hat is going to walk me out of character into lead this winter. If—if I—when I quit the business I—I could raise fifty on that coat—on the Fourth of July too."

"You're all right, Lett."

"Don't say it if it hurts you."

"It don't hurt, Lett. I mean it."

"Sh-h-h-h! Listen! There's Floss throwin' off her toreador speech like she was yelling out of a window to a tomcat; and listen to De Roy back there puttin' on steam and drowning her lines with his song."

"Come on, Lett, we was late on our entrance yesterday matinée. Don't grab a bunch of my coat in the finale, old girl; just lemme fold you in"

"Wait for me after the show, Cliff. We—we can walk home through the park."

"I I "

"Hur.!"

"I—I ain't feelin' so well, Lett, and ——"

"It's a swell night, Cliff, and it'll do you good"

"I—I got some letters to write, Lett; and I—I got some things to do."

"Oh!" her voice fell in her throat like the spank of an old oaken bucket when it strikes the water.

"I - I ——"

"There's a telegraph office over next to the hospital where you can wire to Philadelphia for twenty-five cents if—if the mails ain't quick enough, Cliff."

"Lett, that line of talk ain't like you—it ain't, old girl."

"If you don't wanna come, why don't you talk up like a man and say so? I—I—was only ——"

Her voice trembled and broke.

He sprang lightly to his feet and lifted her limp hand from her side.

"I was only guying, Lett. I was just tryin' to see if I could hurt your feelings. Sure we'll walk across the park, sure we will!"

She turned upon him the sudden radiance of her glance.

"Bad boy, you!"

Between the Harlem Square Theater and Miss Letta Kline's boarding house occurred one of those sporadic city parks that spring up ever so occasionally out of long-delayed legislation or long, dismaying infant mortality lists. The Harlem Square Park rose green as an island out of a sea of asphalt, a small round lake in its center, and a shining, macadamized thoroughfare from the city curving in round a frock-coated statue of Abraham Lincoln and winding through the parkway like a far-flung bolt of ribbon. It curved up round a hilly knoll, down a mild slant and circling the miniature lake; a viaduct spun over a dry ravine, shimmering through a tiny forest of upreaching oaks and quiet greensward, and then just as suddenly out into the Mediterranean of the city again, running noisily between mountain-high fronts of hundred-family apartment houses, the hum and drum of the city on its bosom.

At the after-theater hour, when the lights of small uptown shops and onyx soda-water fountains and your photograph-while-you-wait studios were beginning to sizzle out, Miss Letta Kline and Mr. Clifford de Courcey hurried round the granite base of the frock-coated statue of Abraham Lincoln and into the sudden quiet of a park that was falling asleep. Its benches were damp and almost deserted, its polished roads as smooth as its lake, the lake itself reflecting a serried circle of electric lights that staggered down into its shallow bosom; and here and there red and green lights flickered through bracken with, now and then, the flash of a silent automobile, the crimson light of a prowling hansom.

"It's a swell night, Cliff."

"Swell." The passive shadows of trees closed them in.

"Gee, I—I can't realize another stock season is gone. I—I kinda hate to see this little company bust up, and believe me I've seen some company bust in my time. But this time I—I just hate it."

"Me, too, old girl."

"Cheer up, I got a inside tip, Cliff—a swell tip that'll make Kitty sore she didn't stick round instead of jumping."

"It was a swell chance for her, Lett. De Roy himself was willing to raise her this last week to jump in Casino stock. Why—why shouldn't she grab twenty-two weeks for herself?"

"Yeh, but I got a tip for thirty-week stock that puts the Casino off the map"

"Thirty weeks!"

"Yeh. Guess who's going to open his stock house again in Syracuse"

"Who?"

"Morgan! He's going to put a stock company in the Walnut Street Theater."

"No!"

"Got it straight from Morgan's own brother, Al. I did a favor for Al once when he was down and out, and there ain't nothin' he won't do for me or—my friends. You know what Syracuse stock used to be, Cliff."

"The best in the land."

"I got the inside tip alrighty! Al handed it to me with a wink. Sam is filling in next Wednesday morning, and he ain't signed up yet with a lead or juvenile. It—it would be swell if we—could hit it off again in the same company, Cliff."

"Swell"

"I can give you a letter to Sam."

"Lett, you're a human lifesaver!"

"I'm going to strike him for lead myself, Cliff. Whatta you bet if I walk in that office Wednesday morning in my fur coat and ——"

"You can't sport a fur coat in September, Lett."

"Say, when your middle name is Class you can carry a lace parasol in a snowstorm and get away with it."

"I—I'd like a juvenile in Syracuse like anything, Lett—it's a forty-dollar job."

"Sure, and you can land it too. I'll give you a letter, Cliff, and you stand pat for forty a week and wardrobe."

He pressed her arm closer.

"Good old girl!"

The lakelet lay suddenly before them and at its brim a bench, invitational and lightly sunk in a tangled mat of trodden grass. She dropped down upon it and unpinned her veil. Her hair, the color of bleached celery, straggled across her brow and uncurled to the night damp, and above the area of her colored cheekbones fine lines rayed out frankly from the corner of each eye. Her neck, where the slightly soiled blouse fell away to reveal it, showed faintly crinkled, like Chinese crêpe.

"What's your hurry, Cliff? You must be pining for the stuffiness of your two-by-four."

"It's late, Lett, and I—I got some letters to write."

He leaned full stretch against the bole of a tree, bareheaded and a ramp of black hair lying across a brow as clear and wide as a nun's. She reached out and dragged him gently to her side.

"Where you going to write, Cliff—to Philadelphia?"

"Aw, Lett, quit your kiddin'! Honest, it ain't funny no more."

"If you liked her you ought to a whispered it in her shell-pink ear before she jumped the company on you. She didn't hate you by a long shot."

"That's right, kid me along now! I'd have stood a fine show with a sunshine-haired fairy queen like her. You're kind of a blond variety yourself, ain't you, old girl?"

"Bad boy, you!"

But her eyes were eloquent refutation of her words, and she took his hat from his hand and held it in her lap. Even reflected in the lake her face was warm and breathing and his beside her suddenly averted and held in sharp profile.

"Cliff?"

"What?"

"What's hurtin' you, Cliff?"

"Nothing, Lett, old girl. Look, you can see that cigar sign 'way over on Seventh Avenue twinkling through the trees."

"What's hurtin' you, Cliff? If—if it ain't Kitty, then what—what's hurtin' you?"

She spoke through a scratch in her throat

"Nothing, Lett, nothing's hurting me"

"Something has got you, Cliff. Ever since we've been playin' opposite you been dodging me like I was one of the row of Fluffy Ruffles waiting outside the stage door after a Saturday matinée."

"Aw, Lett!"

"For Heaven's Sake, Cliff, Keep Off My Train, Can't You?"

"Sure you have. Don't let it all go to your head, Cliff. All the Fluffy-Ruffle girls put together, one on top of the other like a acrobat's human-tower act, wouldn't even reach to the nursery ceiling. They ain't got brains under them spit curls, they got a mess of scrambled eggs instead."

He whacked at one ankle and laughed in sudden unrestraint. "Gad, Lett, you got some lines up your sleeve you could write a show round."

"You—you ain't sore at me for nothing, are you, Cliff?"

She slid her arm along the back of the bench and a vertiginous trembling took hold of her. "You ain't, are you?"

"Why should I be sore at you, Lett, huh?"

"I dunno, Cliff, and that's what I am eating out my heart to find out."

"Why should I be sore at you, Lett? Because you've been sitting up nights after the show embroidering two-color initials on my shirt-sleeves, huh? Because you've been buying me spring tonic out of your little thirty-per, because you didn't like my color scheme? Because you shifted dressing rooms with me so I could have the breezy one? Are them the things that make a fellow sore, huh?"

"I ——"

"Honest, I'd just as soon get sore with my mother if I had one as with you, old girl."

"If—if you was—to get sore at me, Cliff, I—I just couldn't stand it; and I've had some hard knocks in my day too. I—I just couldn't stand it, I tell you."

The timbre of her voice was suddenly the pizzicato of a violin, taut and trembling, and he leaned forward to look into her eyes. But her gaze would not meet his and a tear splashed into his hat which lay upturned on her lap, and she fumbled among the half-fresh laces of her bodice for a handkerchief.

"Lett, you aren't crying, are you, old girl? Aw, Lett, you aren't honestly cryin'?"

"I I "

He leaned farther to her in an agony of concern.

"Why, Lett, I didn't know I'd been trampling on your feelings! I—I ain't been feeling right, Lett. If I been yellow to you it's because I'm all in, Lett. The way I feel right this minute it—it wouldn't surprise me if I was carrying round a ten-pound, full merino case of walking typhoid. It's nerves, Lett, and fever. Honest, old girl, I'd sooner cut off my embrace arm than hurt your feelings. Lett, old girl, dry your eyes, hon."

"Lemme alone!"

"I didn't mean nothing I said about—about your being too heavy for lead and all. Honest, old girl, I was only guying."

He tugged her hands away from the shield they made for her face, but she burrowed back into her semi-elegant fribble of a handkerchief.

"It's nerves, Lett. I'm all nerves, old girl, and fever. You're getting away with the lead swell, and honest, Lett, I—I was only guyin' you about weight. Kitty was so slim I used to tell her I had to look twice in a embrace scene to keep from fumbling when I did find her. Honest, I said to De Roy the other night ——"

"Oh, Cliff!"

"Sh-h-h-h, Lett. I says to him, I says, for a character woman who's never played lead before you hit it off swell."

"You—you never do nothing but look sore when I talk about muffling up in my fur and striking the managers for lead. You ——"

"Aw, Lett, if you knew something about playing juvenile you'd know how hard it is to get used to a new lead. Take Kitty now. Just because we was used to each other's business I never mussed her make-up in a embrace scene, because I knew where she'd rub off and ——"

"Always Kitty! If you was stuck on her, why didn't you say so?"

"Sh-h-h-h, Lett! And she'd never leave any powder on my coat because she knew how to fit in. In the beginning we didn't work any smoother than you and me together. It's all in getting used to each other. I didn't mean to make you sore, hon."

"She ——"

"Now take to-night. It don't pay to get a snicker out of the house like we did, Lett, when you left five powder finger-prints between my shoulderblades in the pergola scene."

"You wiggled!"

"Yes, I know, but you had me clutched wrong, hon. It's them little things about each other a lead and juvenile has got to understand."

"I—I ain't saying they ain't, Cliff."

"Just like I know your character ways better than any heavy—any woman I ever worked with. There's nobody taps with a fan or sly-young-dog's just like you do. Please, Lett, old girl, stop crying. Honest, I didn't know you had a cry in you. I've never seen you do nothing but laugh and laugh, even when everybody else was wearing a grouch. Lett!"

Sobs surged to her throat, and in her efforts to keep them down they vibrated through and racked her.

"I—I wish I was dead!"

"Lett, please, old girl!"

"I—I—do, Cliff, I do!"

"It's nerves, Lett. Honest, a fellow can't be more down and out than me. 'Way back when I was playin' Claude in The Lady of Lyons bill I was feeling seedy already. I ain't been right, old girl, and if this wasn't the last week of the season I—I wouldn't hold out. It's just nerves, Lett, and this confounded malaria I've got in my system. I'd—honest, I'd sooner cut off my embrace arm than hurt your feelings."

"Even—even to-night you was dodging walking home with me and—and the night before Kitty left I—I seen you tryin' to dodge it too. I didn't say nothing, but—but I seen it."

"I I "

"I—I ain't as blind as—as you think I am, I ——"

"Lett!"

"You—you know what's killin' me, Cliff you know! Don't I wish I was dead though!"

He drew back from her suddenly and turned the medallionlike sharpness of his features from her; a shift of expression filmy as cloud drifted across his face, his voice stiffened.

"It's getting late, Lett. Come on, old girl, a good night's rest will fix you up fine. You're all tired out like the rest of us—all worn out at the end of the season."

Her huddle of a figure answered him with a sob that jerked her forward, and he placed his hand lightly on her awry head and leaned over her.

"Lett, Lett, you scare me. You ain't sick, are you, old girl?"

"I—I'm all right."

"You're all tired out, that's what's the matter. Didn't I see you sitting this afternoon after matinée, when you ought to been resting, sewing spangles on Flossie's skirt while she and her good-for-nothing husband, De Roy, was taking their beauty sleep? You—you just wear yourself out doing for other people, Lett."

"It—ain't that, Cliff. You know it ain't, and—and you pretend you don't. You know, Cliff, what—what's eating me!"

She looked up at him with her eyes so lymphously tell-tale and so blue through their film of tears that he glanced away as if he could have borne it better had they been another color.

"It's getting late, Lett. Come on, lemme help you up."

She withdrew from his touch and locked her hands round her bare throat to suppress the dry hysteria she felt rising.

"You—you *know*, Cliff, and you won't let on. I—I can see it in your eyes when you try to dodge me. I can feel it in the way you—you—oh, Gawd, you know what's eating my heart out—eating it out, Cliff."

"Don't be a Jimp and Stake Him to a Sick Spell, Lett! You Ain't Lookin' None Too Spry Yourself"

He looked away from her through blurry eyes into the black shadows of black trees.

"You know, Cliff."

"Sh-h-h-h, Lett!"

"You know, Cliff, you can't help but knowing, and I—I wish I'd have died before I lost my backbone like this. But when ——"

"Sh-h-h-h!"

"But when a woman like me gets away from herself, Cliff, she—she ain't got no shame left."

"Lett, for Gawd's sake!"

"It—it's this show got me thinkin', Cliff. It got under my skin so sudden that after the second rehearsal I—I found myself wakin' up, dearie. I ——"

"Don't get excited, Lett; come on, let's ——"

"It ain't that I ain't played square, Cliff. I I never knew myself till—till I got to thinkin'. All along I—I wasn't playin' up for you, Cliff, I—I was just mothering you just like I always got to be mothering somebody all the time; like I got to be sewing on somebody's spangles or embroidering somebody's shirts. I was lovin' you like you was my boy, Cliff. I wasn't leading you on, dearie. I knew I was seven years too old, and and ——"

"You you been a swell friend, Lett."

"It was the mother in me, Cliff. Always I been like that, even 'way back them two years I was married, and he used to haul off and hit me after the show if I didn't play up to him—and he was a great one to ad lib and muss up the scene. Even up to when he died, Cliff—and Gawd knows I hated him I used to mother him just like he was a kid. Always I been like that, Cliff, till—till ——"

"Sh-h-h h!"

He sank his head in his hands and she let her fingers wander through the hemp of his hair.

"I—I didn't know, Cliff, till I got the chance at playin' this part and it got under my skin because it was me I was playin'. I ain't been playing up to you all season, Cliff, I —"

"No, no, Lett."

"Don't you remember how I used to guy you for being strong for Kitty and afraid to come out and tell her so? If I'd been makin' a play for you I wouldn't have guyed you about her, would I?"

"I—I can't stand no more, Lett."

"Honest, Cliff, I had the mother feeling so strong for you that one night—the week we was running the East Lynne bill—I was off after the second act. Right here on this bench on my way home I got to thinking and thinking—got to thinking about the chicken farm I'm going to have some day, Cliff, and you tied up to some sweet girl and the three of us quittin' the profesh and going out on the farm. Me doing the house end of it, Cliff, and the sweet little lady tending the—the kid, and you coming in from the garden with ——"

"Lett! Lett!"

"You coming in from the garden with good clean dirt under your fingernails, and a pile of my sour-milk biscuits steaming on the table, and the fried chicken sizzling on the platter, and ——"

"It—it's some picture, Lett."

"I got to seeing it all so plain, Cliff, right here on this bench, that I sat dreaming till the mosquitoes got up as far as my knees; dreaming until I let all the wrinkles crawl out, and when I leaned over like this and took a peek at myself in the water and seen me sitting here all hunched up like a tabby, with my paws crossed in my lap and a cat-in-the-sun look on my face, I—I just beat it for home."

"Lett, old girl, I—I just don't know what to say to you "

"I—I ain't such an old girl, Cliff. A unlucky marriage 'way back ten years ago don't need to put me among the cobwebs. I wasn't nothing but a kid when he died, Cliff. I—ain't such a old girl."

"Sure you ain't, Lett, I never meant you was. I—I just got in the way of calling you that."

"Playing character all these years is what done the damage, Cliff. I've played dowager till I'm dowager to the whole blooming world."

"Aw, no you ain't, Lett. Anybody can see that you ain't as old as your parts."

She threw out an arm and grasped the nappy surface of his sleeve.

"I—I ain't got the dowager kind of feeling for you, Cliff I ——"

"Lett! Lett!"

"I could be so good to you, Cliff, darling. Somehow I just ain't ashamed to tell you how—how good I could be to a boy like you, Cliff. I just ain't ashamed."

He leaned from her as if her humility scorched him.

"Lett, I—I ain't worth your little finger."

"You ain't strong, darling, and this ain't no business for you. Ain't you always sayin' yourself that when you get into a man's business you—you're going to hitch up with some nice girl? Let's—let's get you that man's business now, hon. What you need is the country and ——"

"I ——"

"I got two hundred and forty saved up now in the Corn Exchange, Cliff. I—I could raise a fifty on my fur coat

(Continued on Page 57)

A NEW BUSHER BREAKS IN

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

It Would Be Just My Luck to Have Him Left-Handed

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, March 2.

FRIEND AL: Al that peace in the papers was all O. K. and the right dope just like you said. I seen president Johnson the president of the league to-day and he told me the peace in the papers was the right dope and Comiskey did not have no right to sell me to Milwaukee because the Detroit Club had never gave no wavers on me. He says the Detroit Club was late in fileing their claim and Comiskey must of tooken it for granted that they was going to wave but president Johnson was pretty sore about it at that and says Comiskey did not have no right to sell me till he was positive that they was not no team that wanted me.

It will probily cost Comiskey some money for acting like he done and not paying no attention to the rules and I would not be supprised if president Johnson had him throwed out of the league.

Well I asked president Johnson should I report at once to the Detroit Club down south and he says No you better wait till you hear from Comiskey and I says What has Comiskey got to do with it now? And he says Comiskey will own you till he sells you to Detroit or somewheres else. So I will have to go out to the ball park to-morrow and see is they any mail for me there because I probily will get a letter from Comiskey telling me I am sold to Detroit

If I had of thought at the time I would of knew that Detroit never would give no wavers on me after the way I showed Cobb and Crawford up last fall and I might of knew too that Detroit is in the market for good pitchers because they got a rotten pitching staff but they won't have no rotten staff when I get with them.

If nessary I will pitch every other day for Jennings and if I do we will win the pennant sure because Detroit has got a club that can get 2 or 3 runs every day and all as I need to win most of my games is 1 run. I can't hardly wait till Jennings works me against the White Sox and what I will do to them will be a plenty. It don't take no pitching to beat them anyway and when they get up against a pitcher like I they might as well leave their bats in the bag for all the good their bats will do them.

I guess Cobb and Crawford will be glad to have me on the Detroit Club because then they won't never have to hit against me eccept in practice and I won't pitch my best in practice because they will be teammates of mine and I don't never like to show none of my teammates up. At that though I don't suppose Jennings will let me do much pitching in practice because when he gets a hold of a good pitcher he won't want me to take no chances of throwing my arm away in practice.

Al just think how funny it will be to have me pitching for the Tigers in the same town where Violet lives and pitching on the same club with her husband. It will not be so funny for Violet and her husband though because when she has a chance to see me work regular she will find out what a mistake she made takeing that left-hander instead of a man that has got some future and soon will be makeing 5 or $6000 a year because I won't sign with Detroit for no less than $5000 at most. Of coarse I could of had her if I had of wanted to but still and all it will make her feel pretty sick to see me winning games for Detroit while her husband is batting fungos and getting splinters in his unie from slideing up and down the bench.

As for her husband the first time he opens his clam to me I will haul off and bust him one in the jaw but I guess he will know more than to start trouble with a man of my size and who is going to be one of their stars while he is just holding down a job because they feel sorry for him. I wish he could of got the girl I married instead of the one he got and I bet she would of drove him crazy. But I guess you can't drive a left-hander crazyer than he is to begin with.

I have not heard nothing from Florrie Al and I don't want to hear nothing. I and her is better apart and I wish she would sew me for a bill of divorce so she could not go round claiming she is my wife and disgraceing my name. If she would consent to sew me for a bill of divorce I would gladly pay all the expenses and settle with her for any sum of money she wants say about $75.00 or $100.00 and they is no reason I should give her a nichol after the way her and her sister Marie and her brother-in-law Allen grafted off of me. Probily I could sew her for a bill of divorce but they tell me it costs money to sew and if you just lay low and let the other side do the sewing it don't cost you a nichol.

It is pretty late Al and I have got to get up early to-morrow and go to the ball park and see is they any mail for me. I will let you know what I hear old pal.

Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, March 4.

AL: I am up against it again. I went out to the ball park office yesterday and they was nobody there eccept John somebody who is asst secretary and all the rest of them is out on the Coast with the team. Maybe this here John was trying to kid me but this is what he told me. First I says Is they a letter here for me? And he says No. And I says I was expecting word from Comiskey that I should join the Detroit Club and he says What makes you think you are going to Detroit? I says Comiskey asked wavers on me and Detroit did not give no wavers. He says Well that is not no sign that you are going to Detroit. If Comiskey can't get you out of the league he will probily keep you himself and it is a cinch he is not going to give no pitcher to Detroit no matter how rotten he is.

I says What do you mean? And he says You just stick round town till you hear from Comiskey and I guess you will hear pretty soon because he is comeing back from the Coast next Saturday. I says Well the only thing he can tell me is to report to Detroit because I won't never pitch again for the White Sox. Then John gets fresh and says I supose you will quit the game and live on your savings and then I blowed out of the office because I was scared I would loose my temper and break something.

So you see Al what I am up against. I won't never pitch for the White Sox again and I want to get with the Detroit Club but how can I if Comiskey won't let me go? All I can do is stick round till next Saturday and then I will see Comiskey and I guess when I tell him what I think of him he will be glad to let me go to Detroit or anywheres else. I will have something on him this time because I know that he did not pay no attention to the rules when he told me I was sold to Milwaukee and if he tries to slip something over on me I will tell president Johnson of the league all about it and then you will see where Comiskey heads in at.

Al old pal that $25.00 you give me at the station the other day is all shot to peaces and I must ask you to let me have $25.00 more which will make $75.00 all together includeing the $25.00 you sent me before I come home. I hate to ask you this favor old pal but I know you have got the money. If I am sold to Detroit I will get some advance money and pay up all my dedts incluseive.

If he don't let me go to Detroit I will make him come across with part of my salery for this year even if I don't pitch for him because I signed a contract and was ready to do my end of it and would of if he had not of been nasty and tried to slip something over on me. If he refuses to come across I will hire a attorney at law and he will get it all. So Al you see you have got a cinch on getting back what you lone me but I guess you know that Al without all this talk because you have been my old pal for a good many years and I have allways treated you square and tried to make you feel that I and you was equals and that my success was not going to make me forget my old friends.

Wherever I pitch this year I will insist on a salery of 5 or $6000 a year. So you see on my first pay day I will have enough to pay you up and settle the rest of my dedts but I am not going to pay no more rent for this rotten flat because they tell me if a man don't pay no rent for a while they will put him out. Let them put me out. I should not worry but will go and rent my old room that I had before I met Florrie and got into all this trouble.

The sooner you can send me that $35.00 the better and then I will owe you $35.00 incluseive and I will write and let you know how I come out with Comiskey.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, March 12.

FRIEND AL: I got another big supprise for you and this is it I am going to pitch for the White Sox after all. If Comiskey was not a old man I guess I would of lost my temper and beat him up but I am glad now that I kept my temper and did not loose it because I forced him to make a lot of consessions and now it looks like as though I would have a big year both pitching and money.

He got back to town yesterday morning and showed up to his office in the afternoon and I was there waiting for him. He would not see me for a while but finally I acted like as though I was getting tired of waiting and I guess the secretary got scared that I would beat it out of the office and leave them all in the lerch. Anyway he went in and spoke to Comiskey and then come out and says the boss was ready to see me. When I went into the office where he was at he says Well young man what can I do for you? And I says I want you to give me my release so as I can join the Detroit Club down South and get in shape. Then he says What makes you think you are going to join the Detroit Club? Because we need you here. I says Then why did you try to sell me to Milwaukee? But you could not because you could not get no wavers.

Then he says I thought I was doing you a favor by sending you to Milwaukee because they make a lot of beer up there. I says What do you mean? He says You been keeping in shape all this winter by trying to drink this town dry and besides that you tried to hold me up for more money when you allready had signed a contract allready and so I was going to send you to Milwaukee and learn you something and besides you tried to go with the Federal League but they would not take you because they was scared to.

I don't know where he found out all that stuff at Al and besides he was wrong when he says I was drinking too much because they is not nobody that can drink more than me and not be effected. But I did not say nothing because I was scared I would forget myself and call him some name and he is a old man. Yes I did say something. I says Well I guess you found out that you could not get me out of the league and then he says Don't never think I could not get you out of the league. If you think I can't send you to Milwaukee I will prove it to you that I can. I says You can't because Detroit won't give no wavers on me. He says Detroit will give wavers on you quick enough if I ask them.

Then he says Now you can take your choice you can stay here and pitch for me at the salery you signed up for and you can cut out the monkey business and drink water when you are thirsty or else you can go up to Milwaukee and drownd yourself in one of them brewrys. Which shall it be? I says How can you keep me or send me to Milwaukee when Detroit has allready claimed my services? He says Detroit has claimed a lot of things and they have even claimed the pennant but that is not no sign they will win it. He says And besides you would not want to pitch for Detroit because then you would not never have no chance to pitch against Cobb and show him up.

Well Al when he says that I knowed he appresiated what a pitcher I am even if he did try to sell me to Milwaukee or

he would not of made that remark about the way I can show Cobb and Crawford up. So I says Well if you need me that bad I will pitch for you but I must have a new contract. He says Oh I guess we can fix that up O. K. and he steps out in the next room a while and then he comes back with a new contract. And what do you think it was Al? It was a contract for 3 years so you see I am sure of my job here for 3 years and everything is all O. K.

The contract calls for the same salery a year for 3 years that I was going to get before for only 1 year which is $2800.00 a year and then I will get in on the city serious money too and the Detroit Club don't have no city serious and have no chance to get into the World's Serious with the rotten pitching staff they got. So you see Al he fixed me up good and that shows that he must think a hole lot of me or he would of sent me to Detroit or maybe to Milwaukee but I don't see how he could of did that without no wavers.

Well Al I allmost forgot to tell you that he has gave me a ticket to Los Angeles where the 2d team are practicing at now but where the 1st team will be at in about a week. I am leaveing to-night and I guess before I go I will go down to president Johnson and tell him that I am fixed up all O. K. and have not got no kick comeing so that president Johnson will not fine Comiskey for not paying no attention to the rules or get him fired out of the league because I guess Comiskey must be all O. K. and good-hearted after all.

I won't pay no attention to what he says about me drinking this town dry because he is all wrong in regards to that. He must of been jokeing I guess because nobody but some boob would think he could drink this town dry but at that I guess I can hold more than anybody and not be effected. But I guess I will cut it out for a while at that because I don't want to get them sore at me after the contract they give me.

I will write to you from Los Angeles Al and let you know what the boys says when they see me and I will bet that they will be tickled to death. The rent man was round to-day but I seen him comeing and he did not find me. I am going to leave the furniture that belongs in the flat in the flat and allso the furniture I bought which don't amount to much because it was not no real Sir Cashion walnut and besides I don't want nothing round me to remind me of Florrie because the sooner her and I forget each other the better.

Tell the boys about my good luck Al but it is not no luck neither because it was comeing to me.

Yours truly, JACK.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, March 16.

AL: Here I am back with the White Sox again and it seems to good to be true because just like I told you they are all tickled to death to see me. Kid Gleason is here in charge of the 2d team and when he seen me come into the hotel he jumped up and hit me in the stumach but he acts like that whenever he feels good so I could not get sore at him though he had no right to hit me in the stumach. If he had of did it in ernest I would of walloped him in the jaw.

He says Well if here ain't the old lady-killer. He ment Al that I am strong with the girls but I am all threw with them now but he don't know nothing about the troubles I had. He says Are you in shape? And I told him Yes I am. He says Yes you look in shape like a barrel. I says They is not no fat on me and if I am a little bit bigger than last year it is because my mussels is bigger. He says Yes your stumach mussels is emense and you must of gave them plenty of exercise. Wait till Bodie sees you and he will want to stick round you all the time because you make him look like a broom straw or something. I let him kid me along because what is the use of getting mad at him? And besides he is all O. K. even if he is a little rough.

I says to him A little work will fix me up all O. K. and he says You bet you are going to get some work because I am going to see to it myself. I says You will have to hurry because you will be going up to Frisco in a few days and I am going to stay here and join the 1st club. Then he says You are not going to do no such a thing. You are going right along with me. I knowed he was kidding me then because Callahan would not never leave me with the 2d team no more after what I done for him last year and besides most of the stars generally allways goes with the 1st team on the training trip.

Well I seen all the rest of the boys that is here with the 2d team and they all acted like as if they was glad to see me and why should not they be when they know that me being here with the White Sox and not with Detroit means that Callahan won't have to do no worrying about his pitching staff? But they is four or 5 young recrut pitchers with the team here and I bet they is not so glad to see me because what chance have they got?

If I was Comiskey and Callahan I would not spend no money on no new pitchers because with me and 1 or 2 of the other boys we got the best pitching staff in the league. And instead of spending the money for new pitching recruts I would put it all in a lump and buy Ty Cobb or Sam Crawford off of Detroit or somebody else who can hit and Cobb and Crawford is both real hitters Al even if I did make them look like suckers. Who wouldn't?

Well Al to-morrow A. M. I am going out and work a little and in the P. M. I will watch the game between we and the Venice Club but I won't pitch none because Gleason would not dare take no chances of me hurting my arm. I will write to you in a few days from here because no matter what Gleason says I am going to stick here with the 1st team because I know Callahan will want me along with him for a attraction. Your pal, JACK.

He Says I Don't Want Nothing More of Yours. I Allready Got Your Girl and Your Goat

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, March 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here I am back in old Frisco with the 2d team but I will tell you how it happened Al. Yesterday Gleason told me to pack up and get ready to leave Los Angeles with him and I says No I am going to stick here and wait for the 1st team and then he says I guess I must of overlooked something in the papers because I did not see nothing about you being appointed manager of the club. I says No I am not manager but Callahan is manager and he will want to keep me with him. He says I got a wire from Callahan telling me to keep you with my club but of coarse if you know what Callahan wants better than he knows it himself why then go ahead and stay here or go jump in the Pacific Ocean.

Then he says I know why you don't want to go with me and I says Why? And he says Because you know I will make you work and won't let you eat everything on the bill of fair includeing the name of the hotel at which we are stopping at. That made me sore and I was just going to call him when he says Did not you marry Mrs. Allen's sister? And I says Yes but that is not none of your business. Then he says Well I don't want to butt into your business but I heard you and your wife had some kind of a argument and she beat it. I says Yes she give me a rotten deal. He says Well then I don't see where it is going to be very pleasant for you traveling round with the 1st club because Allen and his wife is both with that club and what do you want to be mixed up with them for? I says I am not scared of Allen or his wife or no other old hen.

So here I am Al with the 2d team but it is only for a while till Callahan gets sick of some of them pitchers he has got and sends for me so as he can see some real pitching. And besides I am glad to be here in Frisco where I made so many friends when I was pitching here for a short time till Callahan heard about my work and called me back to the big show where I belong at and nowheres else.

Yours truly, JACK.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, March 25.

OLD PAL: Al I got a supprise for you. Who do you think I seen last night? Nobody but Hazel. Her name now is Hazel Levy because you know Al she married Kid Levy the middleweight and I wish he was champion of the world Al because then it would not take me more than about a minute to be champion of the world myself. I have not got nothing against him though because he married her and if he had not of I probily would of married her myself but at that she could not of treated me no worse than Florrie. Well they was setting at a table in the café where her and I use to go pretty near every night. She spotted me when I first come in and sends a waiter over to ask me to come and have a drink with them. I went over because they was no use being nasty and let bygones be bygones.

She interduced me to her husband and he asked me what was I drinking. Then she butts in and says Oh you must let Mr. Keefe buy the drinks because it hurts his feelings to have somebody else buy the drinks. Then Levy says Oh he is one of these here spendrifts is he? and she says Yes he don't care no more about a nichol than his right eye does. I says I guess you have got no holler comeing on the way I spend my money. I don't steal no money anyway. She says What do you mean? and I says I guess you know what I mean. How about that $30.00 that you borrowed off of me and never give it back? Then her husband cuts in and says You cut that line of talk out or I will bust you. I says Yes you will. And he says Yes I will.

Well Al what was the use of me starting trouble with him when he has got enough trouble right to home and besides as I say I have not got nothing against him. So I got up and blowed away from the table and I bet he was relieved when he seen I was not going to start nothing. I beat it out of there a while afterward because I was not drinking nothing and I don't have no fun setting round a place and lapping up ginger ail or something. And besides the music was rotten.

Al I am certainly glad I throwed Hazel over because she has grew to be as big as a horse and is all painted up. I don't care nothing about them big dolls no more or about no other kind neither. I am off of them all. They can all of them die and I should not worry.

Well Al I done my first pitching of the year this P. M. and I guess I showed them that I was in just as good a shape as some of them birds that has been working a month. I worked 4 innings against my old team the San Francisco Club and I give them nothing but fast ones but they sure was fast ones and you could hear them zip. Charlie O'Leary was trying to get out of the way of one of them and it hit his bat and went over first base for a base hit but at that Fournier would of eat it up if it had of been Chase playing first base instead of Fournier

That was the only hit they got off of me and they ought to of been ashamed to of tooken that one. But Gleason don't appresiate my work and him and I allmost come to blows at supper. I was pretty hungry and I ordered some stake and some eggs and some pie and some ice cream and some coffee and a glass of milk but Gleason would not let me have the pie or the milk and would not let me eat more than ½ the stake. And it is a wonder I did not bust him and tell him to mind his own business. I says What right have you got to tell me what to eat? And he says You don't need nobody to tell you what to eat you need somebody to keep you from floundering yourself. I says Why can't I eat what I want to when I have worked good?

He says Who told you you worked good and I says I did not need nobody to tell me. I know I worked good because they could not do nothing with me. He says Well it is a good thing for you that they did not start bunting because if you had of went to stoop over and pick up the ball you would of busted wide open. I says Why? and he says Because you are hog fat and if you don't let up on the stable and fancy groceries we will have to pay 2 fairs to get you back to Chi. I don't remember now what I says to him but I says something you can bet on that. You know me Al.

I wish Al that Callahan would hurry up and order me to join the 1st team. If he don't Al I believe Gleason will starve me to death. A little slob like him don't realize that a big man like I needs good food and plenty of it.

Your pal, JACK.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, April 1.

AL: Well Al we are on our way East and I am still with the 2d team and I don't understand why Callahan don't order me to join the 1st team but maybe it is because he knows that I am allright and have got the stuff and he wants to keep them other guys round where he can see if they have got anything.

The recrut pitchers that is along with our club have not got nothing and the scout that reckommended them must of been full of hops or something. It is not no common thing for a club to pick up a man that has got the stuff to make him a star up here and the White Sox was pretty lucky to land me but I don't understand why they throw their money away on new pitchers when none of them is no good and besides who would want a better pitching staff than we got right now without no raw recruts and bushers.

I worked in Oakland the day before yesterday but he only let me go the 1st 4 innings. I bet them Oakland birds was glad when he took me out. When I was in that league I use to just throw my glove in the box and them Oakland birds was licked and honest Al some of them turned white when they seen I was going to pitch the other day.

I felt kind of sorry for them and I did not give them all I had so they got 5 or 6 hits and scored a couple of runs. I was not feeling very good at that and besides we got some awful excuses for a ball player on this club and the support they give me was the rottenest I ever seen gave anybody. But some of them won't be in this league more than about 10 minutes more so I should not fret as they say.

We play here this afternoon and I don't believe I will work because the team they got here is not worth wasteing nobody on. They must be a lot of boobs in this town Al because they tell me that some of them has got ½ a dozen wives or so. And what a man wants with 1 wife is a misery to me let alone a ½ dozen.

I will probily work against Denver because they got a good club and was champions of the Western League last year. I will make them think they are champions of the Epworth League or something.

Yours truly, JACK.

DES MOINES, IOWA, April 10.

FRIEND AL: We got here this A. M. and this is our last stop and we will be in old Chi to-morrow to open the season. The 1st team gets home to-day and I would be there with them if Callahan was a real manager who knowed something about manageing because if I am going to open the season I should ought to have 1 day of rest at home so I would have all my strenth to open the season. The Cleveland Club will be there to open against us and Callahan must know that I have got them licked any time I start against them.

As soon as my name is announced to pitch the Cleveland Club is licked or any other club when I am right and they don't kick the game away behind me.

Gleason told me on the train last night that I was going to pitch here to-day but I bet by this time he has got orders from Callahan to let me rest and to not give me no more work because suppose even if I did not start the game to-morrow I probily will have to finish it.

Gleason has been sticking round me like as if I had a million bucks or something. I can't even sit down and smoke a cigar but what he is there to knock the ashes off of it. He is O. K. and good-hearted if he is a little rough and keeps hitting me in the stumach but I wish he would leave me alone sometimes espesially at meals. He was in to breakfast with me this A. M. and after I got threw I snuck off down the street and got something to eat. That is not right because it costs me money when I have to go away from the hotel and eat and what right has he got to try and help me order my meals? Because he don't know what I want and what my stumach wants.

My stumach don't want to have him punching it all the time but he keeps on doing it. So that shows he don't know what is good for me. But he is a old man Al otherwise I would not stand for the stuff he pulls. The 1st thing I am going to do when we get to Chi is I am going to a resturunt somewheres and get a good meal where Gleason or no one else can't get at me. I know allready what I am going to eat and that is a big stake and a apple pie and that is not all.

Well Al watch the papers and you will see what I done to that Cleveland Club and I hope Lajoie and Jackson is both in good shape because I don't want to pick on no cripples.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, April 16.

OLD PAL: Yesterday was the 1st pay day old pal and I know I promised to pay you what I owe you and it is $75.00 because when I asked you for $35.00 before I went West you only sent me $25.00 which makes the hole sum $75.00. Well Al I can't pay you now because the pay we drawed was only for 4 days and did not amount to nothing and I had to buy a meal ticket and fix up about my room rent.

And then they is another thing Al which I will tell you about. I come into the clubhouse the day the season opened and the 1st guy I seen was Allen. I was going up to bust him but he come up and held his hand out and what was they for me to do but shake hands with him if he is going to be yellow like that? He says Well Jack I am glad they did not send you to Milwaukee and I bet you will have a big year. I says Yes I will have a big year O. K. if you don't sick another 1 of your sister-in-laws on to me. He says Oh don't let they be no hard feelings about that. You know it was not no fault of mine and I bet if you was to write to Florrie everything could be fixed up O. K.

I says I don't want to write to no Florrie but I will get a attorney at law to write to her. He says You don't even know where she is at and I says I don't care where she is at. Where is she? He says She is down to her home in Waco, Texas, and if I was you I would write to her myself and not let no attorney at law write to her because that would get her mad and besides what do you want a attorney at law to write to her about? I says I am going to sew her for a bill of divorce.

Then he says On what grounds? and I says Dessertion. He says You better not do no such thing or she will sew you for a bill of divorce for none support and then you will look like a cheap guy. I says I don't care what I look like. So you see Al I had to send Florrie $10.00 or maybe she would be mean enough to sew me for a bill of divorce on the ground of none support and that would make me look bad.

Well Al, Allen told me his wife wanted to talk to me and try and fix things up between I and Florrie but I give him to understand that I would not stand for no meeting with his wife and he says Well suit yourself about that but they is no reason you and I should quarrel.

You see Al he don't want no mix-up with me because he knows he could not get nothing but the worst of it. I will be friends with him but I won't have nothing to do with Marie because if it had not of been for she and Florrie I would have money in the bank besides not being in no danger of getting sewed for none support.

I guess you must of read about Joe Benz getting married and I guess he must of got a good wife and 1 that don't bother him all the time because he pitched the opening game and shut Cleveland out with 2 hits. He was pretty good Al, better than I ever seen him and they was a couple of times when his fast ball was pretty near as fast as mine.

Callahan Tells Me I Am Fined $50.00 and Suspended Without No Pay

I have not worked yet Al and I asked Callahan to-day what was the matter and he says I was waiting for you to get in shape. I says I am in shape now and I notice that when I was pitching in practice this A. M. they did not hit nothing out of the infield. He says That was because you are so spread out that they could not get nothing past you. He says The way you are now you cover more ground than the grand stand. I says Is that so? And he walked away.

We go out on a trip to Cleveland and Detroit and St. Louis in a few days and maybe I will take my regular turn then because the other pitchers has been getting away lucky because most of the hitters has not got their batting eye as yet but wait till they begin hitting and then it will take a man like I to stop them.

The 1st of May is our next pay day Al and then I will have enough money so as I can send you the $75.00.

Your pal, JACK.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, April 28.

FRIEND AL: What do you think of a rotten manager that bawls me out and fines me $50.00 for loosing a 1 to 0 game in 10 innings when it was my 1st start this season? And no wonder I was a little wild in the 10th when I had not had no chance to work and get control. I got a good notion to quit this rotten club and jump to the Federals where a man gets some kind of treatment. Callahan says I throwed the game away on purpose but I did not do no such a thing Al because when I throwed that ball at Joe Hill's head I forgot that the bases was full and besides if Gleason had not of starved me to death the ball that hit him in the head would of killed him.

And how could a man go to 1st base and the winning run be forced in if he was dead which he should ought to of been the lucky left-handed stiff if I had of had my full strenth to put on my fast one instead of being ½ starved to death and weak. But I guess I better tell you how it come off. The papers will get it all wrong like they generally allways does.

Callahan asked me this A. M. if I thought I was hard enough to work and I was tickled to death, because I seen he was going to give me a chance. I told him Sure I was in good shape and if them Tigers scored a run off of me he could keep me setting on the bench the rest of the summer. So he says All right I am going to start you and if you go good maybe Gleason will let you eat some supper.

Well Al when I begin warming up I happened to look up in the grand stand and who do you think I seen? Nobody but Violet. She smiled when she seen me but I bet she felt more like crying. Well I smiled back at her because she probily would of broke down and made a seen or something if I had not of. They was not nobody warming up for Detroit when I begin warming up but pretty soon I looked over to their bench and Joe Hill Violet's husband was warming up. I says to myself Well here is where I show that bird up if they got nerve enough to start him against me but probily Jennings don't want to waste no real pitcher on this game which he knows we got cinched and we would of had it cinched Al if they had of got a couple of runs or even 1 run for me.

Well, Jennings come passed our bench just like he allways does and tried to pull some of his funny stuff. He says Hello are you still in the league? I says Yes but I come pretty near not being. I came pretty near being with Detroit. I wish you could of heard Gleason and Callahan

(Continued on Page 53)

I Forgot All About the Game and Cut Loose at His Bean

Teaching the Retailer How to Fight

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

The Next Saturday This Rail Held as Many Farm Teams as Could Tie to It

TO THE farmer, toiling heavily in the furrow or milking cows until his arms ache, the lot of the town storekeeper looks like a sedentary pastime. It offers to his eyes the allurements of a pleasantly sociable diversion, with just enough work to keep him from rusting out.

Undoubtedly this is why so many retired farmers, on moving into town, have finally taken to storekeeping. As a rust cure they have found their new occupation almost miraculously effective. Most of them have lasted about as long in the rôle of merchant as the average financial lamb lasts in the Wall Street shearing.

As a ready relief from the burdens of owning farms the country store has proved itself a sovereign remedy—a standard specific. More testimonials to this fact could be assembled on short notice than were ever crowded between the covers of a patent-medicine pamphlet.

The percentage of failures of retail merchants is so absurdly high one is ashamed to quote it, and the authorities are agreed that the popular passion of the retired farmer for life behind the counter is a large element in this high-failure percentage.

Instead of a peaceful pastime, the experienced storekeepr knows that the life of the retail merchant is a perpetual warfare—and the kind of war, too, lacking in every allurement that makes active military service attractive in the eyes of the adventurous young recruit.

If the seasoned country merchant were to put his attitude toward his business into words he would undoubtedly say something like this:

"I've got my back to the wall and it's a single-handed fight every minute. Every competitor is after my scalp. So is every deadbeat and crook that comes into the town. And the mail-order houses have their machine guns and heavy artillery trained on all of us all the time. Then, to add to the merriment, the fly-by-night auctions and traveling peddlers of all sorts are constantly nipping at our heels. At times I feel that we are very much in the position of a band of men fighting among ourselves at the very moment when a strong besieging force—powerful, well generaled and well armed—is closing in on us from the outside. Meantime we keep on fighting among ourselves so consistently, so incessantly, that we give each other no chance to pay a moment's attention to our outside enemies or to throw up fortifications from which to fight the invaders."

The Commercial Drillmaster's Job

SUCH a picture of the conditions of retail competition is not so far overdrawn that it will fail to bring a smile of sympathetic recognition to the face of any retailer. It will, however, be like the image he sees in his own glass to the storekeeper struggling in a town that has not yet been brought under the generalship of the militant commercial missionary whose job is to teach the merchants how to forget their hatred of each other in fighting the common enemies of the trade and in battling for the life of the local community.

This kind of missionary is comparatively a newcomer in the field of evangelistic effort; but he is finding a warmer welcome than that often accorded the itinerant religious revivalist.

The unhappy storekeeper is keen for salvation of an immediate and mercenary sort—for protection against foolish, ignorant and sometimes unscrupulous competition in his own town, and against the constant and raking fire of the great mail-order houses on the outside. He is looking for a little commercial peace in his present state of existence. This moves him to lend an eager ear to the man who says:

"My job is that of a commercial drillmaster. I teach retail merchants how to fight the common enemy—the deadbeat, the crook and the mail-order house—instead of fighting each other and thereby weakening their defensive powers against the invaders."

More frequently than not, these commercial drillmasters come from callings outside the ranks of the retail trade. One of the most energetic and successful men of this new calling went into a certain Northwestern state as a fire adjuster for a mutual insurance company. This brought him into close contact with many retail merchants and in this way he gained a considerable insight into their financial troubles.

He became particularly impressed with the fact that their loose and inefficient credit practices, and their feeble and ill-directed collection efforts, opened an opportunity in almost any live business town for the establishment of a collection bureau that would not only get in the money from the intentional deadbeats but would educate the careless man, indifferent to his credit standing, into a serious regard for his financial obligations. Consequently he opened a collection office and built up a business that was fairly successful. What was more important, he secured a deep insight into the financial affairs of most of the storekeepers and gained their confidence in his ability to deal with some of the most perplexing problems of their business.

An experience of a few months, however, was enough to demonstrate to him that the retail merchants of his town did not need a mere collector, but an organizer, a drillmaster, to get them together, whip them into a working company, and teach them the whole manual of retail fighting tactics. The first merchant to whom he proposed this plan replied:

"Oh, we've got a sort of organization, but we haven't had a meeting for more than a year." Then, with a laugh, he added: "I guess it would be mighty hard work to get some of the fellows to attend a meeting if they knew that certain of their competitors were going to be there. Probably you don't realize how little love is lost between men in the same line of business in a small place like this.

"Accidentally—or otherwise—one storekeeper steps on the toes of his competitor, and that starts a feeling which grows like weeds in a fallow field; they soon get to the stage where they do not speak to each other, and before long they seem to be in business for the sole purpose of getting each others' scalps, instead of making profits and supporting their families. If you want to pick the hardest job going, young man, just try to get the retail storekeepers of this town together round a friendly council fire, all working together."

"I've picked it already," was the prompt reply; "and I am going to put it over if it costs a year's work to do it. This is a promise—not a threat."

By hard work and incessant hustling he rounded up the bunch of retailers in a mass meeting. Then he made a plain business talk to them, in which he convinced them they were steadily losing money that ought to stick in their cash tills, and would stay there if they only worked together. He pointed out that perhaps their biggest leak was through poor credits, and that they could never beat the deadbeats until their credits were made on the basis of the credit experience of the entire retail trade of the town!

Also he argued that they could not hope to scale down to a reasonable total the incessant outgo for charity and benefits, to which the local merchant is always subjected, until these requests were considered collectively instead of separately. Then he hammered into them the fact that their only hope of holding within the town the trade that naturally belonged to it, and of stemming the outflowing tide of mail-order money orders, was through vigorous united action.

Collecting Hopeless Accounts

THIS appeal to their common sense was so convincingly made that he was employed to carry out his plan. It was clearly understood that it was his job to concern himself with anything and everything connected with the business of the retail storekeepers in which he felt that united action would bring better results than individual action, would save money, or would help to cultivate a stronger interest in the general prosperity of the town.

About the first task to which he applied himself was that of getting the credits and collections of the town on a better basis. He assembled all the credit information possible and then told the merchants to bring in their hopeless accounts and assign them to the organization. The response to this invitation was instantaneous and hearty; but the merchants who dumped in their bad accounts were free with remarks to the effect that if the young man collected any of them he was certainly a crackajack.

The Mail-Order Houses Thrived and Fattened

The first account to which he gave his attention was undoubtedly the most desperate of all. For that reason he selected it as a starter. In the town was an artisan who owed fourteen or fifteen accounts of apparently permanent standing and who was regarded as immune against all the wiles of the collector.

A few weeks before the merchants had been brought together into a fighting organization this man had gone into the only

hardware store in the town to which he was not indebted, and had explained to the proprietor that he had a big job on hand which would require some pulleys and tackle; that he had no money; and that if the storekeeper would trust him until Tuesday he would appear promptly and pay for the goods.

As this was the only store at which he did not owe an account, he did his cash trading there—or rather that part of it which did not go to the mail-order houses. Because he had always paid cash he was able, on the plea of an emergency, to obtain a three days' credit for this bill. He did not pay as he had promised, and the merchant discovered that he might as well have donated the amount of the account to the tricky artisan.

Later, when he turned in this account to the enthusiastic young man who had brought the retail merchants of the town into a fighting organization, he told the story of how he had been tricked, and sarcastically suggested that here was a chance to make a record and score a hit with the whole body of merchants in the place.

Though the young secretary merely said he would see what could be done with the account, mentally he accepted the challenge of the storekeeper. A little while later he learned that the artisan had secured a considerable contract for work on one of the churches in the town. Just as soon as he began work on the job his pay was attached, with the result that he came into the office of the organization and arranged a settlement. In the course of four months he settled every account he owed in the town and was trading again at the counter of the hardware merchant who had taken the initiative against him.

The effect of this incident on the retail merchants of that place was out of all proportion to the amount of money collected from this artisan who had earned the reputation of being the slickest deadbeat who ever secured a place on their ledgers. The storekeepers suddenly became enthusiastic supporters of the local organization and declared that they had been shown a new light. The young commercial drillmaster immediately found that doubt, cynicism and indifference on the part of members were changed to a lively faith, and that he was backed by a band of followers filled with a true fighting spirit.

Hostile Farmers

IT DID not take the young commercial leader of this town long to discover that there was strong antagonism between the farmers of the surrounding country and the townspeople which was hurting business. The fact that this feeling was one-sided, and held mainly by the farmers, did not lessen the damage it did to the trade of the town.

That the merchants were almost unconscious of the existence of this feeling did not at all surprise the observant young secretary. The men from the farms naturally put their best foot forward when they crossed the thresholds of the town stores to do their trading. There they were genial and friendly; but when they got together under the horse-sheds and compared notes this class feeling came to the surface. And the secretary made it his business to mix in all these horse-shed sessions.

There he discovered that the young men from the country had a growing and well-fostered grouch against the town. They felt that the townfolks were "stuck up" and exclusive, and had no use for them beyond taking their money. This feeling showed itself particularly in regard to social affairs and town doings of a public or semi-public character.

Instantly the organizer of the merchants recognized that this was exactly the kind of situation to spread a smile on the faces of the mail-order merchants; and that, unless it was effectively met, and the farmers made to feel that the town folks regarded them as friends and social equals, the trade of the town was bound to suffer severe inroads while the mail-order houses thrived and fattened.

Collecting hopeless accounts and putting the whole credit system of the town on a sounder basis was all right, but if he could bring the farmers and the townspeople together in a natural and friendly relationship, and make the farmers feel they had been mistaken in believing themselves to be the victims of snobbishness and class feeling, he would be doing some constructive work that was really worth while.

At the next meeting of the merchants' organization after he had fully grasped this farm-and-town situation the secretary said:

"The biggest thing you can do for your business is to break down this feeling that is held by nearly every young man on a farm within trading distance of this town. Out about the horse-shed last Saturday I heard one young unmarried farmer say:

"'I never went to a dance in this town yet where there wasn't a bunch of young city chaps who were there just for the fun of deviling us fellows from the country. They think it is smart to get our girls away from us, to freeze us out, and to crowd us off the floor. That is what they come for and they get more enjoyment in doing that and in laughing at us than they do in dancing. I'm not going to be made a monkey of any more. I'm through! They don't get any more of my money in this town. I'll go where I can get a square deal or else I'll stay at home.'

"Unless you can stop that kind of talk and put an end to the feeling behind it—no matter whether it is ill-founded or not—you may as well make up your minds that a whole lot of your business is going to other towns and to the mail-order houses. This is the biggest job we have on hand.

"'I Never Went to a Dance in This Town Yet Where There Wasn't a Bunch of Young City Chaps Who Were There Just for the Fun of Deviling Us Fellows From the Country'"

"Right now I want to pull off an autumn festival for the farmers that will make the country folks feel they had been mistaken as to the attitude toward them of the town folks in general and you merchants in particular. It is going to take a lot of work and some money; but I want every one of you to take off his coat and recognize that the job is worth doing."

The merchants agreed that this sounded like good common sense; they told their young drillmaster to go to it and they would back him and obey orders. Many alluring features for the autumn festival were provided, but the big events were the banquet and the farmers' dance following it. Arrangements were made with the women of the various churches to furnish a dinner at thirty-five cents a head. Among these women were the wives of a few retired farmers, who were not only keen on the high cost of living, but who had cooked for threshers and knew the possibilities of the farmer appetite when operating under favorable conditions.

This contingent of the Ladies' Aid Societies eventually convinced the members of the Joint Committee that furnishing a free dinner to farmers at thirty-five cents a head would not only leave a deficit instead of a profit, but would involve an amount of work sufficient to wreck the constitution of every churchwoman of the town who was induced to toil in her kitchen and at the banquet for the good of the cause.

At the eleventh hour a subcommittee of church ladies appeared before the secretary of the merchants' organization, explained their fears of the farmer appetite, and asked to be relieved of a bargain they felt was bound to plunge the associated Ladies' Aid Societies into bankruptcy.

The secretary smiled and politely excused them. Then he smiled again, for he had a sudden inspiration—a newborn conviction that this calamity was a big blessing in disguise. At once he called a meeting of the directors and laid the situation before them.

"The ladies," he explained, "have side-stepped us. It is up to us to put this thing through. Whenever there is a big job to do, a good general always calls for volunteers. How many of you men will agree to serve out the food to the farmers with your own hands? I shall have the room roped off, so that a line of farmers will come in at the door and pass the tables, heaped with all kinds of food, to be served in cafeteria style. Those of you who volunteer for this job will be behind the serving tables in your shirt-sleeves, and will wear big white aprons and white caps."

Immediately sixteen volunteered and all reported for duty at the appointed hour. In two hours and five minutes they served a few more than thirteen hundred country people with a free feed that went down into history as the best banquet ever known in that county. Its total cost was one hundred and seventy-four dollars. If the original plan of having the big dinner served by the women of the churches had been carried out without a hitch the banquet undoubtedly would have been a fair success in serving its shrewd purpose of modifying, in the minds of the farmers and their families, their notion that the town folks felt above them socially; but, with the sixteen leading merchants of the city taking the place of hired waiters or of "women folks," the conquest was complete.

That was a demonstration of friendliness and social equality which went straight to the hearts of the guests and made a hit as big as a barn, particularly with the wives and daughters of the farmers, who mercilessly rallied the merchants about having found a profession in which they could really shine.

Better Feeling

ROLLICKING good cheer radiated from the service tables to the remotest corners of the room. The guests knew the merchants were to pay for the feast; but when they found these town dignitaries actually serving the food, and doing so with a smile that proclaimed their enjoyment, the farmers surrendered their suspicions on the spot, and the era of good feeling between country and town dated from the autumn festival dinner and the dance that followed.

When the dance began, shortly after eight o'clock, the advance guard of the city boys made a smiling appearance at the door and declared that they wished to get in on the floor and start things going, as they had not long to stay. A group of young country people were within hearing distance and the secretary took no pains to lower his voice as he answered:

"This affair belongs to our friends from the country; it's their night. You can go to a dance almost any night of the week, or you can start one any time right here among your town friends. With the young people on the farm it is different. They can't have a big time on short notice whenever they happen to want it. This is their night and they are going to have the whole floor!"

This conversation, overheard by two young farmers, was quickly repeated; and in the course of the evening every guest from the country knew how the man who represented the merchants had handed it to the town boys.

One young farmer, who had previously declared he would never attend another social event in town, and who, with great difficulty, had been persuaded to make an exception of the autumn festival and dance, went away an enthusiast. He said he had misjudged the town folks, and that the merchants in particular were good fellows and regular men all the way through; and they were going to get his money from that time forward.

It is difficult to estimate the trade value of the impression created by that farmers' party—certainly it was worth thousands of dollars in solid business to the town; but in

this connection the episode is chiefly valuable on account of the fact that it is typical of the situation in thousands of communities where the country people feel that the town folks think more of farmers' money than they do of farmers. Probably any country community where this impression does not prevail to some extent is an exception.

Farmers are very generally inclined to feel that the residents of the town or the small city where they go to spend their money hold themselves aloof socially—that they are a little stuck-up. This notion on the part of country people is one of the heaviest trade handicaps under which a town can struggle; it feeds the secret drain of the mail-order trade and nourishes indifference into active hostility. One man, who realizes from personal experience that retail merchants must fight to retain their business, puts it this way:

"When the country folks tributary to a town get the feeling that they have nothing to go to town for except goods, and that the social attractions of the town are represented by a cipher, then it is time for the merchants of that place to wake up and do something. If they don't they are going to lose out. Farmers can be made to feel that goods are the least of what they get in town, and that, after all, the town is simply a center of population, the principal job of which is to serve the pleasure and convenience of the surrounding country and its farm inhabitants.

"Economically that is what it really amounts to in most cases; but if the farmer does not feel this to be a fact the storekeepers of that town are sleeping on their jobs, and do not realize the dangerous business situation that threatens them."

A hostile farming sentiment of this sort can never be met by individual effort on the part of the merchants. This is a job that requires steady teamwork and the all-together kind of pulling. Desultory and single-handed attacks on this problem are apparently futile and they utterly fail to create the desired impression.

One of the most able commercial drillmasters in the country who ever undertook the task of teaching merchants how to fight less among themselves and more intelligently against the common enemy was asked this question:

"Is it not a fact that one reason why the mail-order houses have made such tremendous inroads on the business of the country storekeepers is because the average storekeeper has been unprogressive, unenterprising and altogether an inefficient merchant?"

"The main reason," replied this experienced observer, "is because the average country merchant thinks he is a little tin god. That is the plain truth of it. He comes to think of himself as the center of his little world of business. Lots of people help to cultivate this impression in his mind. Nothing is done in the town without consulting him; and the result is that, unless he is generously gifted with hard common sense, he comes to hate himself about as hard as the average actor does. And when this kind of monkey-wrench gets into his machinery it raises hob with him! For one thing, he loses his perspective of his relations with his customers and with the country people in particular."

The Methods of a Mixer

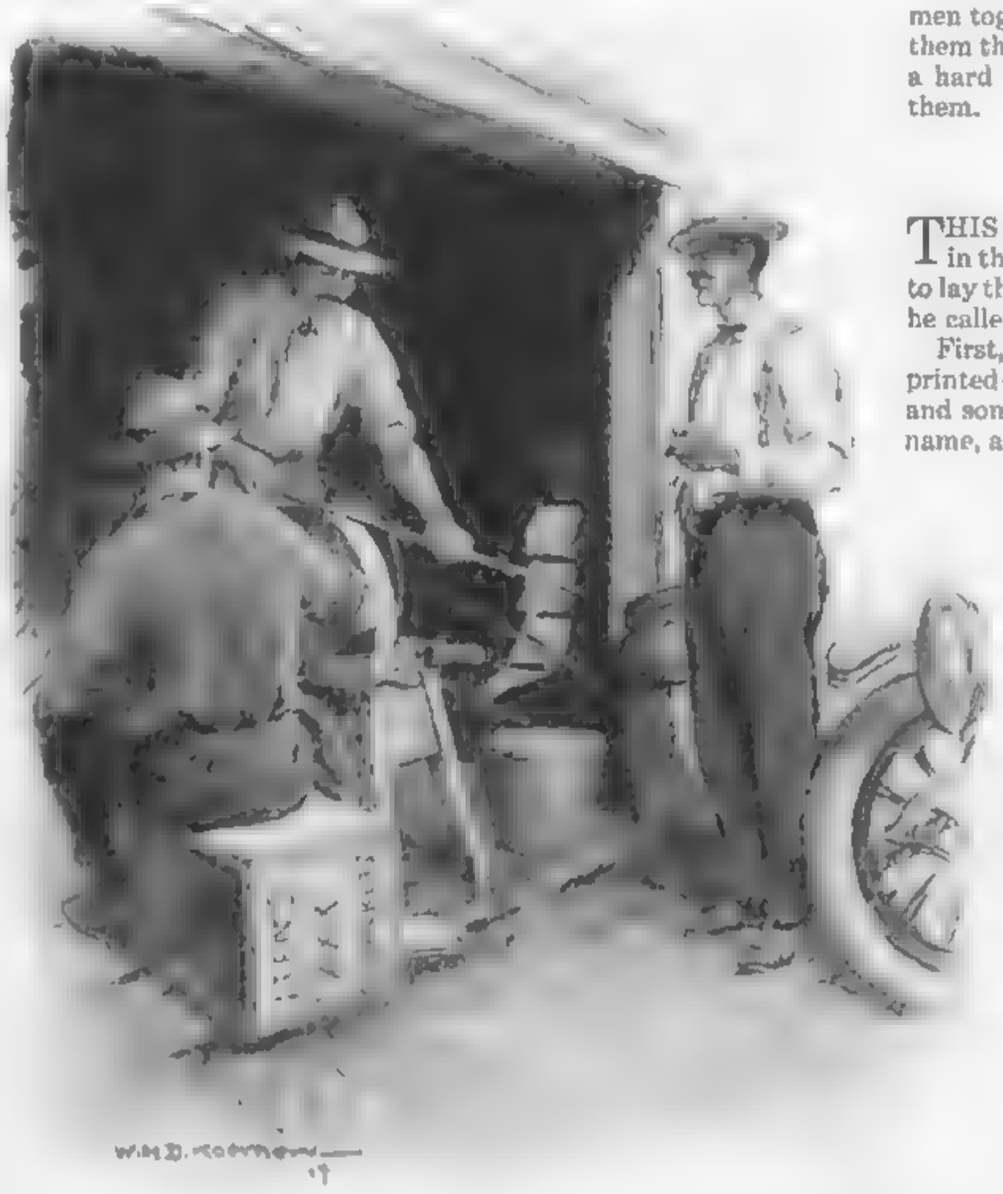
"THE best country storekeeper I know spends about as much time in his automobile, getting round the country, as he does behind the counter; and he makes his machine pay better dividends than any other one thing he owns. He has never for a minute lost sight of the fact that his interest is hitched up tight to the farmer and the farmer's home. He understands farmers right down to the ground, and naturally likes them, too; and he is just naturally interested in the things that make up the farmer's world. This is a spontaneous interest on his part; he doesn't have to put it on or simulate it. Probably he is shrewd enough to make a mighty good bluff at playing that rôle if he had to; but he doesn't have to.

"And what does he do with his automobile? He goes out into the country and calls at every farmhouse along the road. If the farmer is at the barn he drives straight to the barn; and he knows the livestock of every farmer in his territory about as well as he knows the stock of goods on his shelf—sometimes I think he knows them better. He finds out the particular thing each farmer is most interested in, and he remembers it so well that he can refer to it in casual conversation any time he meets the farmer. On these calls he never talks store business. When he leaves the farmyard or farmhouse he leaves behind him the impression that he called just because he wanted to, and not because he was out hunting dollars or drumming up trade.

"The personal acquaintance of that man is remarkable—just as remarkable as the percentage of the trade of his territory he controls. No matter where or when this storekeeper is driving in his machine, he always finds time to pick up any person he is passing and give him or her a lift. Perhaps he does this because it is shrewd business to do it; but I can never rid myself of the conviction that he does so quite as much because he is kindly and genial, and likes to give anybody a little lift along the way.

"Anyhow—and this is the real point of it—the people of his community credit him with that kindliness. They like to be given a lift in his automobile and the farmers like to see him driving in at their front gates. I'd rather compete for business against any other merchant I know than against this man. He is a real merchant; and if he has the idea that he is a little tin business god in his world it is so cleverly concealed that nobody has found it out. In a word, he is delightfully human; and that is about the first requisite for good merchandising—especially in the country."

When the history of the retailers' fight for home trade in this country is written, a large chapter will have to be dedicated to the doings of a certain sprightly young city of South Dakota having a population of about thirteen thousand. Its story might well serve as a fighting manual for retail merchants everywhere, who are waking up to the fact that the existence of the country community is threatened, and that the days of the country storekeeper seem bound to be few and full of trouble unless he learns how to line up with his competitors, and put up a fight for home interests and home business.



"The Best Country Storekeeper I Know Spends About as Much Time in His Automobile, Getting Round the Country, as He Does Behind the Counter"

Less than a year ago five of the leading merchants decided that the time had come to put on their fighting clothes and do something for themselves and for their town. They were willing to form an awkward squad and to advance the money for a recruiting officer and drillmaster. Consequently they sent for a young man who had made a record in that capacity in a much smaller place. He met them for a midday meal at the Commercial Club. Naturally they expected him to make enthusiastic remarks about the clubhouse and its fine appointments. What he did say, as his glance swept the dining room, was this:

"I don't see a single farmer in the place. Don't they come here?"

"Not unless they're invited," laughed the chairman of the new organization committee.

"Whom do you ask mainly?" persisted the commercial drillmaster.

"Oh, any business man who happens to be here from another town. Among the guests to-day are several traveling men, a banker from Fargo, two or three lawyers from other places, and ——."

"In short," interrupted the guest, "you invited almost everybody from the outside except farmers. You offer your Commercial Club hospitality to the men who get your money, but you leave the men who bring money to you out in the cold. Some of your farmer customers, I suppose, are lunching on crackers and cheese in your stores; others at lunch counters and restaurants—and the rest are in the saloons. You don't think they'd be offended if you occasionally showed them the courtesy of inviting them here, do you?"

"I should say not!" was the quick response. "They'd grin with delight and tell the folks at home all about it; but, honestly, it never occurred to me to ask one of my farmer customers here."

"You storekeepers," remarked the young man, "could make this clubhouse a power in holding your farmer trade. Make the right use of its hospitality and you can smother a lot of mail-order business."

The young man was promptly hired for the preliminary work and forty merchants got behind the fighting movement. That was a little more than six months ago. To-day there are eighty-two in the organization.

The first tough job the young man tackled was that of local peacemaker. He selected the bitterest retail feud in the town for a starter. Two firms in the same line of trade had names so nearly alike that customers confused them and often called one on the phone when intending to place an order with the other.

Each came out in an advertisement in the local paper charging the other with deliberate order stealing; there was much hard feeling, and customers naturally began to speculate on the honesty of both—to say nothing of the ethics of the retail trade in general.

The new merchandising drillmaster brought these two men together and, from his position as an outsider, showed them that their feud was giving the trade of the whole town a hard name, and that it was a losing game for both of them. They fell into line and agreed to behave.

A Coöperative Credit Bureau

THIS incident did much to give the merchants confidence in the ability of the young trade captain. Then he began to lay the solid foundations of his structure by making what he called credit excavations.

First, he had several thousand blank rating cards printed—enough for every customer of every merchant, and some to spare. These cards provided a space for the name, address and occupation of the customer, and for a record in cipher of the merchant's opinion of the paying habits of the person in question.

The rating key used in marking the cards was substantially this:

C—Cash customer.
R—Financially good.
E—Will pay, regardless of means.
D—Slow, but safe to credit.
I—Risky and doubtful.
T—Better demand cash.

If the customer was a widow, that was noted on the card; if a man, the record showed whether he was married or single.

After the merchants returned these records of all their customers the cards were sorted, duplicates compared, and the information thus compiled was focused on a loose-leaf record. A copy was furnished to each merchant, along with a convenient binder.

The credit excavations did not stop there, however. The city directory, the polling lists, the telephone directory, and every other available source, were searched until the information file contained the name of practically every adult person in the city.

Then, from the county records, a brief transcript was taken of every judgment, mortgage, relinquishment and assignment made during the previous five years, and this information was placed on the cards of all persons concerned in the transaction. The result was a credit census of the city, so complete and so easily available that the merchants were amazed.

They were urged never to extend credit to a person not already on their ledgers without first telephoning to the Information Bureau. At first they hesitated to do this; but as soon as the largest retailer in the city announced that he had given positive instructions to his help never to extend credit to an unknown customer without consulting the drillmaster, inquiries came in almost hourly. Soon the storekeepers developed courage enough to question all applicants for credit and to fill out the rating cards on the spot.

No man can move his household goods into this city or out of it without the immediate knowledge of the Information Bureau. In the case of a newcomer a letter is immediately written to a merchant in the town from which he came, and his history as a customer and a credit risk is obtained. Often, before the newcomer asks for credit, every merchant in town is notified that he is a good moral risk and reliable pay. Then the ease with which he gets credit is a surprise to him. The glad hand is extended to him by all merchants. But if he has been poor pay he receives an equally surprising chill.

(Continued on Page 41)

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

IX

By Edwin Balmer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

AS GEOFF entered the little cabin the interior lay dimly dark and still before him. Most of the light entered from behind through the door which he had flung open. There was one window, small and high, with glass dimmed by a hundred storms.

The main room of the cabin was about twenty feet long and little more than half as wide, with shelves for benches or bunks on both walls. There were a petroleum stove and lamps, cooking utensils and other equipment in evidence. The smaller room beyond had been a storeroom and was filled with boxes and crates. Everything was neatly arranged.

As Geoff stepped in and looked down at the floor he started back. A heap of fur clothing lay in one corner, like a man lying there face downward. Geoff stooped and pulled at the heap and saw no man was there. Still, when he straightened, he looked in awe about the silent house for the form of the man who had buried his comrade on the hill.

The coming up of the others and Koehler's question as to how he had found the door brought Geoff's senses back. It was plain that, since he found the door bolted without, the other man could not have died within. He had gone out to die—or to live? At least he had left all in order behind him.

"They—or one of them, anyway—lived here for a long time," Brunton said simply, as he examined the room where the stores had been. "We took away all we could load on our sledges, but we left more than enough supplies for two men for a year."

He showed the empty casks and cases.

Koehler nodded silently. He was searching for the container which would hold the account of what had happened there. Brunton turned over the clothing and blankets left behind; they might have belonged to either of the missing men. There was nothing to tell who had lived last.

"Bandages gone, and antiseptics!" The doctor was inventorying the surgical supplies remaining. "Some one was hurt."

Latham, assisting Koehler, took a tin can from a shelf. It was empty, judging from its lightness, but was tightly closed. He pulled off the cover.

"Here's their message!" He pulled paper from the tin. "Thomas was the one that lived last! This must be his writing. It's not Hedon's."

The doctor took the paper from him. "That's neither Thomas' nor Hedon's," he said shortly. "That's mine."

"Yours?"

"Our message we left here. I wrote it and sealed it in that can. Thomas and Hedon—or whoever got here—undoubtedly opened the can and read that, then put it back. They'd write their own report independently, not knowing what a storm might do to this hut. They've added nothing to this."

Latham went to the door.

"Where're you going?" asked Geoff.

"Up the hill to the cross to see if it tells anything."

Geoff had an impulse to go with him, then turned back. Latham went out. Koehler continued his search, but it was Brunton who, in the semidarkness, found the second tin, seemingly empty but sealed. He cut a hole in the tin with his knife and pulled out a paper. As he brought it into better light under the tiny window Koehler and Geoff crowded beside him. Brunton spread the paper and displayed writing.

"Eric Hedon's!" Geoff cried as he saw it, and the surge of hot blood to his face let him know fully for the first time how hard he had hoped it. He looked to Koehler and to Brunton. They had been comrades to both the men who had come here after them; one had been their leader. This writing, being Hedon's, told them that their commander was the one lying under the cross on the hill. Certainly as much for Thomas' sake as for Hedon's had these men been glad to return to the North.

"Ian, old comrade! Ian!" Koehler repeated hoarsely to himself, as the realization of Thomas' death there came to him. Brunton bent his head a moment. Yet the next instant, as the men looked at each other again, Geoff saw that there was in a way relief in their manner. If at the start of the expedition they could not have chosen which of their two mates they would wish to find if they could find but one, now it seemed better that it might be Hedon.

They turned about. Latham again had come into the hut; he moved less quickly.

"The inscription on the cross says that it is Thomas who is buried back there," he reported to the others as they looked at him. "It says he died a little over a year ago." He gave the date. "That's all."

"We've just found Eric Hedon's report," said Koehler.

Latham gazed at it.

"Read it," he directed.

The doctor held the sheets straight and read slowly and carefully:

"'Captain Ian Thomas, commander, and Eric Hedon, engineer, of Aurora expedition, returned to this place on May second'"—there followed the date of the third year previous—"'finding from records left here and replaced in same order as found that Jeremiah McNeal, sailing master, Dr. Otto Koehler, Jules Brunton, mate, and Hugo Linn, seaman and cook, and Eskimos Natsakat, Uluso and Tanniack arrived here safely upon the tenth of March of same year. They reported loss by drowning of Richard Mullin, mate, and Eskimos Panniuk and Akrut, by breaking through young ice with sledge and dog team attempting to cross lead on retreat from wreck of Aurora, which was crushed in polar pack on the first of February about two hundred miles N. W. This confirms our observation of same accident to Mullin and Eskimos, who undoubtedly were drowned.

"'Dr. Koehler, in his report written for the other party, expresses belief that Thomas and the writer also must have been lost at same time crossing lead ——'"

"We know all that," Latham urged impatiently.

"Hedon is properly reporting briefly what he himself observed," Koehler explained. "He could not assume that we got back home; and no one with any experience in the Arctic leaves any message assuming that any other, even in the same cairn with it, will be found in good condition."

He continued reading:

"'This was supposed with good reason, especially as they waited for us two months and did not move on till they were convinced we must have been lost with Mullin. However, though unable to cross lead which they got over safely, we were able to regain the pack ice and, remaining upon it, were driven north by drift. We fortunately shot one polar bear and two seals, and with supplies saved from Aurora we managed to live on the ice, building Eskimo snow shelter. After five weeks wind and direction of drift changed, northerly winds blowing pack south and closing leads ahead of us. By cautious travel and good luck we crossed ice till within two days of this depot. Not being fortunate in finding either bear or seals and without fresh meat and other food failing, Thomas suffered seriously from exposure and exhaustion, and upon April twenty-ninth, when crossing very rough ice, he fell heavily and fractured his right hip. As our dogs were in condition to give some help, I was able in four days to sledge him to this cabin where reset hip as well as could.

"'Here we found good amount of supplies remaining, except fresh meat, which was able to procure by hunting seals. Owing to Thomas' weak condition and poor setting of fracture, his hip was slow to knit and it was midsummer before he could be moved. Sea then was open, and, having no boat, we waited for the winter freeze-up to cross the sea ice to the south. Freeze did not come till October, when Thomas, attempting to travel with leg stiff, again fell on rough ground and was so badly injured that he had to be brought back to this depot. From effects of this second injury blood poisoning set in. He was very ill all winter; seemed cured from blood poisoning, but after some secondary infection finally died on June first. Buried him, reading service and erecting cross on hill behind this cabin. To-day, June fifth, am starting south from here with team of four dogs in fair condition and sledge. My plan is to follow coast south to open water, cross channels on ice to lands directly south.

"'Open ice conditions coming early this year, believe this plan better than route announced

"We Don't Give Up Eric Hedon as Long as Any One Wants to Look for Him. With Your Pay or Without It"

by McNeal, Koehler, Brunton and Linn to the east, according to their record left here. Am taking with me records of expedition which Thomas and I had been carrying, also diaries and copy of messages left here and all personal papers and letters written by Ian Thomas. On prominent headlands upon shores reached will build cairns of Aurora type containing brief reports as agreed. ERIC HEDON.'"

The doctor lowered the paper and looked about the quiet, dim little room. Left in order and locked without, it told no more of the long suffering there of the leader of the Aurora party now lying under the cross on the hill; it told no more of the year's vigil of Eric Hedon beside his dying comrade.

"Well," said Koehler at last, "that accounts for more than a year of the time Hedon's been missing. We know he didn't go south from here till a year ago last June."

"Or start south," said Latham.

"This isn't quite clear." Koehler referred again to Hedon's record. "He speaks of open ice conditions early last year."

"And from what we've heard on the way up we know that's true," said Latham.

"So he may have had to change his plans after leaving here. If he built that cairn near the bones of the bear on the south shore and left a message there, he did it after leaving here, or otherwise he surely would have mentioned it in this report."

"You mean something must have gone wrong with him after he left here?"

"Not necessarily. He may have built those cairns just to record some alteration in his plan on account of ice conditions, or for any other reason."

Latham took the report from the doctor.

"We've got to look at this sensibly," he said. "This tells us that Thomas and Hedon got back to land here and Thomas died. It also tells us that Hedon left here alone to try to travel south over the ice before it broke up. He seemed to expect, even before he started, to have difficulty in getting south."

"What are you getting at?" Brunton asked directly.

"This: His record here of course is proof that he got here safely and started away in June; but it takes away the only evidence that we had that he was living at any time later."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Look at the date on which Thomas died. Thomas was dead and buried here more than two months before the date of the message taken from the bird reporting both men safe here and both well."

Koehler looked at him keenly. "I see your point. There may be more to discover on the island. We'll look."

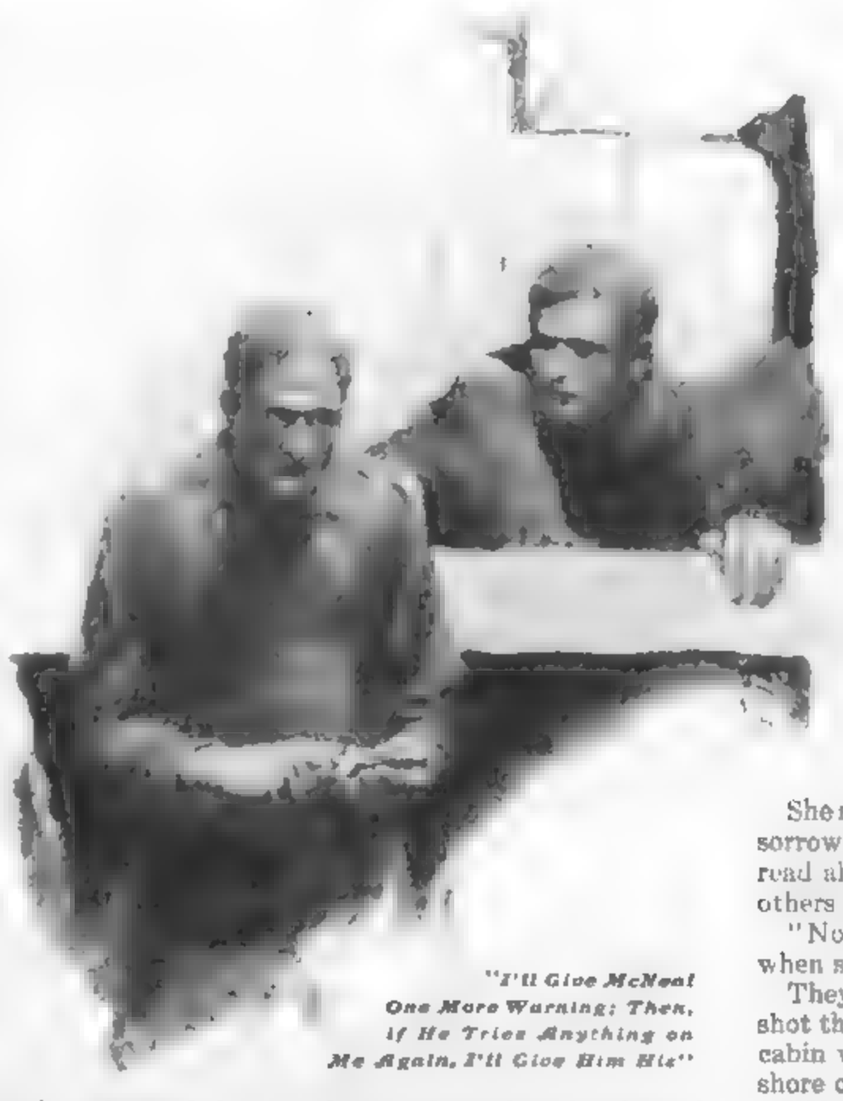
x

ON THE Viborg, off the south cape of the black, barren island, Margaret Sherwood had waited for three days and now through the morning of the fourth for news to come from the cabin on the shore of the polar sea. With but three men left on the ship after the shore party had gone it had not been possible for her to land. She knew that she had done the best thing in staying on the ship. Only in case of the party's finding the missing men at the cabin in dying condition could she have helped in any way by going. And she knew that that chance was very, very remote. The shore party either would find that the missing men had never reached the island or that they had come there and gone on or attempted to go on; and in this case the men alone would find the record more quickly and return to the ship more rapidly without her.

So she argued with herself again and again during the long hours of the days. Yet as she gazed on that land, bare, black and lifeless, a thousand times she pictured the party finding the two men there—or their bodies. Would this last be worse than never to know, never to know?

Margaret recollected herself. If they found no trace of Eric here or elsewhere, and if they never found his body, she now was committed to acknowledge him as dead. So a dazed stupor sometimes seized her as she looked over the ice-choked channel to the grim heights of the shore. If they found Eric dead and brought his body to her, or if they returned to take her to his grave, then she later could carry out her promise to Latham. If she should see Eric once again, though he were dead, or if she had found his grave, she would not have sold herself to Price for nothing. But suppose the shore party brought back no news! That would be proof to the rest that Eric was lost; and she must accept it as proof of his death and give up Eric and marry Price, though Eric somehow, somewhere, still might survive and return to seek her.

So on the fourth day she stood at the bow of the little Viborg, looking for the dots that would be men marching over the rocks. How would they appear, two together or four abreast, walking five paces apart? Or would six men, instead of four, show on the shore, or five? No, she knew that was almost impossible; but it was not impossible that the four should come in sight separated and abreast in the signal that Eric and his comrade had reached this land safely. And if they brought back that word, she would rejoice that she had not gone with them, though she would



"I'll Give McNeal One More Warning; Then, if He Tries Anything on Me Again, I'll Give Him His"

not have learned the news for two days after they knew it. For they would reach the ship the quicker without her; and, with the winter now fast approaching, every hour counted. If the four brought from the cabin an indication of where Eric and Thomas might be found they could not follow on that course too soon.

She moved about the deck and tried not to stare too long, then returned to the bow and stood, eyes fixed on the shore. The sun shone clearly now at noon; but the rocks made a bad background for men darkly clad. Yet at last Margaret made out one speck and then another moving, then two more following over a ridge.

"There they come!" Her cry brought McNeal to her side. "They're neither walking together nor separated."

"They're no trying to signal us yet," McNeal said simply. "They'd no think we could see them."

The girl and the man stood together in silence. Below Linn was about his cooking. Michaelis, who had been busy, came up quietly and stood a little away.

"Now they must know we see them," the girl said when the men were plainly in sight.

"Then they've no news," McNeal asserted.

"That would be bad news, and they'd signal it. They promised."

"Dip our colors and raise them again," McNeal commanded the mate. Michaelis obeyed.

"Ah, there they signal now!"

The four figures, far away on the shore, separated and walked at even distances apart.

"Good news!" Margaret cried. "Good news!"

McNeal raised his glasses to his eyes and put them down. "What do you make of that?" he complained.

The four figures which had been advancing separated and abreast now joined in twos and walked together; but again they spread out separately.

"Good news and bad, they must mean." The girl trembled. "They bring both."

There was no doubt about it. Once again, in the same way, the four men on the shore signaled. They came on more rapidly and now reached their boat left on the beach. They launched it and slowly and cautiously brought it out between the lumps of ice now rising and falling ughly with the sea swell.

The four on the deck of the Viborg—Linn had joined the others—stood silent, watching the boat draw nearer, with the oarsmen turning at times to see if they were near enough to shout. Margaret made out that her brother and Latham were rowing the bow oars. Geoff, ceasing to row, swung about and shouted twice; but his voice came merely as a sound without articulation. Then: "Hedon! Hedon!" The echo of the word reached.

What were the syllables lost afterward? Was she unable to hear them because they told her that Eric was dead? But at least they had found some word; they had learned something. She strained forward.

"Hedon! Hedon!"—the words came again—"reached land safe!"

She caught at the rail to steady herself as she trembled. McNeal put his hand upon hers. She looked to him and saw that he had understood the same.

"Thomas!" he shouted back to the men in the boat. "What of him? What about Thomas?"

"Both reached the cabin safe. Thomas died there. Hedon buried him and went on alone!"

"They got to the cabin," McNeal was repeating incredulously to himself. "They got to the cabin; and Thomas—poor Ian—died there."

"Poor Mr. Thomas," the girl iterated. "But they said Eric was safe. He went on?"

"Listen," said McNeal gently. "They're telling us more."

"Hedon left here alone a year ago last June to try for the south over the sea ice!"

Then the boat was alongside, and Geoff, with the messages, jumped up and was pulled upon the Viborg's deck. Margaret seized the sheets of Hedon's record and stood staring at them, tears in her eyes at first making her unable to read, able only to know that the pages in her hand bore Eric's writing. She lifted the sheets to her lips and kissed them; and, as Latham came and stood beside her, she met his eyes.

"You see he's alive!" she said to him, half in the humbleness of grateful joy, yet half too in defiance. "You see he's alive. I knew he must be alive."

"He was alive," Latham said quietly, with something of the tone of a correction.

She seemed not to hear him. In triumph, tempered by sorrow as she came to the report of the leader's death, she read aloud the record as Koehler had read it to the three others in the cabin.

"Now what else?" she cried, hugging the sheets to her when she had finished.

They told her all—of first finding the skeleton of the bear shot through the head, the cairn with the lost message, the cabin with the rude, lonely cross above the grave on the shore of the polar sea.

"You did right not to try to bring back Mr. Thomas' body," Margaret agreed with them. "He had no near relatives; and his friends and those who were proud of him will like to think of him buried where he left his work."

Koehler told her then of their search after leaving the cabin. The cairn on the south shore, which had contained the destroyed message, probably was built to tell some change in Hedon's plan. They had looked in every probable place for any other cairn that might have preserved a message or for any other trace of Hedon's course after leaving the cabin; but had found nothing. The girl again unfolded the sheets from the report in the cabin.

"But this is perfectly clear," she said. "He went over the ice to the south a year ago last June."

"Exactly," said Latham, "a year ago last June."

"And would have built cairns on the shores south of here."

"You've seen, of course, by the date of that record that the message from the wild goose was what I said it must be, a fraud?"

"But you've seen what I knew all along—that Eric Hedon is not dead. He is not dead!"

Latham turned without a word from the land and looked back over the sea to the south. The morning was clear and sunny, and as far as the eye reached only open water stretched; and all knew that for mile after mile beyond that grim, green horizon was water where the ice must have broken up early and treacherously in the spring of the year before—the ice over which Eric Hedon alone must have tried to travel.

"If he reached land again south of here," Latham said quietly, "we will find his cairns. He was very definite about that in his report."

"So let's follow him as fast as we can," Margaret cried.

McNeal looked to Latham, who nodded. They pulled up the boat and lashed it again to the deck. The wind was blowing from the north and the sea beginning to surge higher. There was a breath of winter in the air.

"Did you build our cairns on the shore, Otto?" the skipper called to Koehler.

The doctor looked up.

"What cairns?" Margaret asked.

"The Viborg expedition cairns, of course," McNeal said shortly, "as Koehler arranged with the Arctic Society in New York. Our cairns are to be two, about fifteen feet apart, in a line east and west, the larger to the east and to contain the message."

"What for?"

"For those who may come to look for us," the Scotchman said simply. "Did you remember, Otto?"

"I didn't build cairns, but left a record at the depot," the doctor replied.

"What did you leave?" Margaret asked.

The doctor gave her his copy sheet, and she read aloud.

"'The Viborg expedition, under direction of Price Latham and consisting of Jeremiah McNeal, sailing master, Jules Brunton and Olaf Michaelis, mates, Geoffrey Sherwood, Sherwood and Latham acting as engineers, Otto Koehler, physician, and Hugo Linn, cook, and accompanied by Margaret Sherwood—purpose, the relief of or finding records of Ian Thomas and Eric Hedon, missing from Aurora expedition of four years previous—arrived off

the southern cape of this island August sixteenth'"—there followed the year. "'On same day, Latham, G. Sherwood, Brunton and Koehler landed and found on shore bones of bear shot by rifle near cairns of Aurora type containing indecipherable message. These were not there when McNeal, Brunton, Linn and Koehler crossed island on retreat from Aurora wreck. Party crossing island reached this spot on the seventeenth, discovering grave of Ian Thomas and report of Eric Hedon telling of Thomas' death at this point and Hedon's plan of travel south. Copied his report, leaving copy and taking original. All in good health, returning to ship, and doubtless will endeavor to follow Hedon's projected course as closely as possible.'"

"That'll do." McNeal glanced over this after her. "Then let's be on Hedon's course as quick as we can."

XI

IN FAIR weather and with a following wind and sea they sailed south over the Arctic water. When they went north, fighting their way through the fog, with the ice that had floated down from the polar sea ever threatening and withdrawing before the bows of the little boat, Margaret and Geoff had not appreciated the isolation of the island. If Latham had failed to realize that before he gave no sign; but every mile now that they sailed, with the ocean, except for the icebergs, boundless about them, seemed to add greater and greater strength to his doubt of ever finding further trace of Hedon. Margaret saw, too, that the first enthusiasm which had been inspired by finding Eric's record was wearing away from the others as they thought it over.

"It isn't as if Hedon could have stayed on Mason Island, if he wanted to," Latham said to Margaret on the second day that they sailed south. "He had no food to stay. He and Thomas before he died had used almost all the supplies left in the cabin. Hedon couldn't count on getting enough game to see him through another winter; and he wouldn't have had time to reach a game country if he waited till the freeze-up in the fall. He was practically driven to go over the ice when he did, no matter how he found it."

"I have been realizing that," Margaret admitted

"I think after he crossed the island for the last time he shot that bear and saw the ice was in such bad shape that he waited there on the chance that the bear might mean there was enough more game to carry him through. Then he got nothing more; knew that he had to go on, though the ice was getting worse, so built his cairns and went on."

"I think that may be so," she again agreed quietly, and moved away. That afternoon there came into sight the first of the islands which they must search for proof of whether Eric, driven south by hunger over the breaking-up ice, again had reached land. That afternoon began the first of a series of vain journeys ashore to examine headlands, capes and promontories where cairns, if cairns were to be found, surely ought to be. Now the sun disappeared for longer and longer hours each night, and circled closer to the horizon in the shortening periods of light. Snow swirled from overclouded skies when the gale blew from the north. The Viborg skirted the shores of other islands; the landing parties, which now sometimes included Margaret herself, tramped up and down the rocks in vain. Again and again piles of stones sighted from the ship brought a boat hurrying to the beach; but each time the piles proved natural heaps. Bones found gave no evidence that any man, with a rifle or without, had hunted in any of those lands.

By the chart with which the Aurora party had been provided and by which the Viborg also sailed, there were but two routes which any man traveling south over the ice would have followed or tried to follow. The first, taken by the four who got away from Mason Island early in the spring, had been expressly eliminated by Hedon in his report. There could be no doubt that at the time when he left Mason Island it was the more dangerous of the two. Moreover, if later he had changed his mind and tried it, some sign of his cairns would have been found by the Viborg on the way north. The Viborg now was following the other route; and after leaving Mason Island found absolutely no trace of any man.

Geoff, coming on deck the day after the last land likely to hold hint of Hedon's fate had been searched, found the water freezing as it dashed up on the Viborg's side. Yet the search pressed on. They had worked past the first islands which Hedon must have reached if he got across the sea south of Mason Land, and now they skirted other Arctic shores. The men no longer expressed to Margaret their expectations of finding some cairn or other trace as they left the ship. She could see that all who had had experience in the Arctic—McNeal, Koehler, Brunton, Michaelis, even Linn—had been gradually abandoning any anticipations of finding Hedon; but, strangely, with the decreasing chance of success came a more dogged determination to drive themselves to their tasks. If they rowed through icy surf to rocky shores and, half soaked, tramped hours on end in their useless search, they did it with even greater cheerfulness the harder and more vain their work grew.

By common consent Margaret and Latham had ceased to discuss chances; yet to her each glance from him now inquired: "Have you given him up?" Each tone of his voice, no matter what the words were, said to her: "You know no one'll ever find him. I've got you now; you've got to give him up."

And in her tones, though her words did not relate to the matter at all, she said: "Not yet. Not yet. Not yet."

Yet as her soul said that she trembled. It was not because she had given up Eric—she knew now that she never could do that; but it was because she knew that by the terms of her pledge to Price he soon might claim her and she could not deny his right.

The evidence which they had found at Mason Land, which told them Eric had reached there alive and had left there, had become the best proof that he later was lost. Men from the Viborg now had searched every shore he might have reached had he survived the long, lonely journey over the breaking-up ice; and they found no trace of him. Eric's own record of his plan, and his promise to build cairns if he again reached land, certified to his disappearance forever.

When would Latham announce to Margaret that she could show no proof that Eric lived? When would he demand of her to redeem her word? So she waited, while slowly the Viborg worked its way south in the continuance of its hopeless search. Geoff was alternating with Latham again in the engine room when the ship was proceeding. While the vessel had been anchored, awaiting the return of Latham, Brunton and Koehler from a search on shore, Geoff had been cleaning the cylinders. He came on deck and found a snowstorm blowing up. There was a greater chill and penetration in the north wind than there had been before, and he saw, as he looked at the water, that the snow drifting into it was not immediately melting, but mingling and forming a slush which spread over the surface.

Margaret was below in her cabin and Linn was getting dinner. McNeal and Michaelis were busy together with the stiffening ropes and freezing gear about the mast. The seven remaining dogs were curled up and sleeping comfortably on the ice-clad deck. The boat from the shore came out, struggling and half swamped in the surf. The three on deck watched the three in the boat silently, with ropes ready to aid them as they came alongside. They had stopped days before shouting for news of any kind.

The men from shore got aboard, and with great difficulty all six together drew up the light sea boat. Latham stamped on the deck beside McNeal. The moment before his clothes had been soaked; now they were stiffening on him.

"The sea's slush!"

"It won't be long," McNeal returned.

"You mean?"

"It'll be ice. Wait till the wind goes down. Yon slush is the beginning of sea ice."

"Damn! You mean the freeze-up?"

"The winter freeze-up."

"Then get us out of here," Latham ordered; "and get us out of here quick."

McNeal, stung at the tone, spun upon him belligerently. "Get us out of here?" he returned. "How—by tramcar? You think this is Chicago, with the first cold snap at Christmas just in time for Santa Claus?"

"You're insolent!" Latham returned.

"Insolent?" cried McNeal. Koehler caught him by the shoulder to check him. At that moment Margaret appeared from below, and McNeal's words, which just had begun to flow, were stopped.

Latham turned to her. "McNeal was just saying the freeze-up is coming, so I ordered him to get us as far south as he can before it."

This was not the way, Margaret knew, in which Latham had meant to claim her. But as she faced him she was aware that since the matter had come up he was going to put it through. The others—McNeal and the doctor, even Brunton and Michaelis—understood vaguely that the abandoning of further search for Eric involved, in some way, her turning to Latham. She knew that Geoff had

(Continued on Page 49)

"If it Wasn't for Your Eyes and Your Lips I'd Say I'd Gone Color-Blind"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914

Failure of Government

NO PROBABLE outcome of this war will make any nonofficial human being more secure of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. No nonofficial human being had the slightest real interest in the causes out of which it arose. Whether there is a Hapsburg archduke more or less is not of the least concern to any nonepauleted citizen of the dual monarchy. There have been a thousand Hapsburgs, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have done more harm than good in the world.

Only by a dogma of statecraft was it of the slightest interest to any nonofficial German whether Austria took some Servian territory to misgovern or Russia took some Austrian territory to misgovern. In either event no nonofficial German would have been richer or poorer or happier or sadder. It no more concerned his real interests than the boundary of Alaska does. France wished to recover Alsace-Lorraine; but the France of the last forty-four years, since the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, has been far more useful to herself and to mankind than was the France that bullied and trampled all Europe. Racial pride, it is said, suffered a grievous wound because it was demonstrated that Prussians in 1870 were superior to Frenchmen in the brute business of fighting. But look at the splendid French victories since then in art and science! Isn't there sufficient food for racial pride in them? Whether France wins or loses in this war, the net result will be only more debt, more taxes, more graves. All that any nonofficial Russian wants at the czar's hands is better government at home. Victory that strengthens autocracy and adds more misgoverned territory to that which the Romanoffs now rule will make the nonofficial Russian's lot harder, not easier.

This war is wholly a matter of statecraft. Every angle of it runs back to the mere paper dogma that if one state grows more powerful the vital interests of other states must be imperiled; that one people cannot exist happily and prosperously within sight of another people of superior military power. If that dogma were sound Russia would be an earthly paradise and Switzerland a mere chamber of horrors.

Three centuries ago half of Europe was desolated by wars over a dogma of religion. That was stupid and brutish enough; but it had a higher sanction than this war over a dogma of statecraft. To bloody the good green earth in a quarrel over transubstantiation was sad enough; but transubstantiation was a matter of passionate conviction to millions of individuals. When Europe is plunged into war over this mere paper doll of a balance of power it amounts to a failure of government on a colossal scale.

The Gains of War

FROM Toulon to Waterloo was twenty-two years of nearly continuous fighting, during which every noteworthy country in Western Europe was conquered, Russia was brought under virtual subjection to a foreign foe, England was pushed to the verge of national bankruptcy, governments were set up and bowled over like ninepins, and an enormous number of men were maimed or slain. And when the dust of battle had settled down nothing in particular had changed. There were France, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Italy, Russia, England, very much as they had been before the ruction started, except for the monstrous additions to their graveyards, their hospitals and their national debts. In place of the liberal aspirations of the French Revolution a reactionary spirit ruled everywhere; and Europe as a whole was politically rather more Bourbon than it had been when Louis XVI had a head, with a crown upon it. The vast majority of European mankind earned the same meager living in the same laborious ways but handicapped here and there by a crutch in place of a leg, or an iron hook in place of a hand. There was quite a crop of lesser heroes to be petted and pensioned, but the grand hero was a prisoner and anathema to everybody.

Yet there was one new phenomenon among men, of an interesting and permanent character: An obscure family of the Frankfort Judengasse had emerged into world-wide power and fame. Its sons were in confidential relationship with kings, and the name their father had adopted from the sign over his modest door was becoming a universal synonym of wealth. The net, enduring result of the Napoleonic wars that convulsed half the world for a score of years was the Rothschilds—still doing business so very prosperously at the old stand.

Back to School

THE new school year begins with the old fact that only half the children of school age in the United States go to school. We have undertaken to educate the young population *en masse*, and our endeavor is commonly discussed as though its only failures were in pedagogic methods; but the first facts are that just a little more than half the children of school age attend school for just a little more than half the year. And this is a pyramid that is nearly all base. In all public high schools there are little over a million pupils. In all universities, colleges and technological schools there are two hundred and fifty thousand students.

Certainly there can never be equality of opportunity that does not involve, in one way or another, an equal chance for education. A boy who is obliged to quit school at fourteen hasn't the same chance to enter one of several preferred callings that is given a boy who can go through high school or technical school. True, he may overcome the handicap by superior ability; but that is a different thing from starting him at taw. If there were real equality of educational opportunity in the broad sense, at least a million men who are now getting fifteen dollars a week would be getting thirty, and a great number who hold easier jobs would be driving drays.

Exporting the Raw

THIS year we have the greatest quantity of wheat for export on record. Two hundred and thirty-four million bushels in 1901 is the record so far, and we can probably spare two hundred and fifty millions this year.

As an exporter of wheat the United States is in odd company. Russia, Argentina, India, the Balkan States, are our great competitors. We compete, in short, with the worst-paid, worst-conditioned labor in the world. The Russian peasant eats black bread and often cultivates with oxen and a wooden plow. The Italian land-renter and soil-robber in Argentina is an unskillful farmer. The Indian ryot sells his labor for a few cents a day. It is doubtful whether wheat exports from this country are really profitable. This year, by great good luck, a huge crop in the United States came in conjunction with poor crops in Argentina, Australia and India and very moderate crops in Europe. Also there is the war. To dispose of a surplus of two hundred and fifty million bushels in a peaceful year of good crops abroad we should have had to mark the price down to a level very unsatisfactory to producers.

In twenty years domestic consumption of raw cotton has about doubled; but the crop has about doubled, too, and we still send nearly two-thirds of it abroad in an unmanufactured state. American cotton clothes the world, but only after English, German and French mills have made it into cloth.

The War Lord

FINALLY it was the Kaiser who decided the issue of peace or war; but that was his appointed rôle. The whole explanation of the Kaiser is that he is war lord of a nation that constantly thinks of war. Without war there would be no use for him. If ten years ago Germany could have had the same strong probability of peace that the United States enjoys, probably the present constitution would not have lasted to this year. A people as liberal, intelligent and progressive as the Germans are, undoubtedly sees that for purposes of peace the present constitution is very faulty.

The Socialist vote of four and a quarter millions is larger, relatively to the total German vote, than the vote cast for Roosevelt or Taft at our last election. Whatever else it may mean, this vote certainly means a protest against the government as it is. That some millions of Germans who do not vote the Socialist ticket would insist, if they were framing a constitution for peace purposes, that the ministry be responsible to parliament instead of solely to the crown, is a fair inference from German intelligence and liberality. But they will not diminish the war lord who confronts armed Europe in their name, and they habitually think of their government as an instrument for war before they think of it as an instrument for peace. Except for war the German Kaiser would soon become merely the hereditary president of a republic, like the king of England. As long as Germany thinks war the Kaiser remains a rational expression of the national thought.

Better Politics

THE political situation in the United States improved immensely during August. Not only did everybody else forget it, but it forgot itself. That was what we needed—a sort of moratorium during which all shouting, squabbling, debating and even thinking about politics were suspended. Politics had got on everybody's nerves. The culminating incident was the Senate's fit of hysterics over Mr. Jones' nomination for the Federal Reserve Board. At the first blast of war the Senate put a wet towel on its fevered brow, moderated its voice from a frenzied shriek to a conversational tone and promptly confirmed Mr. Warburg, who belonged to one of the big limbs of its money-trust scarecrow. Fall elections passed from mind.

All this constitutes an important gain. By and by we can return to political questions with a clearer perception of their relative importance.

Insurance

ENGLAND and Belgium cannot subsist without foreign food. Germany would be put on exceedingly short rations if imports were cut off. Even France normally depends upon foreign sources for a portion of her food supply. England and Belgium certainly—and probably Germany—have therefore undertaken to insure cargoes consigned to their ports. Agriculture in the United States will suffer a tremendous loss unless our surplus grain and cotton can be got across the Atlantic, so Washington, at this writing, is considering insurance of exports.

This government insurance is a necessary corollary of the war. Individual shippers cannot take the risk of losing cargoes. The concerns that write marine insurance in peace have abandoned the field in view of the war risks.

We shall probably see each belligerent nation offering insurance of cargoes of all peace goods consigned to its ports—each belligerent, that is, writing insurance that no other belligerent shall destroy or damage the cargo. Obviously there is a much cheaper and simpler way of accomplishing the same end—namely, to extend the terms of the London Conference so that all private property of a nonwarlike character shall be as safe from confiscation at sea as it is on land. The pleasant possibility of starving an enemy into submission by establishing an actual blockade of its ports will remain. But except for blockades, merchant ships engaged in peaceful traffic will be able to go about their business unmolested.

A Trust Defined

OUT of three learned judges who heard the case, two held that the International Harvester Company was an illegal combination. They found that the company was not overcapitalized, but on the contrary the value of its assets exceeded the amount of stock issued. They found that it had not sought to crush small competitors by dishonest or ruthless methods, but had treated them fairly. They did not find that it had taken advantage of its position to raise prices unwarrantably. They did find that it had once practiced deception in causing a concern it controlled to continue advertising itself as independent. But they held it illegal solely because, when formed, it controlled about four-fifths of the trade in its field, and as the companies that went into the consolidation could not lawfully at that time have entered into an agreement to maintain prices, they could not lawfully consolidate.

This goes further than the Supreme Court has yet gone in interpreting the Sherman Act. As the dissenting judge pointed out, the Oil and Tobacco Trusts were condemned because of oppressive and illegal acts committed after their formation, while in the case of the International Harvester Company the only offense was the mere size of the combination—the fact that it controlled four-fifths of the trade in its field.

If the Supreme Court sustains this judgment we shall at last know what an illegal combination under the Sherman Act is. Any consolidation that controls a great part of the trade in its field will be unlawful. Whether it has ever injured anybody, sought unfairly to crush competition, raised prices unwarrantably, oppressed producer or consumer, will have nothing to do with the case. Mere size will determine it. And that is the goal toward which all our trustbusting activity has logically tended.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Senator Who Would be a Brakeman

HOW few of us achieve our early ambitions—how few! Conspicuous among the disappointed many is Clarence D. Clark. When he was a young man he longed to be a brakeman on a freight train, with the ultimate idea of, it might be, rising to be a conductor. In his youth he ardently desired to help convoy box cars up and down the Burlington road.

He couldn't make it. The trainmaster wouldn't have it. "What!" scoffed that potentate—"you a brakeman! Nothing to it, son; nothing to it at all! It takes brains to be a brakeman. You wouldn't make one in a thousand years. Lay off that stuff, boy, and go back to the farm."

It is not too much to say that Clarence D. Clark was bitterly disappointed. He saw stretching before him a future devoid of long nights of hopping off and on ice-coated trains; a future minus opportunities to squash off fingers when throwing in coupling pins; a future that had no ray of hope of flying switches made by him, or of twenty-seven cars piled up in a ditch because he hadn't pulled a switch all the way over.

It was cruel! Crushed, thwarted, desperate, he saw no other alternative than to become a United States Senator, and he became one. Likewise he has been one for almost twenty years. And it is probable that Darius Miller is mighty glad that trainmaster didn't give Clarence the job, for if Clarence had been as useful as a brakeman as he is as a Senator, likely as not he would now have Darius' job and be president of the road. But even to this day the Senator feels that a great railroad genius was nipped in the bud. Why, it is within the possibilities that if he had attained his desire he might now be under investigation by the Senate instead of doing the investigating. You never can tell!

Anyhow the trainmaster wouldn't put him on, and young Clark was forced to take up teaching as a means of livelihood. Between times he studied law. Teaching school in Delaware County, Iowa, is not so remunerative as some other employments, and it wasn't long before he determined to drop school teaching and practice law. It soon seemed to him that the one occupation less remunerative than that of a pedagogue was that of a lawyer. Any Delaware County farmer who had a case took the case elsewhere, and in 1881 Clark gathered such effects and such cash as he could and went as far West as his money would take him. The exact point where he was obliged to get off the train was Evanston, Wyoming, which is almost at the western edge of the state.

Strange to say, there was no immediate rush of clients to the office of the young man; but one morning as he sat in his office meditating on the bitter sorrow of his life, which was that he was not a brakeman, an elderly person came in—an elderly person who seemed prosperous, and who was.

"Mr. Clark?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; I am Mr. Clark."

"Lawyer?"

"Yes, sir; I am a lawyer."

"Well, my name's Beckwith—A. C. Beckwith."

Clark gasped. A. C. Beckwith at the time was the leading plutocrat of Wyoming.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Beckwith."

"Yes, I'm A. C. Beckwith. I have some considerable business interests in Wyoming and I want another lawyer. I want to retain you if I can. How about it?"

The Turn of the Tide

CLARK tried to act like a lawyer who was so used to receiving offers of employment from leading plutocrats that the offers bored him. "Possibly," he began. "Possibly I ——"

"Oh, hell!" snapped Beckwith. "Cut that out! Here's a check, and I'll be round presently to tell you what I want."

The leading plutocrat of Wyoming dropped a slip of pink paper on the table and walked out. Clark looked at the slip of paper. It was a check for fifteen hundred dollars. Until that time Clark had no idea there was so much money as fifteen hundred dollars in the world. And at that moment he saw some surcease for his sorrow over his failure to get into railroading. But, being of old New England stock and prudent, he took the check over to the bank and asked whether it was good before he went out into the back yard and gave three cheers.

"Good as gold," said the cashier in the bank.

Ten minutes later a young lawyer bought himself the best cigar in Evanston and gave his three cheers. It wasn't long before he was in close business relations with Beckwith, and those relations led to a curious circumstance:

The Wyoming legislature was deadlocked in 1892, and no Senator was elected at the regular session. Whereupon the governor, who was a Democrat, appointed A. C. Beckwith to fill the vacancy. There were similar political conditions in Montana and in Washington that year. The authority of the governors thus to appoint was questioned. It was claimed that, in the circumstances, the governors had no constitutional rights. Beckwith came to his attorney, Clark, and asked him how about it.

"I don't want to give an opinion on it," Clark said.

"Why?" asked Beckwith.

"Because I am an old-line Republican and you are a Democrat, and I don't want to mix in it."

"Do you think I have a right to the seat?" Beckwith insisted. Clark demurred. "Tell me or I'll get another lawyer," said Beckwith.

"No," declared Clark, "and I'll show you why." He then proceeded to outline the legal questions involved. "Chop it," exclaimed Beckwith. "Do you believe my appointment is unconstitutional?"

"Yes," insisted Clark, who saw his best client fading away from him.

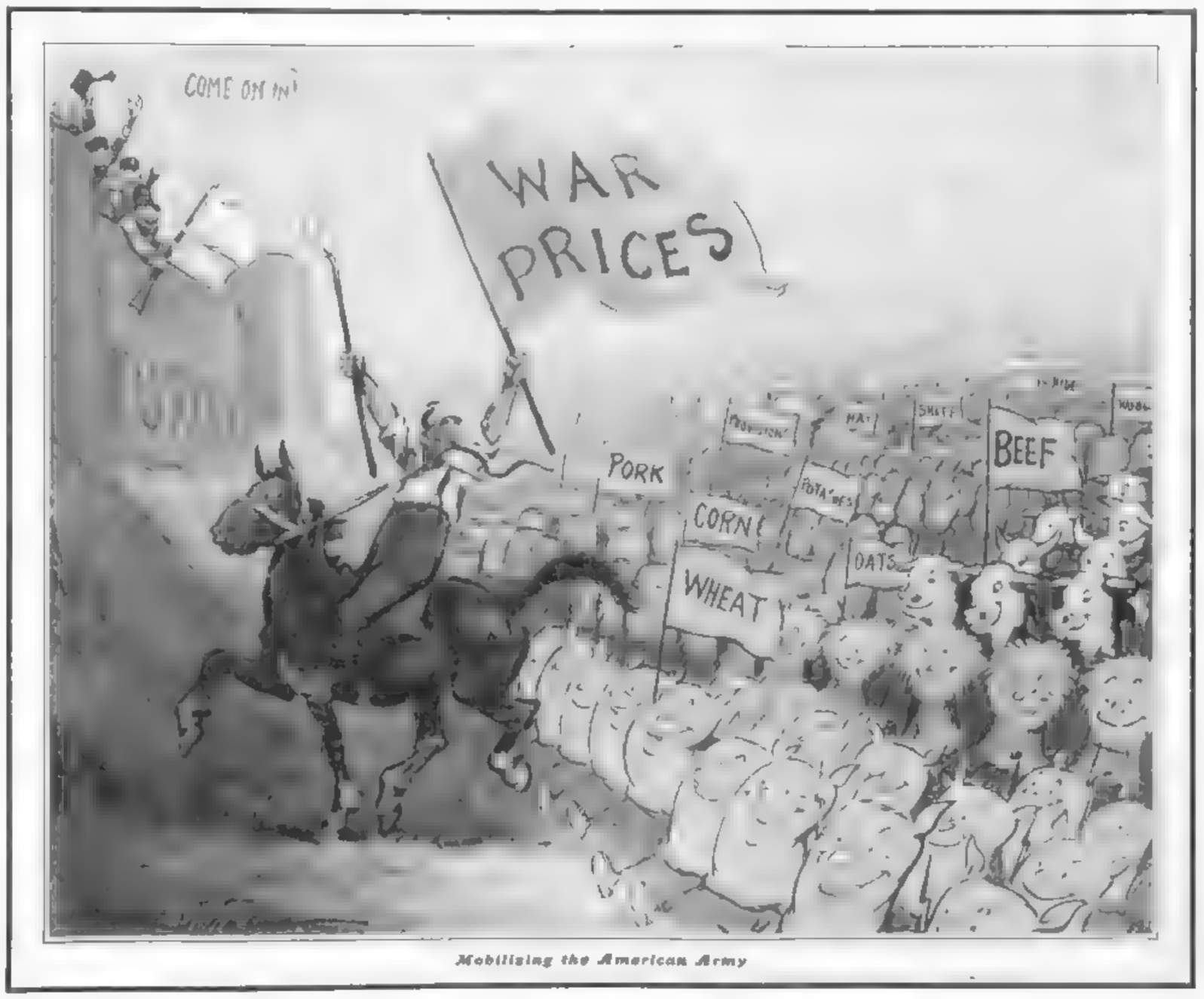
"All right," said Beckwith, "then I'll forget it." And he did.

Two years before that time, on the admission of Wyoming as a State, Clark had been sent to Washington as a member of the Fifty-first Congress. He was reelected to the Fifty-second Congress, but defeated for the Fifty-third by a combination of Democrats and Populists. Then, in 1895, he was elected to the Senate, and he has been there ever since.

There are fewer people in the state of Wyoming, which is so large you could place all of New England in it, than there are in any Congressional district in any Eastern state, but what the Wyoming people lack in numbers they make up in continuity of political purpose. Also they show a considerable degree of perspicacity, to say nothing of a large amount of sagacious sabe of the game as it is played in Washington.

One way to determine that fact is to examine the roll of the United States Senate. There you observe that Clarence Don Clark stands fourth on the list for continuous service and that Francis E. Warren stands fifth. Both are Senators from Wyoming, and when the Republicans were in power Clark was chairman of the Judiciary Committee and Warren was chairman of the Appropriations Committee while Senators from other more populous but less discerning states were lagging long at the ends of much smaller subdivisions.

Clark is not a showy Senator, but he is an able Senator and a useful one. He is a good lawyer, an uncompromising Republican and an experienced and capable legislator. His counsel is sought by his colleagues, and his knowledge of precedent, procedure and practice, as well as his eminent legal abilities, make him a most effective member. His present term will expire in 1917, and it is probable he can come back if he cares to. It seems almost certain that he will so care, for there is small chance, at this time, of his getting a railroad job.



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RATING EMPLOYEES

By Roger W. Babson

IN A PREVIOUS article of this series I discussed the methods bankers, manufacturers and big jobbers are today using to keep tab on small merchants, with suggestions to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as to how to get the best rating possible. As a complement to that article I wish to explain the systems that are used by these same captains of industry for rating their employees. These suggestions may not be of service to the small merchant, as his affairs may not be large enough to make the use of such rating systems worth while; but these hints must surely be useful to every reader who is in the employ of any large industrial or commercial concern.

Moreover, whether or not your employer now uses a system of rating, he surely will some day start such work, and the employees best prepared will be the first to receive advancement under such a system. Therefore I will take you behind the scenes, so to speak, and give you a glimpse of what is taking place in the general manager's office of America's big industries, for some one of which you may work.

For convenience I shall divide these systems into six groups:

Group I—For Selecting Men

Perhaps the most spectacular and certainly the most original work coming under this group has been done by a woman. As, however, this group of methods is used mostly for employing men rather than rating them, and has already been described in this periodical, I shall not give much space to them in this article.

I do, however, wish to pass along this suggestion: If, when applying for a job, you are asked to fill out a blank relative to your personal characteristics, and, while filling out this blank, you are watched by one or more individuals, you may know that one of the Group I systems is being used by that concern. You may think it very strange that you yourself should be allowed to fill out a blank as to whether you are honest, prompt, courageous, persevering, observant, and so on; but fill it out just the same.

The applicant who either hurriedly checks all the subjects and presents a perfect record, or who is overcome and declines to fill out the blank at all, is turned down. If you wish that position the thing to do is to conscientiously and carefully answer all the questions, giving your honest opinion regarding yourself. I know of one person who obtained a position when competing with nearly fifty applicants by being the only one who suggested that he be given two blanks, one of which he would have filled out by his father and the other by his school principal! In the eyes of the employer this fellow was not only honest but had good common sense; and he received the position.

In other words, firms using such methods for employing men and women depend not so much on the applicant's answers regarding himself, as written on the blank, but rather on how he acts while writing these answers. Though apparently alone in a room, you are being watched either from a balcony above, or from a small hole in the wall, or by means of mirrors arranged for the purpose.

Of course there are various checkings used in connection with this group of methods, wherein the color of the hair, the form of the hand, the type of walk, shape of mouth, and various other characteristics play more or less important parts in determining whether or not the applicant is suitable for the job; but, as above suggested, this part of the work has been heretofore treated so much at length that nothing more need be said here concerning it.

Many of my clients in different parts of the country kindly send me from time to time summaries of various new methods adopted by them.

Several of these plans relate to systems of rating general employees which may be included under this first group. The following synopsis is an illustration of how most of these systems work:

Usually an employee is marked on one hundred or more points, just as a horse or dog would be marked at a show. The most logical systems appearing under this group divide the one hundred or more subjects into five divisions. The first division treats of the different kinds of work for which an employee may be fitted—namely:

Executive	Manual
Intellectual	Professional
Commercial	Mechanical
Artistic	Producing
Distributing	Subordinate
Managing	Generalities
Details	

The second division treats of the employee's characteristics. For instance, you might be marked as being

Energetic	Lazy
Spasmodic	Continuous
Accurate	Inaccurate
Neat	Slovenly
Conserving of energy	Wasteful of energy

The third division would treat of your financial capacity, and you would be marked as being

Acquisitive	Nonacquisitive
Conservative	Speculative
Economical	Extravagant
Appreciative of Value	Good / Poor
Make more than you spend	
Spend more than you make	

The fourth division would treat of your type of mind:

Broad	Narrow
Constructive	Destructive
Orderly	Disorderly
Practical	Impractical
Scientific	Unphilosophical
High Ideals	Low Ideals

The fifth division would treat of your disposition:

Responsive	Unresponsive
Friendly	Unfriendly
Optimistic	Pessimistic
Patient	Impatient
Ambitious	Self-satisfied
Cheerful	Gloomy
Enthusiastic	Indifferent
Obedient	Disobedient
Courteous	Discourteous
Truthful	Untruthful
Courageous	Cowardly
Stable	Unstable
Honest	Dishonest

Experts in this system can mark a percentage against each of these various characteristics and obtain a general average percentage as a rating for the man, as well as ascertain the class of work for which he is best fitted. The principal purpose, however, of this system is not for rating you and ascertaining your improvement at one time over another, but for the purpose of discerning your natural qualifications. The system is of distinct service when used by intelligent persons in the selection of employees for various and sundry purposes. Nine-tenths of the suffering in this world comes from round persons endeavoring to fit square holes and square persons endeavoring to fit round holes.

Of course the law of supply and demand is continually readjusting these mistakes; but this readjustment is the cause of most of the world's suffering to-day. Hence any industrial educational system, in order to be effective, must be accompanied with proper vocational guidance work. This system is a step in that direction and is being quite generally used.

Group II—For Salesmen

As the growth of every business depends on its selling department, I, like most human, avaricious persons, prick up my ears whenever I hear of any scheme to speed up salesmen! Therefore in my files I have a number of such plans. Space makes it impossible to describe more than one of these; and therefore, as an illustration of all, let me explain one I ran across in Minneapolis last winter, which is being used by a large life-insurance agency in that city.

I had the pleasure of talking over this system with the head of the agency, Mr. Horner, and was especially impressed with the fact that, unlike most systematizers, he is a money-maker. Most of us theorists devote so much time to preaching that we have only a limited amount to devote to practicing. In the case of this man Horner, however, I learned from many banking firms in Minneapolis that he is one of the best salesmen in the country, and his results are the envy of all.

However, all systems that might be classified under Group II for speeding up salesmen combine the practical with the theoretical. For instance, a salesman is not only marked on his idealism but also on the cash profits of his sales. On the blanks I found Mr. Horner using there was not only a place to mark the salesman on his hopefulness but also to mark him on the total premiums received. For the benefit of salesmen reading this article, let me say that all systems coming under this group divide the salesman's work into five divisions—namely:

1. Habits of work
2. Attention to details
3. Sales
4. Collections
5. Total results

Each of these main divisions has various subdivisions; and, as an illustration, the following, taken from Mr. Horner's blank, shows the subdivisions under

HABITS OF WORK

1. Idealism
2. Intelligence
3. Hopefulness
4. Optimism

— 1. Understanding of business; 2. Selecting policy to suit age and condition of applicant; 3. Self-culture

5. Uniform courtesy — 1. To clients; 2. To office force; 3. To fellow agents
6. Number of daily interviews
7. Concentration or effectiveness of work, as to waste of time or energy
8. Loyalty — 1. To company; 2. To organization; 3. To fellow agents
9. Attention to old policyholders
10. Enthusiasm

If you were a salesman for Mr. Horner you would be marked each week on each of the above points, and the average of your marking on these points would give you a certain rating on the first subdivision—namely, on your habits of work. Each of the subdivisions would be treated in this way, so that you would get a final percentage on each of the five divisions which could be studied separately or could be averaged into one figure. This would be your rating according to the Horner System. By studying your ratings over a long period of time it is possible to determine whether you are improving or declining in efficiency, and also to compare yourself with other salesmen.

I heard a big manufacturer say not long ago that all systems for rating salesmen are useless. He said that a salesman can be readily judged by the business he produces, and that this is the only important and worth-while test. Of course such a test might be sufficient if every salesman had the same territory and worked under the same conditions; but for a concern having a large number of salesmen, with each salesman in a different section, the total-business test is neither fair nor efficient.

Moreover, the Horner System enables a business man to get a line on what his salesmen are doing from day to day, without waiting a long time before ascertaining the good and bad qualities of his men. It surely does make a difference whether a man is working among the hoboes or the upper ten in the results he gets; and I should think it would make a man feel like making good to know that his boss showed enough interest in him to card-catalogue him.

Your employer may not use the Horner System and perhaps will never use any mechanical system. On the other hand, unconsciously you are continually being rated according to Horner standards, and your pay will ultimately be based on your rating, even though no system is consciously used. If you are optimistic, courteous, loyal and full of enthusiasm, a deep impression is made on your employer both directly and indirectly through increased sales.

If you have the faculty of interviewing or waiting on a large number of customers, and yet combine therewith the ability to

(Continued on Page 29)

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This means tedious work, painstaking selection, delicacy of handling.

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But the Catsup is worth while for people *who can appreciate flavor.*

Pour some Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup on a square soda cracker *(unsalted)* or on a piece of flaky white bread. See if the flavor does not carry you back somewhere to the time when your palate was fresh and life was new.

Automobile touring parties and others in the vicinity of Canajoharie are invited to inspect the plant of the Beech-Nut Packing Co. For your convenience we have provided guides who are at your service from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. daily—except Saturday, when we close at noon.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, Canajoharie, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 26)

give careful attention to details, that is bound to result in increased wages, whether or not there is any formal system of marking; in fact, it is undoubtedly true that those practical business men who spurn all mechanical methods of rating employees are really the most critical and unconsciously operate the severest systems of rating. Possessing experience, these practical men are really using the most advanced systems of rating procurable, though their work is not put on paper and tabulated like a municipal census.

Group III—For Office Employees

When last in New York I met a young lady who once worked for me. She told me about her present work in Philadelphia and how the girls in her office are being rated. Of course there are various systems for rating stenographers, typists, correspondence clerks, and other office help; but these systems are all more or less similar.

As an illustration of all methods coming under Group III, I will state what she had to say regarding the system used by the concern in which she is employed. For instance, here is a copy of the card she showed me:

RATING AND ATTENDANCE RECORD
FOR THE SIX MONTHS ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1913

Accuracy of work	Courtesy and good will toward fellow employees
Appearance of work	Initiative and executive ability
Quantity of work	Suggestions
Industry and steady application	Late . . . { Times / Minutes
Observance of office rules	Days absent
Care in handling the company's property	

NOTE—Rate as follows, as to quality of work: 1—Excellent; 2—Good; 3—Fair; 4—Poor. As to quantity of work: 1—Above average; 2—Average; 3—Below average.

When the management first introduced this system, she said, the general manager commented on it to her as follows:

"We do not consider this a finished product, but believe that in its present form it is even unscientific in that the negative factors seem to be given too much prominence. Moreover, one's ratings here depend on the individual judgment of the head of the department and must, therefore, be based largely on memory, since there is no provision for keeping an accurate record of the quantity of work performed or its quality as measured by the number of errors or other delinquencies made in connection therewith. I do not see that the result of such a report can mean anything definite to the officers for whom it is made up.

"I should say that the items 'accuracy of work' and 'appearance of work' might more properly be rated in the form of errors and have the effect of making deductions from the record showing the quantity of work performed.

"The items 'industry and steady application' and 'initiative and executive ability' are of vital importance. These qualities, if present or absent in a clerk, will be reflected in the quantity of work done; and, therefore, perhaps in that way might be measured more exactly. Lack of industry or application becomes very apparent when it is pronounced. Conspicuous loitering, for example, should be punished in some way on account of the bad effect it has on other clerks; but general lack of industry or application is bound to be reflected in the quantity of work performed.

"The items 'observance of office rules,' 'care in handling the company's property' and 'courtesy and good will toward fellow employees' are negative, and need have no direct effect on the quality and quantity of work produced. They could be taken account of as general factors by the head of the department when he is considering the real factors directly showing quantity and quality of work in connection with the prospective promotion or demotion of an employee. My experience, though, of course, superficial, leads me to the belief that personal conduct must sooner or later affect the quantity and quality of work, or else be in itself of such a pronounced nature that the head of the department must take cognizance of it without any regular record.

"On the other hand, the item 'suggestions,' I believe, does belong to an efficiency report and should have a continuous effect. This is also true relative to 'initiative and executive ability.' Personally, however, I believe private corporations should reward suggestions by bonuses rather than by raising the rate of pay given the particular clerk. Regularity of attendance should, of course, be rated by penalties for specific delinquencies."

Here, again, I urge young people who are employed in offices to note the above headings, for the same system is employed elsewhere. As some think the efficiency of such ratings depends on the employee's not knowing that he or she is so rated, it is very likely a similar system is in use where you work, though without your knowledge. Hence, study these headings and endeavor to increase your efficiency and develop a character that, under such a system, will give you a good rating. Though the explanation of these rating systems is here given ostensibly for the use of young business men, yet every employee should be intensely interested in them in order to look behind the scenes, so to speak, and ascertain by what methods wages are being determined to-day.

Let me also say that not much progress will be made toward increasing the efficiency of our great industries until the same rules are applied to the executives and the men higher up as are applied to the employees. There is a good deal of talk to-day about efficiency as relating to salesmen, clerks, and labor in general; and there is entirely too little discussion concerning the development of efficiency among those who are directing business and manufacturing enterprises. I believe that in this latter way the real efficiency tests can be most advantageously applied at the present moment. Developing the efficiency of the employee in no way aids in developing the efficiency of the executive; but anything done to develop the efficiency of the executive is bound to react through the entire industry, from the president himself down to the lowest-paid office boy.

Those desiring further information should write to the Library of Congress for Circular Thirty-five of the President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency. The subject of this special circular is Methods of Keeping Efficiency Records of Employees in the National Bank Redemption Agency of the Department of the Treasury.

Though these remarks are possibly somewhat technical, yet let me say to every reader that your job depends on whether or not you have these various characteristics. Whether your salary is five dollars a week or a hundred dollars a week, it is paid in accordance with how you rate, based on the identical subjects herewith presented; thus, if you wish to get an increase in salary—yes, if you want to be sure of holding your present job—study these characteristics.

Group IV—For General Office Men

The systems under this group apply more especially to employees other than typists, stenographers, and so on; and, as an illustration of the entire group, I will refer to the so-called Hamilton System. This is a sort of merit and demerit system, and is probably one of the best of the theoretical systems in use at the present time. Personally I am better acquainted with it owing to its use by a certain large concern, with several branches, each branch having many employees.

In order to have a record of those clerks who are ready for advancement the managers are asked from time to time to fill in sheets known officially as Reports for Officers. These reports require information as to the clerk's age, when and where he entered the service, present salary, how long he has been receiving that salary, length of service in the particular branch, and his present position. In addition there are twenty-four questions which the manager must specifically answer. These questions run something like this:

Is he neat in his work?
Is he methodical?
Is he accurate?
Has he good judgment and is he possessed of good common sense?

The last question reads like this:

Taking all his characteristics, how would you rank him?
1. As an ordinary clerk, with moderate ability
2. As a clerk, with good ability and likely to become increasingly useful
3. As having more than ordinary ability and promise; hence one who should be specially encouraged
4. As possessing very moderate ability and not very desirable to retain in the service

You see the manager is called on to come to a definite conclusion. He must classify his clerks under these four divisions. It is interesting to note, too, that there is no room for the clerk who is standing still. He must either be capable of advancement or leave the service.

This report is supplemented by a rate sheet. The ratings are as follows:

A1. Highest rating	3. Average
1. First-class	4. Below the average
2. Above the average	5. Low; unsatisfactory

The employee is rated on his appearance, presence or address, manner, speech, grammar, enunciation, and so on; intelligence, application, personal standing and associates, as well as clerical ability, neatness, quickness and accuracy.

Moreover, for clerks over twenty-one years of age, there are additional ratings based on initiative, judgment, knowledge of affairs, and so on.

I know this system is also used in the offices of a big electrical company in Chicago, as well as in the offices of many other prominent corporations. Each week an efficiency record is issued to each employee. Such a record shows the number of merits and demerits credited to and charged against the employee during the week, as well as the balance, one way or the other, for the month. In addition there is an accumulated statement from the first of the month or the first of the year up to date, in order that an employee may watch his own progress.

In certain offices using this rating system quota prizes are distributed each month on the basis of the number of merit quotas reached during the month.

There are also special prizes for extraordinarily good records. I know of a private banking house in Wall Street that is using this system, and its use is said to be rapidly growing. The principal advantage of the merit and demerit system is its simplicity and concreteness. These merits and demerits are based on four headings, namely:

1. Lack of punctuality
2. Errors
3. Lack of general neatness and cleanliness of desks, machines and files
4. Insubordination or discourtesy

1. Under this head comes tardiness. One demerit is given for being late up to two minutes; two demerits for from two to ten minutes; and three demerits for more than ten minutes. From two to five demerits are given for absence of each half day if no justifiable excuse is offered for such absence. One demerit as a nominal penalty is given for an entire period of absence, regardless of whether it is one day or one week, when an employee is ill or through some other cause is unable to attend the office. One demerit is also given for time allowed off during office hours.

2. A demerit is given for any error due to carelessness on an employee's part, or if work assigned for the day is not completed before going home.

3. A demerit is given if all papers are not cleared from each desk at night and if the drawers of the desks are not tightly shut. The same pertains to all files. Machines—such as typewriters, dictaphones, adding machines, and so on—should be covered before leaving for the day.

4. One or more demerits, according to the discretion of the Chief Clerk, are given for discourtesy, insubordination, or the infraction of any established rule, when the offense is not serious enough to deserve dismissal.

A merit is given to an employee if he shows that he thinks about his work in any way—for instance, when an error made by some one else is discovered and rectified. One merit is also given to an employee if, during any one day, no demerit is given. If a girl comes in on time morning and noon, does not make any careless errors during the day, and leaves her desk in good condition at night, it is sufficient evidence that she is near the perfect mark; and for that reason she earns a merit.

Group V—For Employees of Hotels

The purpose of the system of rating is to discover and promote unusual efficiency. Each number is marked on a scale of five. One means Eliminate; Two, Doubtful; Three, Common; Four, Better; Five, Best. All concerns using the Dewey System arrange their analysis of an employee under five different headings. The first is Health, and under this are three subheadings:

Energy
Endurance
Strength

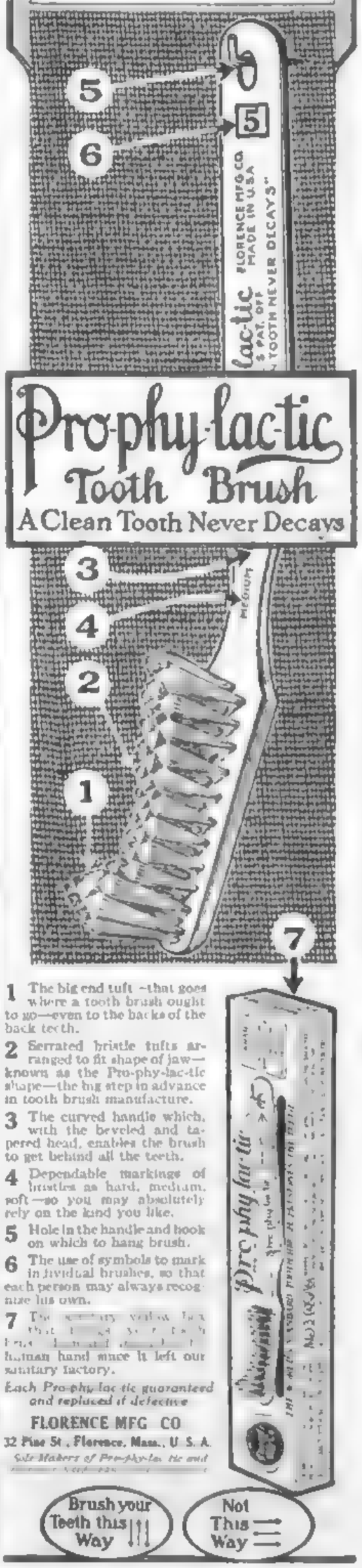
The second heading is Personality, and under this are three subheadings:

Ambition and ideals
Cheerfulness and good disposition
Courteousness and good manners

Why the Pro-phy-lac-tic is known as the World's "Standard" Tooth Brush

Standard: having the accuracy or authority of a standard; serving as test, guide or model; hence of a very high or excellent kind or type.—*Century Dictionary.*

This definition fits the Pro-phy-lac-tic because of the seven tooth brush features (below) originated by it. Imitators have tried to copy them, because they realize that no tooth brush can *claim* really to clean the teeth, unless it *appears* to be made the Pro-phy-lac-tic way.


5
6
5
Pro-phy-lac-tic
FLORENCE MFG CO
MADE IN U.S.A.
A TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush
A Clean Tooth Never Decays
3
4
2
1
7
MEDIUM
1 The big end tuft—that goes where a tooth brush ought to go—even to the backs of the back teeth.
2 Serrated bristle tufts arranged to fit shape of jaw—known as the Pro-phy-lac-tic shape—the big step in advance in tooth brush manufacture.
3 The curved handle which, with the beveled and tapered head, enables the brush to get behind all the teeth.
4 Dependable markings of bristles as hard, medium, soft—so you may absolutely rely on the kind you like.
5 Hole in the handle and hook on which to hang brush.
6 The use of symbols to mark individual brushes, so that each person may always recognize his own.
7 The [illegible] human hand since it left our sanitary factory.
Each Pro-phy-lac-tic guaranteed and replaced if defective
FLORENCE MFG CO
32 Pine St., Florence, Mass., U. S. A.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and
Brush your Teeth this Way
Not This Way

The last light!

It is *you* the human coyote fears. The patrolman is four blocks away—to break into your house is the work of a moment—but—in that lighted room there may be a man—a man who is not afraid—who is *armed*.

Three million Iver Johnson Revolvers, guarding American homes, constitute the only real hazard—the only real check to burglary.

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Send for this 32-page book, in stiff board covers, which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles. It is free

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147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market Street, San Francisco

The third heading refers to Mental Qualifications, and consists of six subheadings—namely:

Aptitude and intelligence; Accuracy, attention and good memory; Interest, teachableness and willingness; Neatness in work, dress and person; Promptness and punctuality; Order and system.

The fourth item relates to Character and Conduct. For statistical purposes, it is necessary to subdivide certain characteristics as to men or women. For instance, the men are marked on the use of liquor and tobacco, profanity and vulgarity, and especially on their conduct toward women; while the women are marked on their relations in the lunchroom, their conduct toward men, and so on. Both the men and women under this heading, however, are marked on the following eight subheadings:

Late hours outdoors or indoors; Honesty and truthfulness; Loafing and shirking; Wasteful misuse of equipment or food; Acceptance of tips; Co-operation and loyalty; Quality of work; Quantity of work.

The fifth heading is entitled, Traits for Special Promotion, and the following five subheadings are under this:

Executive grasp of details and responsibility; Initiative, resourcefulness; Discipline, control and tactfulness; Judgment, sense of proportion; Fairness, justice—no favoritism.

Here also the employee is marked on points, somewhat as a horse is marked at a horse show, and an average of all the points is taken. For instance, the quality of work might be marked sixty and the quantity of work eighty, which would give an average of seventy for both. As additional subjects are included, the correctness of the average automatically increases, with most interesting results.

Though different examiners might give entirely different ratings on one of the above-mentioned subjects, yet their average, based on their markings of all subjects, would be almost the same. The law of averages obtained along these lines gives wonderfully correct and interesting results.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

A SHIP WITHOUT A PORT

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE Atlantic Ocean is a broad, comprehensive, wet, salty and mostly turbulent institution, but people who travel thereon in ships usually know where they are going, even in case of shipwreck. That is where we differed from the majority. All we knew about where we were going was that we were on our way.

Nor did the sturdy British captain know any more about this ordinarily essential and always interesting detail than we did; nor the crew; nor the owners. The full extent of the information at hand for some six days was that we were veering toward the east, and that we should be lucky if a German warship didn't loom up out of the murk and start us all toward our final and various ports by sinking the entire outfit, after extracting from the strongroom the treasure we carried.

And that reminds me: Did you ever, from actual experience, discover just how heavy a few paltry dollars, or sovereigns, or louis d'or, or marks are when in gold and toted about on the person? Probably not, but I am here to say that though gold is undoubtedly the finest sort of a standard of monetary value, it is the heaviest form of currency known to man. They closed the Stock Exchange in New York the day before we left, and word came from England and the Continent that ordinary letters of credit and credit checks were as valuable as so much spinach. "Get gold!" they told us, and we all got gold up to the extent of our capabilities.

The extent of my capability was not so very great. It seemed to me, when I tried to get some, that gold was the scarcest thing in this world, and the hardest to procure, no matter what other forms of legal tender I had to exchange therefor, and I mourned considerably because I didn't have my entire capital in that fascinating metal. However, after I had toted about for a time what I did have, I understood perfectly the reason we leave all ours in our treasury and issue notes against it. Sandow couldn't carry enough gold to pay for a month's keep at a London hotel at the present prices.

When a Safe is Not Safe

There was a neat little notice in the staterooms to the general effect that the company had provided a safe in the office of the purser, and so on. However, it was pointed out to us, in the smokeroom, by the Man From Chicago, that when the Germans took our ship they would loot the purser's safe first thing, and many of us disposed of our precious metal by stowing it in various pockets and sacks and belts concealed about our persons, and walked round with heavy lists to port or starboard—except in the case of those fortunate persons who had two hip pockets—clinking like tin peddlers and trying to look unconcerned. Those who had two hip pockets spent hours in securing an even division in order that they might maintain an upright position.

We sailed at noon from New York, bound for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton. We were seven days at sea. During those seven days we were bound, variously, for every port from Stockholm to Cape Town. We landed at Southampton, after scurrying about here and there and coming in from the north. We looked wisely at the chart as it was posted each day until we discovered that the chart, as marked, and our real course, as sailed, were two entirely different affairs, and then we made a sweepstakes for a shilling each, each person being entitled to one guess as to where we were going, and the winner to take all. It was a good sweepstakes. The guesses ranged from Constantinople to the bottom of the sea, and there was as much basis for one as for the other. Nobody guessed Southampton—not even the captain.

Some sections of the war had been declared when we left. Germany was at it, and France was ready, and Austria had gone in a few days ahead. There were rumors that Russia would take her part, and, as nearly as we could figure it out, the only countries that would not be engaged by the time we were on the high seas would be Siam and the United States. There were some who held to the opinion that England wouldn't take a hand, but these were mostly Germans and Austrians who desired to land in England and get home by crossing that country.

It was an odd ship's company. The hurriedly prepared passenger list had on it but few of the names of those present. There had been cancellation of sailings by other lines, and many who had intended to sail by this ship had decided to see America first. When we pulled out into the river and began to take stock of those aboard we discovered that we were traveling in a sort of human Noah's Ark. Pretty nearly every white race was represented.

After we had been at sea for a day or two, and it had been decided unanimously that we should get to England before anything much would happen, a man came up on deck and shouted: "We're not going to Cherbourg!" That was the first intimation we had that our trip might not be as direct as we thought.

"Why not?" asked a hundred.

"Dunno; that's what it says on the bulletin board."

So everybody trooped down to the board and there it was. "The call at Cherbourg will not be made on this passage," it said. A committee sought the captain to ask him why. That conservative and taciturn sailor said he had reasons. Whereupon we began to realize that things were happening, and that, in addition to Cherbourg, there might be other places to which we might not be going, which was the fact.

The first day's run was put up as 426 miles and the second day's as 486. On the third day we began to see German warships. That is, on the third day we began to think we saw German warships. It is a fact, as proved many times on the trip, that when a person desires to see a German warship, all that person has to do is to stand at the rail, gaze intently at the horizon, and presently he will discover one.

If Germany had a fleet half as big as the fleet materialized, dreadnought by dreadnought, by the passengers on that ship, the old boast about Britannia ruling the waves would be entirely idle. We always discovered German warships. No one bethought himself to discover a British boat. That didn't occur until later. And it was quite certain that each German warship discovered was making straight for us, to take our treasure, and to do with us whatever German ingenuity might devise. We told tales of the horrible ferocity of the Germans when engaged in war, and every American secretly felt in his pocket to see if his passport was there ready for instant presentation. We left on Saturday, and on Thursday night the steward came round and stuffed towels into portholes in the cabins on the top deck. "What's that for?" we asked, and the steward said, "We're running dead light to-night."

That didn't mean much to the nonnautical persons aboard, but its significance was developed soon afterward by the posting of a notice saying that as a precautionary measure the ship would run through the hours of darkness showing as few lights as possible and that passengers occupying outside cabins were requested to use the lights as little as they could.

"As a precautionary measure." That gave us something tangible to talk about. We were, then, nearing the scene of hostilities. The entire ship buzzed with conjecture and speculation. The horizon showed ship after ship—all phantoms, but all real enough for thrill-producing purposes. Night fell. The ship plowed along, dark as a tomb. There were lights in the saloons and in the dining room, but the outside ports were closed. The canvases were stretched along the rails, and no decklights were lighted. The only light showing was a little one hung far up on the head.

Groups of passengers gathered in the darkness of the decks and sang songs and told stories and joked one another about what might happen. The Germans and the Austrians held conferences. Two penny-ante games were running, and several games of bridge. The tremors were all gone. I doubt if, after we were really in it and realized what might happen to us, any persons, save the Germans and the Austrians, who naturally were concerned over what their reception would be in England, a country at war with theirs, gave more than a passing thought to the serious side of it.

Making a Lark of Danger

The general spirit was: What's the use? There we were. We couldn't prevent anything that might happen to us, and the whole ship cheered up. It was a lark. We were confident the Germans wouldn't do anything to us, even if they did capture us, and we were even more confident that the Germans wouldn't capture us, for we knew the British fleet was in the North Sea and in the Channel.

At two o'clock on Friday afternoon a man came galloping down the deck shouting: "Smoke off our port bow!"

We ran forward. It was true enough. Two thin plumes of smoke were seen, one off the port bow and the other off the starboard bow. Every glass on board was put on that smoke, and it wasn't long until somebody shouted: "They're battleships!"

This was confirmed by others, and we saw a signal flag run up from the bridge. They were battleships, but what sort? Nobody knew, and the bridge remained silent.

Up the ships came, bulking larger on the horizon each minute. Then an English naval officer screamed: "They're ours!" and everybody told everybody else that he had known it all along. Certainly, they were British ships! "The idea of any German ships being away over here! The very idea; but, say, are you sure they are flying the British flag?"

We slowed down. The two ships came toward us. In fifteen minutes they were so close we could make them out. They were gunboats, and they were grimly stripped for action—little bulldogs of the sea, with their guns sticking arrogantly out of their sides and plunging forward as if they could whip all creation. We stopped and began signaling. A man wigwagged

(Concluded on Page 33)

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No matter what it is in your home that requires renewing or refinishing—from the smallest piece of furniture to the greatest expanse of floor or woodwork—you think of just *one thing* to make it new—Jap-a-lac. But to be sure you *get* Jap-a-lac remember these *three* things:

JAP-A-LAC
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Green Can
—the package

Glidden
—the maker

Only with Jap-a-lac can you get real Jap-a-lac results. Jap-a-lac is our trade-mark name—it does not refer to any other finish. Jap-a-lac comes in a green can; it is made only by The Glidden Varnish Company.

So to be sure of the *genuineness* of your purchase, make certain of these three things—Jap-a-lac, Green Can, Glidden. There is a particular Jap-a-lac for each particular requirement about your house—better than paint for every indoor purpose.

Three groups—many colors

Jap-a-lac comes in eight ***transparent*** colors—(which color but allow the grain of the wood to show through). Also Floor and Interior Varnish (Natural).

Jap-a-lac comes in ten ***enamel*** colors—(which color and cover up the grain of the wood).

Jap-a-lac comes in ***Gold*** or ***Aluminum***—(giving the true gold leaf or aluminum effect).

Do things with Jap-a-lac

Make your floors new!—refinish scarred and marred furniture and woodwork—brighten your radiators, picture frames and moldings—your porch chairs, your screens—give them new youth.

You *think* of Jap-a-lac first—be sure it is Jap-a-lac you *get*—in the *Green Can*—and made by *Glidden*.

You will find Jap-a-lac at quality stores, where everything is on a par with it.

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Canadian readers will be pleased to know that The Glidden Varnish Company, Ltd., of Toronto, are supplying Glidden Products to Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion. Most dealers are in position to supply you with Jap-a-lac and other Glidden goods, but if you are unable to get what you want, write direct to our Canadian factory.

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We do not sell Jap-a-lac except through dealers, but should you experience any difficulty in securing just the colors you want, send us your remittance (price, per can, 25 cents) and we will see that you are supplied promptly through the nearest dealer, with any or all of the three kinds—Transparent, Enamel, Gold or Aluminum—and in the colors you prefer. Our Jap-a-lac booklet gives complete instructions—the color card shows all colors—they are yours free on request

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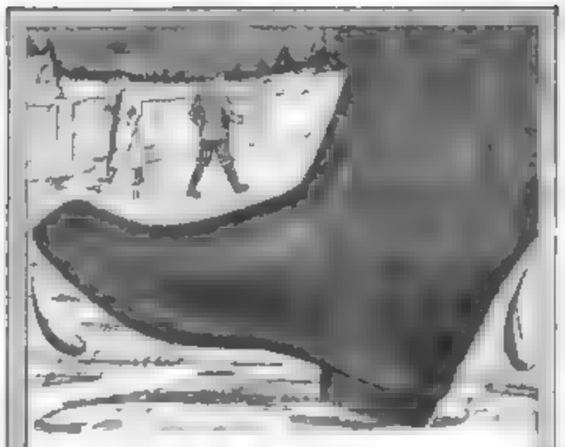

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They are made by a new process from selected rubber which cannot crack or split. The double thick gum sole, extra heavy outside vamp reinforcement and patented ribbed legs make Top Notch Boots toughest and strongest for every use in all kinds of weather.

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The life of Top Notch Rubbers is lengthened by the patented Clincher Cushion Heel, which lasts as long as the sole. You get extra wear from every pair. They cost a few cents more, but they last longer.

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Insure satisfaction and save money on rubber footwear by writing for the names of Beacon Falls dealers in your town. We will also send you a booklet full of facts worth knowing.

Write today—ask for Booklet "S."

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IF YOU have some spare time and want to convert it into money, let us tell you how to do it. Agency Division, Box 606, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 30

from our bridge, and they used a semaphore from one of the gunboats, and wigwagged also. After half an hour of signaling we started ahead again, leaving the gunboats behind us, their blunt noses turned westward to wait for other ships. After that it was simple. A notice was posted that we should proceed direct to Southampton. We learned that our ship had been taken over by the government. The stewards were told they would all lose their jobs when we got in. The stokers were called forward and asked to enlist in the British navy. We were no longer a ship without a port. Instead, ours was a ship with a port, and a ship that was flying the British Admiralty flag. We were on His Majesty's service.

The Englishmen chirked up. The Germans and the Austrians held long consultations. They were in an interesting position. Germany was at war with England, and some of these men were officers and some reservists. Austria, while not at war with England, was an ally of Germany, and some of these men were Austrian officers. So the Germans elaborated their conjectures as to what would happen to them, and the Americans joked them and intimated harrowing things about bastiles and balls-and-chains and detention camps and paroles and other uncomfortable incidents of war. Still, the Austrians and the Germans were good sports. They were as philosophical as might be, and had merry parties in the smokeroom and on deck, but they made no partisan demonstrations, nor did the English. Everybody was courteous. There was no outburst save when the Frenchman tried to sing the Marseillaise, and somebody stopped him before he had gone far. The only change, so far as we could see, was that the chief steward took German fried potatoes off the menu card.

We ran dark and silent that last night, taking no chances, and next day it was announced we should dock at Southampton about two o'clock in the afternoon. In the morning, about ten o'clock, we picked up a naval pilot off the Isle of Wight. After he had inquired of us whether we had a clean bill of health he climbed aboard and brought with him two London newspapers of Friday, the day before. These were torn apart and a man took a page, jumped on a deck chair, and read the news aloud to those who gathered round him.

This paper confirmed the story of the battle at Liège, the sinking of the Amphion, the advance of the French, and many other things of which we had had but hints in the wireless. There were stories of the arrest of Germans in London and elsewhere in England, and these were read with great declamatory effect. The Germans and the Austrians grew more anxious.

In the War Zone

As we came into Southampton we saw the transports loaded with troops, and a long row of transatlantic liners lying in the harbor, fires banked. There were soldiers guarding the docks.

A ship's officer came along the deck. "All German and Austrian passengers will please go to the smokeroom," he ordered. The Germans walked slowly toward the companionway. The Austrians held back.

"Austrians also!" said the officer.

They left us. As we went off the ship two officers stood at the gangway and scrutinized each passenger closely. Two or three Germans and Austrians tried to get past but were turned back. We had already given our names and addresses in London or elsewhere to the purser, and had been told the Board of Trade would look us up and see if we were what we said we were.

There were guards at every junction and at every railroad bridge as we came into London, and there were soldiers at Paddington; but as we drove up to our hotels it seemed the same sort of London as before. There was no excitement. A few flags were displayed. The people were going about as usual. Every shop was open. The taxis and the busses and the trams were full. The theaters were running. Now and then a squad of soldiers passed along the street. Now and then a train of artillery rumbled by, or a string of wagons loaded with stores covered with tarpaulins; but outwardly London was as peaceful and as unperturbed as I had ever seen her.

However, England is at war, and London, though outwardly calm, is inwardly afire with patriotism. Great things are happening here, have happened and will happen, as I hope to tell.

Signing Up Against Chance

What is your chance against sickness or accident? You're as sound as a dollar and always feel fine. So did Bob Searles and he was fit as a fighter until pneumonia laid him up for three months. Howard Denny was as strong as a horse, and an athlete, but a scratch by a letter-spindle resulted in blood-poisoning and sent him to a hospital for twenty-two weeks.

Let us assume that Searles and Denny were protected against illness and accident by our new EQUITY-VALUE DISABILITY POLICY. Searles received $650 or $50 per week and Denny was paid $1100 for the loss of his time. They were insured for $10,000 each in case of accidental death and $50 per week for disability. They were signed up against chance—and they won.

Both are first-class risks. They are normally occupied men. Neither is in a hazardous calling. Neither travels much. They both lead regular lives and their days are practically repetitions. One was injured at a place supposedly safe. The other was overtaken by *unexpected* illness. Each was enabled, by his indemnity, to finance his loss of time and the added expenses above living costs—Searles' firm paid him his salary; but Denny was a lawyer and his income stopped until recovery.

Now, assume that you are in the same class as these men—the story, of course, is simply illustrative, but hundreds of claims like theirs are paid annually. How would you finance unexpected illness or accident? You've never given accident and health insurance the consideration you've given to protecting your family against losing you by death. Your property is insured against fire or storm because it's an asset representing cash. What value do you set on your greatest asset—*your earning capacity?*

The *Equity-Value Disability Policy* is for any man, in any walk of life. It gives the protection you need at a cost of $10.00* per thousand if you are a preferred risk. If you should be suddenly disabled either by illness or accident, your weekly indemnity would be at the rate of $5.00 for every $1000 of insurance. For protection against accident alone, with the same weekly indemnity and principal sum, the cost is $3.50* per thousand. Here is real provision against chance stealing your earnings, a salary while you're laid up if you *should* be overtaken by a sudden jolt.

It will certainly pay you to know just what the Equity-Value Disability Policy will give you in protection. It will certainly pay you to examine it and see for yourself its many advantages. Know its full import. Know just how you can protect yourself against time-loss, against money-loss, against chance and the doctor's bill—for a lower premium than other policies paying the same principal sum and equal indemnity for illness and accidents, anywhere in the world. Sign and mail the coupon. It will bring a sample Equity-Value Disability Policy, or Accident Policy, with full information. Your signature involves no obligation, of course.

Maryland Casualty Company
Baltimore, Maryland

*This rate applies in all states excepting North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri in which the rate for the Equity-Value Disability Policy is $11.00 per thousand or $4.00 per thousand for accident insurance only

MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY,
10 North St., Baltimore, Md.

Please send me a sample Equity-Value { Accident / Disability } Policy and information, without obligation on my part, as advertised.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Occupation _____ *Age* _____

You won't use a YALE chain block to haul a mule stern foremost—but you *could!*

THE Yale Triplex Block—the modern hoist—is in service in the greatest and the smallest plants—in vast automobile factories; modest machine shops; foundries; sugar refineries; power houses; store houses; paper mills; garages—everywhere where efficiency is a recognized factor in the conduct of business.

YALE

The Yale Triplex Block is so powerful, and yet so simple and easy to operate, that with it one man alone can handle any load from 100 pounds to 20,000 pounds, expeditiously, economically, safely.

Let us tell *you* what thousands of Yale Triplex Blocks are daily accomplishing in the industrial world—let us send you this story of multiplied man power, "A Yale Device that Laughs at Gravity."

The Yale Triplex Block is made by the manufacturers of Yale Locks and Hardware.

Look for the name Yale on Locks and Hardware

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Makers of Yale Products: Locks, Builders' Hardware, Door Closers and Chain Hoists.

9 East 40th Street, . . New York City

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

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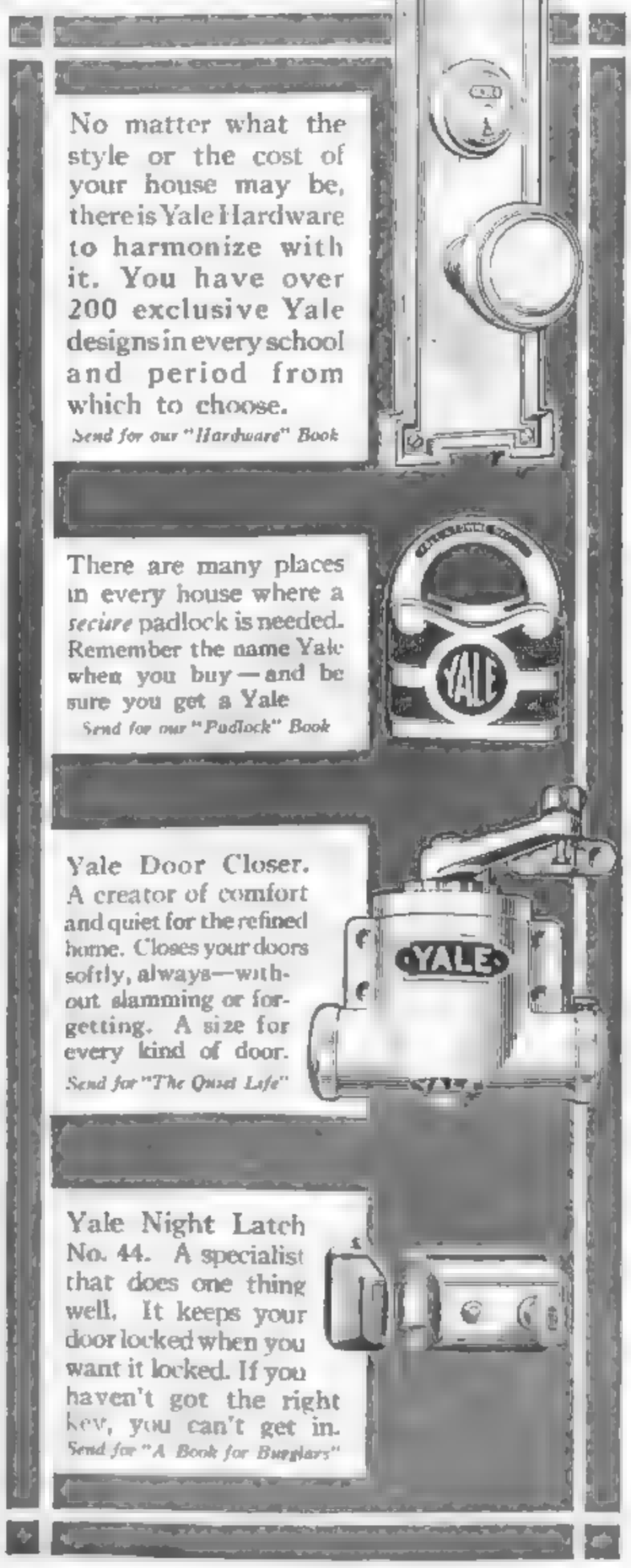

No matter what the style or the cost of your house may be, there is Yale Hardware to harmonize with it. You have over 200 exclusive Yale designs in every school and period from which to choose.
Send for our "Hardware" Book
There are many places in every house where a *secure* padlock is needed. Remember the name Yale when you buy—and be sure you get a Yale
Send for our "Padlock" Book
YALE
Yale Door Closer. A creator of comfort and quiet for the refined home. Closes your doors softly, always—without slamming or forgetting. A size for every kind of door.
Send for "The Quiet Life"
YALE
Yale Night Latch No. 44. A specialist that does one thing well. It keeps your door locked when you want it locked. If you haven't got the right key, you can't get in.
Send for "A Book for Burglars"

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

A WOMAN writes: "I am a school-teacher and know nothing about business. Five years ago I invested seven hundred dollars in a Mexican plantation and lost it. I have five hundred dollars now, which ought to be bringing me more interest than the local bank pays; but in view of my former experience I am afraid to venture again, for I certainly cannot afford to lose this money. It represents five years' savings.

"At the same time I do not feel entirely easy with it in the bank, for I know banks fail. There is no one here whose advice I feel like asking or taking. Will you please give me your opinion of the inclosed? Do you think I would be safe in buying one of these bonds?"

That is only a sample of many letters I receive. It is typical of the mail which comes to every publication in the country that undertakes to give advice about investments. Undoubtedly every day in the year finds many persons who are in substantially the same situation and state of mind as this school-teacher.

The inclosure was the prospectus of a Western land development and colonization scheme—the sort of thing that no prudent and experienced person should touch with a ten-foot pole except after a thorough investigation, such as would no doubt be out of the question for this inexperienced woman. The temptation, of course, was the interest rate—seven per cent—with a chance to convert the bond after a certain time into developed land, which might be expected, according to the prospectus, to yield such and such returns.

Now, every person who invests, situated as this woman, must rely more or less on other people. That is inevitable, since he or she has no personal knowledge to go on; and in relying on other people two factors must always be considered—namely, whether they are honest and whether their judgment is sound.

Suppose I, knowing absolutely nothing about dry goods, were going to put a thousand dollars in cloth, not for my own use but to keep indefinitely as an investment. I should have to rely on somebody else, for I hardly know one piece of cloth from another; but by a very little inquiry I could satisfy myself beyond all reasonable doubt that there are certain standard sorts of cloth—for example, cotton print, cotton sheeting, cotton ticking, all-wool blankets; that these sorts of cloth are always in demand; that there is a stable market for them; that their price varies little from month to month; that even from year to year the price varies, broadly speaking, only as prices in general rise or fall.

Staples Safer Than Specialties

I could easily find out, beyond all reasonable doubt, whether a given piece of cloth was cotton sheeting or wool blanket, because knowledge on that point is so general that no combination of interested persons could deceive me; and I could easily find out just about what the going price of cotton-print cloth or wool blankets was.

In short, the chance that I was going to be misled by the dishonesty or bad judgment of the person who sold me the cloth would be small. Of course there would be a chance that I might get a damaged piece of goods; but the margin would be narrow.

Again, there are a hundred and one sorts of cloth the values of which fluctuate violently, and the worth of which at any given time only an expert can tell. Some fancy dress goods that are in great demand this year may be almost unsalable three years hence. Experts in the trade may know that certain goods which were in brisk demand six months ago are already going out of vogue; but as an ignorant outsider I should not know it and my chance of finding it out would be slim. And there are many shoddy and imitation cloths which look good to the inexpert eye, but soon fall to pieces.

It is true that the experienced dealer in dry goods will make more money handling the fancy cloths than in handling the plain, standard sorts mentioned above; but if I, as an ignorant outsider, ventured into that field I should have to rely wholly on somebody else, and the margin within which I might be misled by dishonesty or poor judgment would be almost one hundred per cent.

Apply that to investment: If you know nothing about business you must depend on somebody else to some extent. Ask yourself, in respect of any proposed investment, how wide is the chance that the persons on whom you rely will mislead you, either by design or by poor judgment.

Take that land development and colonization scheme. Its success obviously depends on the character of the land; on its situation with respect to transportation; on whether living conditions thereabout are such that people will probably settle on it; on the ability and integrity of the management—ability quite as much as integrity, for promoters of a vast number of schemes in which people lose money mean well. They are not dishonest, but their judgment is poor.

The Soundness of Municipals

Even then success may be missed or deferred through factors not within the control of the management—such as bad business conditions or a series of crop failures. I do not mean that such a scheme may not succeed handsomely; but consider the margin of chance within which you, as an ignorant investor, must rely on others.

There are investments, however, as standard as cotton sheeting and wool blankets. At their head, in this country, where government bonds are so limited in quantity, I put municipal bonds—a term which for practical purposes includes bonds of states, cities, counties, school districts, and all other political subdivisions.

In the first place, with a municipal bond the element of dishonesty is virtually excluded. I suppose there is no case on record where any political body, such as a state, city or county, deliberately undertook to swindle investors. And every municipal issue is circumscribed by provisions of the state constitution or of statutes, the chief purpose of which is to prevent any abuse of the borrowing power.

With very few exceptions municipal bonds are sold, in the first instance, to banks or bond houses, which handle them on a very small margin of profit or commission, and which carefully inquire into their soundness and legality before purchasing them. In the few cases where municipal bonds are sold over the counter—that is, direct to investors—it may be taken for granted that the legal requirements have been complied with.

True, losses have occurred in this field. Very recently, for example, there was a break of twelve points in some bonds of Virginia—an aftermath of the Civil War. As an incident of that conflict West Virginia was carved out of the territory of the Old Dominion, and after the close of the war it was assumed that the new state would take care of one-third of the indebtedness of the old state; but the new state objected to the arrangement. More than a generation of controversy and litigation followed.

In 1911 the United States Supreme Court held that West Virginia should pay one-third of the principal of the old debt, but it left the question of interest to be adjusted between the two states. They could not agree and the matter again came before the court, which this summer granted a postponement in order to hear certain claims that West Virginia presented against Virginia. This postponement discouraged enough holders to cause the slump referred to.

That is a very exceptional affair, however, and does not impair the general fact that, in purchasing a municipal bond from any bank or bond house, the inexperienced investor is virtually taking the least chance it is possible for him to take if he is going to invest at all. There are few banks, I believe, which do not have on hand or cannot easily obtain for a customer some kind of municipal bond. Of course some municipal bonds are better than others—better as regards both security and interest return.

There is plenty of opportunity for the skillful or well-advised investor to pick and choose; but, as a whole, municipal issues are so circumscribed by law, the courts are so strict in enforcing payment, and the good faith and solvency of the borrower are so nearly a matter of course, that the margin within which an inexperienced investor may be misled is really very small.

Last year conditions in the investment market were such that very good interest returns were obtainable on first-class municipals. Four hundred million dollars in municipal bonds were issued during the year, and more than ninety-five per cent of the whole amount bore interest at the rate of four per cent or higher.

In 1901 more than sixty per cent of all the municipals issued bore less than four per cent interest. That shows the change in the investor's favor; in fact, last year more than two-thirds of all the municipals issued bore interest at the rate of four and a half per cent or higher. In 1901 only fifteen per cent of the municipals issued bore interest at the rate of four and a half per cent or above.

This year the interest rates for long-term, high-class investments have fallen slightly. Probably they will fall somewhat more. However, even now one may buy a first-class municipal bond yielding better than four per cent on the investment; in fact, there are very good bonds in this class yielding four and a half per cent, and even more.

With knowledge of their own to go on, or with trustworthy expert guidance, investors may do somewhat better than that; but when an investor is situated like this school-teacher, with no knowledge and no experienced person to advise her, why should he or she go afield—having to rely on strangers for a dozen and one factors that may vitally affect the soundness of the bond—when the chance of being misled as to municipals is so small? The risk such investors take for the sake of getting two per cent higher interest is out of all proportion to the increased return.

To the ignorant investor, for whom trustworthy, experienced advice is not available, I should offer the following suggestion: Buy a municipal bond.

Artificial Windows

LIGHTING a room at night with gas or electricity in close imitation of the way a room is lighted with daylight is made possible by some new fixtures worked out by the research laboratories of an American lighting company. They might well be called artificial windows. Investigation showed that the average room lighted by daylight from windows is sharply lighted on the floor near the window, is better lighted in the lower half than in the upper half, and receives light from a large area of low brilliancy.

To imitate this the fixtures are placed on posts about four feet high and the posts placed in front of windows or near the walls of the room. The lights are behind a large screen of glass covered with silk or some such material, so as to obtain a large light-source area with low intrinsic brilliancy. The lamps shine directly on the floor below, the shaft of light coming out on the floor well in front of the posts. Reflectors distribute light to the back wall of the room and to the ceiling.

The purpose of the whole scheme is to try to obtain the freedom from eye-strain that is found in the daylighting of rooms with well-placed windows.

Automatic Checking

AN AUTOMATIC checkroom to be used in railroad stations and in other convenient locations has now appeared. Such a checkroom consists of a steel cabinet with big pigeonholes, each of them large enough to hold a suitcase. Each pigeonhole is equipped with a steel door, lock and key, and a nickel-in-the-slot attachment is connected with the lock. The doors are ordinarily unlocked but the key cannot be removed until a nickel has been dropped in the slot.

To use the cabinet, the package to be checked is placed in a pigeonhole and a nickel dropped in the proper slot. The key can then be turned to lock the door, then removed from the lock and carried away. To recover the package, the proper door is opened, the key showing the number of the right one. The package may then be removed, but the key is fixed tightly in the lock until another nickel is paid.

My Ten Arguments

Put them in your mouth and smoke them

Of course if I can sell you, at five dollars a hundred, cigars that please you—that smoke and taste like 10c cigars—you want to know it. I realize that my saying so won't convince you. But I have ten arguments that *do* convince.

About 25,000 regular customers buy from me all the time. It's because there's practically no selling expense in re-orders that I can sell my cigars so low and make any money.

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco, with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It sells for $5 per hundred, or $2.50 for 50.

I do not sell through dealers, but do business directly with you.

MY OFFER is: I will upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela

Shivers' Club Special is identical with my Panatela except that it is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface. Sold on the same terms as the Panatela.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Esterbrook Pens

250 styles

To those who use a pen only occasionally, Esterbrook Pens are the most pleasant and satisfactory assistant; to those who write constantly, an invaluable ally and friend.

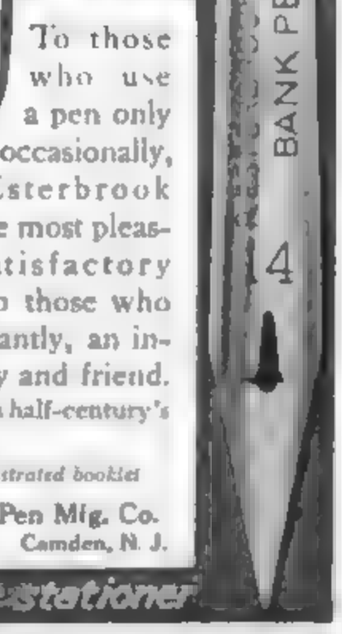
Backed by a half-century's reputation.

Write for illustrated booklet

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.

New York Camden, N. J.

Ask your stationer



Garage $49.50

Ready made one [illegible] garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 341-391 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

To the Peers and Blue-Blood

Your Royal Tailors announce for

In America, a Blue-Blood is a man who *lives* right, *thinks* right and *dresses* right —a clean-striving, self-respecting American. And next week these Royal men will choose their Royal Fall clothes—in 10,000 stores where Royal hospitality prevails—where Royal Fall fashion and fabrics are waiting—and where the clothes-service is in every way consistent with Royal standards of manhood and good taste.

Naturally, this clothes-service is a service in made-to-measure clothes—*individually tailored-to-order.* For in this country, the man of Royal mettle is usually

SIX-BIG-FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1 Made To Your Measure
2—All Pure Wool
3 A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4 100% Process Shrunk
5 Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6 Six Day Schedule Deliveries

We pay $1 A Day For every Day of Delay When a Royal Garment Isn't Finished on Time

"Royal Reception"

The Roya

Chicago

Now over 10,000 Royal Dealers and increasing all the time

Joseph

s of America: *Proclamation!*

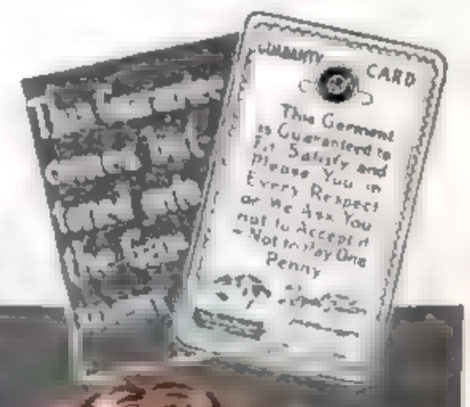
nal Fall Opening September 12th to 19th

a man of *self-expression*—with a preference for things made to his own direction and judgment.

CORDIALITY is present the year around in the stores of all dealers who take measures for Royal Tailoring. But during Royal Reception Week it is the particular keynote.

In this week, no man is urged to buy. It is a "Visitors' week"—a "get-acquainted week"—a demonstration week. If you have felt that the best made-to-measure clothes are not to be had at less than $50 to $75—come and see how Royal Tailoring is making these clothes to order at $16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35

Come and browse through half a thousand of the newest Imported and Domestic woolens for Fall—exclusive weaves—of the sort you would expect to find only at the best importing local tailors. Our dealer's latch string is out to you—will you be his guest during Reception Week?


CARD
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit, Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it Not to Pay One Penny

ion Week" September the 12th to the 19th

l Tailors

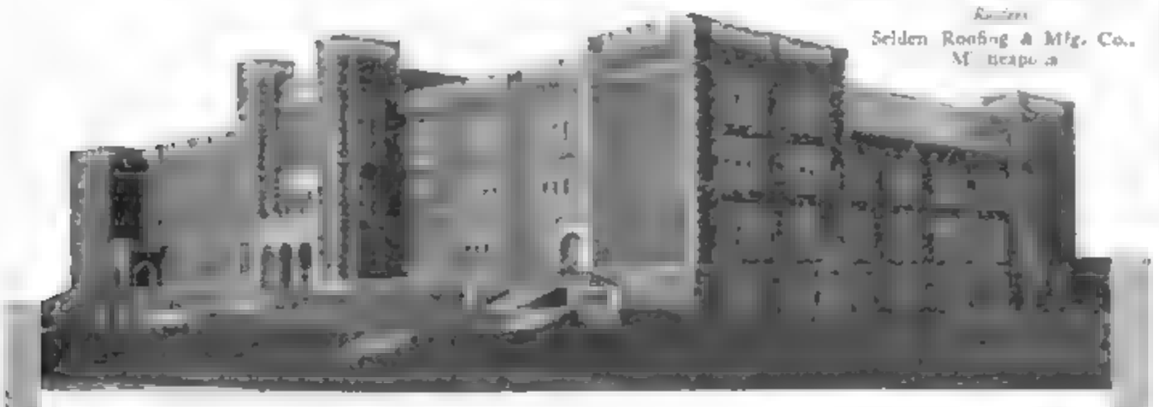
New York

Nelson
President

Applications invited from best men's stores in open territory

Barrett Specification Roofs

Central High School
Minneapolis, Minn.
Architect
Wm. B. Ittner, St. Louis, Mo.
Roofers
Selden Roofing & Mfg. Co.
Minneapolis



A *good* building and a *good* roof—

A fine, big, permanent building like this usually carries a Barrett Specification Roof. Why?

Well, first—because it's big. Mere bigness compels a careful study of costs—and the cost of a Barrett Specification Roof is lower than that of any other permanent roof.

Second—Its bigness compels careful study of future maintenance costs—and the maintenance cost of a Barrett Specification Roof is nothing. It will usually last 20 years or more without painting or tinkering of any kind.

Third—Being a first-class modern building, it is safe to suppose that it was constructed under the supervision of a first-class, up-to-date architect or engineer—and such men know the low unit cost of Barrett Specification Roofs.

Big schools, big factories, big warehouses, big piers, big apartments, big office buildings, big structures of any kind should have Barrett Specification Roofs. For small buildings they are just as economical and satisfactory.

A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, mailed free on request.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof, laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Detroit
Pittsburgh Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle
THE PATTERSON MANUFACTURING CO., Limited, Montreal Toronto
Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

How We Put Smithboro on the Convention Circuit

(Concluded from Page 11)

After the serious leaders of the trade had spoken Charley would rise and guy the proceedings in such a droll, detached way that everybody roared and nobody's feelings were ever hurt; or we would slip him on to the program right in the middle of the business sessions, when the trade's own authorities and prophets had reached the very dregs of specialization.

As a dark horse, with some such topic as The Trade and the Press, he would take the attitude of an outsider who had been put on the program by mistake, guy everybody into good humor and freshen up the audience for more technicalities.

Morality was as strong a card as humor. There was the Rev. Wesley Heber Wright, a callow young country parson when we dug him up, but good for fifteen minutes of spellbinding exhortation. And what he did for us was simply come to a big dinner when notified and preach a condensed old-fashioned sermon for fifty dollars!

Give Wright the bare clew to his audience, the kind of men they were and their business, and he would make himself at home with them on their own ground.

Zenobia Crane had tried for a career as an actress, but missed; and then, after several years as a dramatic reader on small lyceum circuits, she settled in Smithboro to teach. We engaged her as a sort of stage manager; and she was a jewel, catching the spirit of a gathering, fitting it with a program, coaching and rehearsing the speakers.

Zenobia insisted that an audience must cry as well as laugh before you let it go home. It wants the whole gamut of its feelings played on and is happier afterward for a good cry. Let the diners laugh and sing as much as they please during Acts I and II, and drink, and go in for horseplay, too, if they want to; but never lose sight of the fact that all this is rather tiring to the spirit and lays open the approach to mellower emotions.

So, in Act III, Zenobia would turn Bellows loose on the audience, and he would proceed to play a Moonlight Sonata on its heartstrings.

Chester Willing Bellows was an unsuccessful lawyer, a gigantic, manly man all over, and he had a voice that vibrated and boomed like the bass strings of a grand piano with the sustaining pedal down. He had absolutely no sense of humor and not very much intelligence, to be frank. Given only an ounce of brains, he would have been irresistible before a jury—but the brains were lacking. Zenobia supplied them. It was she who found the line of appeal for each gathering, taught him his part, and then sat back and watched him put the stuff across.

Bellows' stuff was as simple as you can imagine. It was a rare convention that had no Grand Old Man or departed leaders and organizers. He would rise, with his big bulk and deep voice, and begin reminding the audience of these; or his talk might be on the trials and difficulties of the men before him.

I remember one gathering of men whose business keeps them on the road much of the year. Bellows drew a tender picture for those fellows. He spoke of the hard-working father "in distant places to-night," amid strangers and temptations, battling to support and safeguard that little home back there, where the wife and the children thought of him before retiring, wondered whether he was safe, waited for his every message ——

Oh, Bellows was simply grand in pathos, that's all!

Well, this is the sort of thing we have developed at Smithboro.

We shall probably never entertain such a convention as the Knights of Chivalry. It would be too big for us and quite out of our temperamental class. We are still conservatively Eastern, shy and pedantic. We lack the tremendous energy and hospitality of the West. Crowds, bands and banners are not at all in our line.

However, in our own field, with the quiet little conventions that respond to our treatment, we are mighty strong. They have made us known to a solid element of business men all over the country, created new customers for our products, brought a few new concerns to town and put Smithboro on the map.

About the "Bite" in Smoking Tobaccos

We Pattersons have been making smoking tobaccos for over seventy years. We originated many of the most popular brands on the market.

Our wide experience has taught us that the best way to eliminate the "bite" from a smoking mixture, is to use mild tobaccos in its blending that have no "bite."

Strong tobaccos bite. And the "bite" cannot be regulated. When you try to remove it you are bound to take out other properties that make tobacco fragrant and tasty.

"Whip" owes its absolute freedom from "bite" as well as its unequaled mildness to the pure, natural, mild tobaccos used in the blending.

It owes its fine, mellow taste and rich, satisfying fragrance to its wonderful blend. The blend is a Patterson secret, learned and developed from our experience in making other good smoking tobaccos—one of which may be a favorite of yours.

You have found other Patterson brands good smoking, but when you try "Whip" you will agree that it is our highest achievement and the final masterpiece in blending artistry. Our other tobaccos are the experiments that have finally culminated in this finest of all smoking tobaccos.

OUNCE TIN FREE

You can't pack your pipe with claims. Won't you drop us a postal and invite to send you an ounce tin free? We would really prefer to let your pipe answer for "Whip."

In writing, please mention the name of your dealer. "Whip" is put up in one-ounce tins at 5 cts., and 2-ounce tins at 10 cts.; also in handsome Pottery Patented Soft Moistening Pound Humidors.

M. C. Patterson Pres't.

Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

Also makers of "Queed"—the big 2½ oz. 10c. tin—a little stronger than "Whip" and, we believe, a little better than many 2 oz. 10c. tobaccos.

WHEN your dealer offers you **PARIS GARTERS** it's a sign that he wants you to have the best.

He may make more money on others; but as a good merchant he wants you to get the greatest possible value. 25c—50c.

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*
CHICAGO—NEW YORK

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. **Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati.** Salesmen Write for Xmas Box Proposition

DRESS BETTER FOR LESS MONEY
Latest ... more than ready made ... Send for ... cts.
MELVILLE BROS. Est. 1840 Chambersburg Pa.

HERCULES POWDERS

FROM coast to coast, in the city and in the country, Hercules Powder does its daily work, devoting its giant strength to the service of mankind. It plays a leading part in the industry and sport of our entire nation.

The miner and the quarryman, the engineer and the architect, the farmer and the hunter, men in innumerable walks of life, find tasks for Hercules Powder to perform.

The chances are more than even that at some point some Hercules Powder touches your life intimately.

The Coal You Burn—a Hercules Permissible Powder, stamped with the government's approval as safe for underground work, very likely tore it from its age-old bed.

The Fruit You Eat—some farmer, skillful and progressive, increased its size and beauty by the use of Hercules Farm Dynamite.

The Water You Drink—is it from well, reservoir, or led, perhaps, across miles of country through a giant aqueduct? Did a Hercules Powder play its part in putting that water at your disposal?

The Money You Spend—part of it at least, whether gold, silver or copper, was mined with the aid of Hercules Dynamite.

The House You Live In—its metal fittings, nails, the stone in its foundation, perhaps even the excavation over which it stands, may owe their existence to Hercules Dynamite.

The Gun You Shoot—is it loaded with a Hercules Powder? Do you *know* what powder you use? You should. You should specify Infallible or E. C. when buying ammunition.

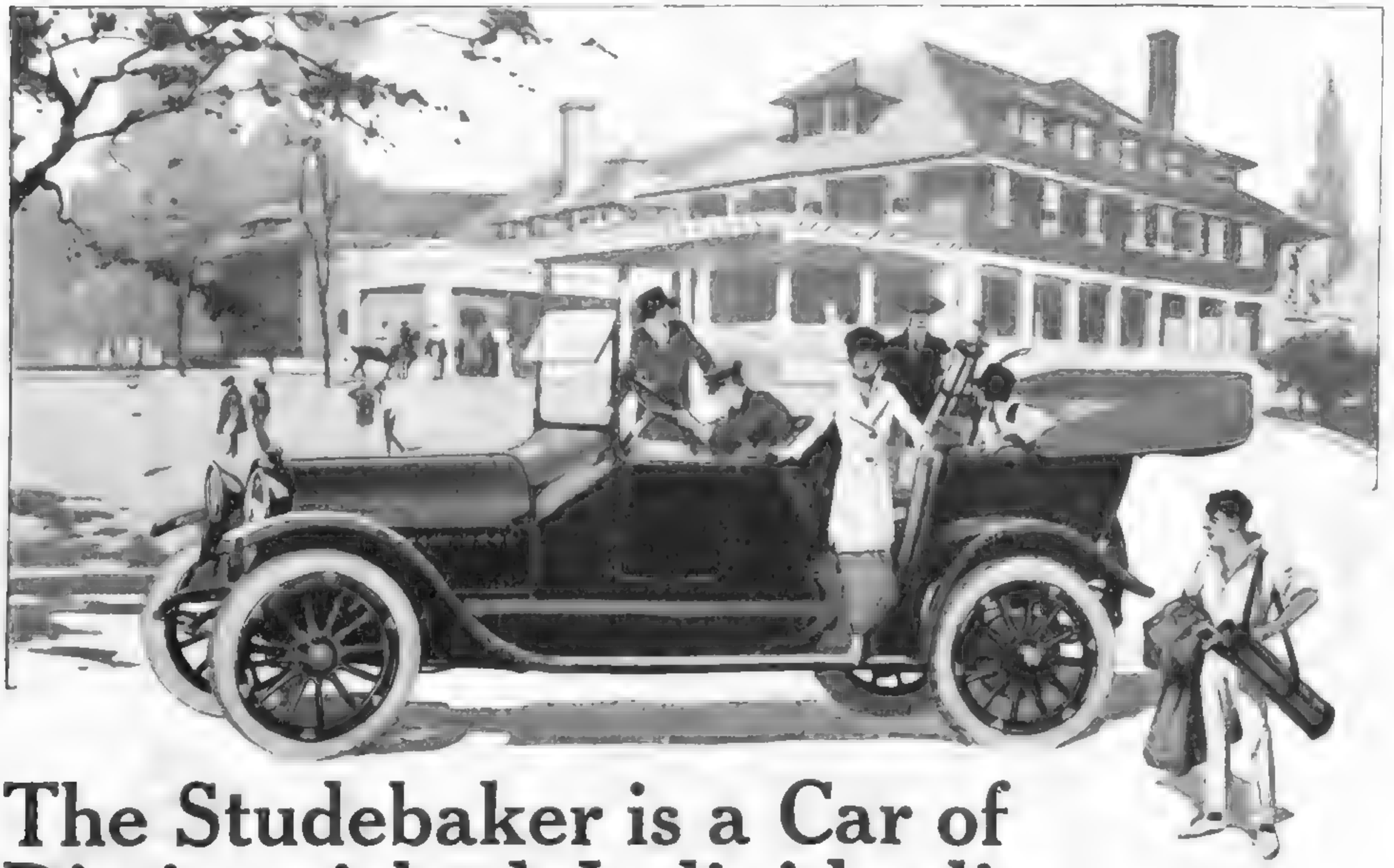
Possibly, you as a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, are most interested in Hercules Powders as used for agricultural or sporting purposes. For your information and profit, we have prepared three books on these subjects. They are yours for the asking. *Progressive Cultivation* tells everything a man need know about the use of dynamite for agricultural purposes. *Trapshooting* is an intensely interesting book on this most interesting of sports. It is written for both the beginner and the old timer. The book entitled *Hercules Sporting Powders* describes all these powders fully and tells which is best to use under varying conditions.

Write for any one or all three of these books. They are well worth reading They will open your eyes to some things you may have overlooked before.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Wilmington, Delaware

Chicago, Ill. Pittsburgh, Pa. Hazleton, Pa. Joplin, Mo.
Pittsburgh, Kan. Salt Lake City, Utah San Francisco, Cal.



The Studebaker is a Car of Distinguished Individuality

A car of impressive appearance and superb operative qualities.

A car to take precedence in any automobile assemblage.

You instinctively think of the Studebaker as a car of super quality.

You compare it not with cars in its own price class, but with cars costing $500 to $1000 more.

Often you pause in amazement when you try to reconcile Studebaker quality and Studebaker prices.

$985 for a full sized, roomy, four-cylinder touring-car and $1385 for a big, powerful "Six" are low prices for just "good" cars—They are really phenomenal prices when they have back of them Studebaker quality, and the strength and character of the Studebaker organization.

And there is only one thing that makes them possible—"Studebaker manufacturing methods."

Studebaker cars are the product of a manufacturing organization with 62 years of experience and ample capital back of it.

They are made in what we believe to be the most completely equipped automobile plants in the world.

They are manufactured under the direct supervision of the men who design them—

And they are manufactured practically complete in Studebaker plants.

Now couple with all these things Studebaker quantity production and you will realize immediately what we mean by the Economy of Studebaker Manufacturing Methods.

During the last fifteen months 44,000 Studebaker cars have been manufactured and sold.

This is the largest number of one make selling at or above $1000 ever produced in the same period by any manufacturer.

And this quantity production, together with the completeness of Studebaker plant Equipment, makes possible the elimination of practically all the parts-maker's profit from Studebaker cars.

Studebaker motors, transmissions, axles, springs, drop forgings, bodies, tops—are all made in Studebaker plants.

Studebaker steels worked out to special formulæ are all specially heat treated in Studebaker plants.

And this completeness of Studebaker manufacture means better, stronger, longer-wearing parts—consequently Studebaker quality.

In addition it means the saving of the parts-maker's profit—and so makes possible Studebaker prices.

The Studebaker Corporation shares its profits not with parts-makers but with buyers of Studebaker cars

The new Studebaker Book is ready, let us send it to you.

Studebaker Prices

FOUR Roadster	$ 985
FOUR Touring Car	985
SIX 5-Passenger	1385
SIX 7-Passenger	1450

F. O. B. Detroit

Studebaker
DETROIT
Canadian Plant, Walkerville, Ont.

Applying to All Studebaker Cars

Full floating rear axle with Timken bearings—Electric starting and lighting—Extra size tires—Safety tread in the rear—Built-in wind shield—"One-man" type silk mohair top—Crown fenders.

TEACHING THE RETAILER HOW TO FIGHT

(Continued from Page 20)

Through various channels the first intimation that a resident is about to remove to another town is at once reported to the merchants' bureau. Then the storekeepers are called on the telephone, and if any has an unsettled bill against the departing householder the account is immediately assigned to the association and quick action is taken. In case settlement is not made at once the association waits until the household goods are in the hands of the railroad company, and then a garnishment is started and the goods held until a settlement is made. By this means alone vanishing customers have been made to pay several thousand dollars in the past six months—money that would have been lost to the merchants without the central Information Bureau.

Of course only the most desperate accounts are assigned for collection; but in half a year fully eleven thousand dollars has been gathered in from the credit discard by the energetic commercial drillmaster. This young man, however, asserts that he is doing the community at large a greater service than he is doing the merchants by making it practically impossible for any man to exist as a deadbeat in that town.

"At first," he declares, "I felt a little ashamed of my activities in the collection end of my work. It was unpleasant, and sometimes I was under the impression I was doing the dirty work for the commercial men. Then something happened to open my eyes to the real moral possibilities of my position. This awakening came when I started after a clerk in the town who owed exactly forty different merchants and was regarded as the blue-ribbon deadbeat of the city. We had a heart-to-heart talk.

"I didn't abuse or threaten him. Perhaps I showed a little human sympathy, for there was something appealing in the man; but I showed him that, under the new order of things, there was only one way of escape, and that was to pay up. Then he told me what had started him on the downgrade and confessed that he was sick and ashamed of dodging through alleys to avoid his creditors. He was getting a good salary, but he didn't know how to economize—and he had no help in that direction at home! The outlook was hopeless to him and he was utterly discouraged.

"I dug up some night work for him to do, and I also took hold of his family expenditures and showed him how to cut them down. This didn't hurt as much as he thought it would, and he was able to pay me a considerable amount each month out of his salary. To-day he is out of debt, doesn't dodge through alleys, and holds his head up like a man."

Polite Blackmailing Stopped

"There are plenty of others in the same class who have been pulled out of debt in the same way. When I see the change in these men I feel that the credit end of my duties ought to be called Public Welfare Work, and that perhaps I ought not to feel entirely out of place in the company of ministers of the Gospel. Certainly plain commercial honesty is a lot more common here than before this credit system made deadbeating almost an impossibility. It has done quite as much for the people as it has for the merchants."

When the commercial drillmaster took hold of his awkward squad of forty retailers he found that every one of them was an easy mark for the wiles of contribution solicitors of every sort. A large portion of these appeals were masked under the front of advertising. The total drain on even the small merchant amounted to hundreds of dollars a year.

If Mrs. Smith found herself on a committee to raise funds for a hospital, the church organ, or the boys' gymnasium, she immediately headed for the stores where she traded and cornered the proprietor. She felt that he could not refuse her—a good customer—and her faith carried conviction with the merchant. He could not afford to offend her and lose the trade of the Smith family; so he surrendered and tried to forget it as soon as possible. These veiled holdups were of daily occurrence, and he had not the courage to keep account of the money that flowed out of his till under the pressure of these demands.

The young captain of the commercial fighters saw one of these polite holdups and it set him to thinking. At the next meeting he presented an estimate of this drain on the commercial resources of the city, and showed the merchants that they were being milked for thousands of dollars every year—money that was mainly wasted, so far as business results on a business basis were concerned.

"Acting individually," he declared, "you can't dodge this burden of refined blackmail, because your customers will punish you personally if you turn them down. The women in particular will do this. But together you can break up the thing—by shifting the responsibility to my shoulders. Pass a resolution that the merchants will do no advertising of any sort which is not first authorized in writing by the secretary of your organization. I'll have some blank cards printed for this purpose, so that you can hand one to any person who appeals to you for a contribution disguised as advertising. Tell the solicitor that if the card is brought back to you with my O. K. on it you will cheerfully open your cash drawer. I'll do the rest."

And he did. Not a single donation card has ever received his approval. Instead, the charity and donation activities of that town have been marvelously standardized and reduced to a business basis. A Budget Commission, consisting of eighteen of the leading business and professional men of the city, is the dictator of all expenditures of this sort. All public celebrations and occasions are financed in this way. If the secret committee of the merchants' organization decides that the Waifs' Picnic is a worthy object and should receive financial support, this intimation is passed on to the Budget Commission, which settles on the proper amount and pays it.

Hit-or-Miss Advertising

For example, when the merchants of other cities held a convention there the merchants were not solicited for funds with which to entertain their guests. The Budget Commission said to the local association: "You are allowed six hundred dollars for this purpose"—and that settled it. The funds handled by the Budget Commission are raised by voluntary assessment.

"Every business man in this city," says a resident, "knows that the commission not only saves the city thousands of dollars a year in money but also saves the merchants from a marvelous amount of wear and tear at the hands of solicitors—not to speak of time wasted in hearing all their appeals. Consequently they sign a paper each year that says to the commission: 'We'll stand for any assessment you levy.' That is the substance of the transaction and it is about the best thing that has ever happened to this town."

Another line of action along which this young captain of commerce is trying to train his company of retailers is that of better advertising. He finds that some of his merchants are spending too much in this way for the business they do, and some too little; but none of them is getting anywhere near the results reasonably to be expected.

His efforts are mainly directed toward rousing the merchants to realize that it will pay them to give this detail of their business serious and consistent attention, and to impress the newspaper managers that a new and more profitable era of advertising has arrived.

"The average advertisement of the country merchant," says this South Dakota leader, "is a sad thing. Usually its one merit is that it contains only the name of the merchant or of the store. Generally it is hastily and carelessly thrown together just as the printer is locking the last form. Quite as often the storekeeper says, 'Let it stand!' in spite of the fact that it is stale and unseasonable, and advertises the storekeeper's indifference to this branch of his business rather than his goods.

"On the one hand, I try to drum into the merchants the fact that the mail-order house gives closer attention to its advertising than to any other branch of its business; and, on the other, I try to inspire the local newspaper men to fresh enterprise and enthusiasm. I tell them that they've got to help

The Fount of Table Joys

Do you realize what a fountain of joy in a world of homes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are today?

Every morning—with sugar and cream or mixed with fruit—they greet a million people.

Every night—at supper or bedtime—countless children float them in their bowls of milk.

And these joys are perennial. Homes that once serve Puffed Grains serve them always. The first meal leads to a thousand. For there is nothing else in all the world like these bubbles of toasted grain.

Let in These Joys

If you miss these delights, start now to enjoy them. Telephone your store.

There will come to you packets of brown toasted grains, puffed to eight times normal size. They will be airy and flaky and thin. And they'll taste like confections—like toasted nuts.

They will introduce to your table some new fascinations, and you'll always be glad that you know them.

We promise you a welcome surprise.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

These Puffed Grains are more than dainties.

Inside of each grain—by Prof. Anderson's process—we cause a hundred million explosions. Each food granule is blasted to pieces. Digestion is easy and complete.

These grains should always be prepared in this way, even though they were less enticing. But the happy fact is that these scientific foods are the most tempting of cereal morsels.

For your own sake, find them out.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

At College—
one thing most girls learn is a preference for

Johnston's Chocolates

Higher education (of candy tastes) discloses the incomparable smoothness of Johnston's.

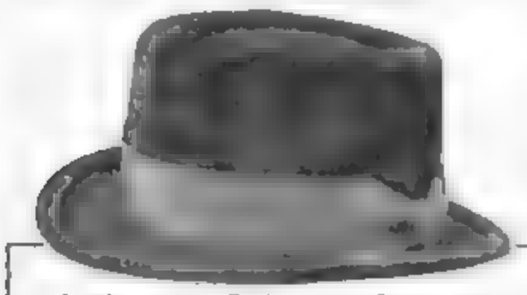
In our many distinctive packages may be found a special variety for each individual taste—or a mingling of sweet surprises for all.

Try Johnston's and learn why we pay an extra fortune yearly for candy perfection.

80c, $1 to $5 a box

If your dealer fails to supply you remit the amount and name your favorite assortment. FRIAD, Swiss Style Milk, Dutch Butter Sweets, Quintette Assortment or Chocolates Extraordinary. A generous box will come postpaid by return mail.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE
"THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES"



And now—a Telescope VELOUR

TELESCOPE VELOUR presents the last word in Stylish Headwear. ... French Co. 249 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

New Guaranteed TYPEWRITER $18

Remarkable $18 Bennett Portable Typewriter. Standard Keyboard, Does All Work of Higher Priced Machines. All Important Improvements.

$18 in U.S.A.

Agents & Prop... Wanted.

Chas. C. Bennett Co., 310 Cedar St., Harrisburg, Pa

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6c. postage. Write us at once.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

me educate the merchants out of shiftless and indifferent advertising habits; that I'll do my part in urging every storekeeper to advertise steadily and consistently instead of spasmodically—but they must boost the reform along by putting a live man on the trail of storekeepers to see that their advertisements are changed and kept fresh, and that they are fairly well written.

"It's a big part of the fight to get every local newspaper owner to feel that he has the support of the local merchants behind him—their watchful, organized and steadily sustained support. At heart the average local newspaper owner is naturally loyal to his town. He would rather see the home merchants prosper than see the mail-order houses get the business of the town at the same advertising income to himself. He can't live from his subscription list; he must make his real income in the form of advertising and if he can't get this from the local merchants he'll sell his space to the mail-order houses—they're always in the market and pay cash.

"And the best way to inspire home merchants to advertise regularly and consistently is to help them make their advertising actually pay. That is the whole chain of the argument. I have told more than one local newspaper owner substantially this:

"'You get a live young man who knows something about the newspaper business, put him on the job of looking after local advertising, and then wake up community interest along every line. We'll all help, and between us we'll get things started.'

"When you can get a local newspaper really stirred up to work for community interests, then you have removed that paper from the path of mail-order temptation—provided, of course, you also get the retailers to do their part and play fair."

Home Styles Shows

In the opinion of this organizer of retail merchants the Home Styles Show is a most effective weapon with which to fight mail-order competition. It is made a local-talent enterprise from start to finish—even to the music. Women and girls of every age are enlisted to act as living models for the display of the gowns, frocks, skirts, coats and draperies of every sort that are to be the correct thing for the approaching season's wear. Men of middle age, young men and boys are also pressed into the service to demonstrate the new styles in garments for men and boys.

If the manager of an enterprise of this sort is wise he will not choose his models entirely from the townspeople. He will invite an occasional farmer's daughter or the teacher of a country school to act as a model; for there are plenty of good-looking country girls and country school-teachers who are able to make a pleasing appearance in new and attractive gowns. And when a model is chosen from a country neighborhood that whole community is practically certain to attend the Home Styles Show.

The wholesale houses are keen to coöperate with the local merchants in these style demonstrations and are generous in their loans of garments for exhibition. A theater or hall is hired by the local dealers, an appropriate stage setting provided, and the place decorated as handsomely as possible.

The models are as carefully rehearsed as though they were to present a play or a series of tableaus. The program distributed to the audience not only gives the names of all the models but also minutely describes each garment worn, both as to style and materials. Sometimes a lecturer makes comments on the various costumes as they are displayed.

No admittance is charged and a special effort is made to secure a large attendance from the country. The style show, rightly managed, is a gala affair and a social event of the first order. In the hands of managers of ability and taste it can be made so immensely artistic and social as to leave a distinct impression on the community.

Merchants in towns where the style show has become a semiannual institution declare that it is attended by as many women from the farms as from the town, and that it educates all in a knowledge of styles and values which is remarkably effective in preventing them from ordering inferior goods or garments of radical or passé style from the mail-order houses.

"Our Home Style Show," says one merchant, "is the big spring and autumn event in this town. The theater is always packed, and the effect is to teach the people real values and conservative but down-to-date styles; in fact, the impression made by these shows seems to be limited only by the taste and enterprise of those who manage them. There is opportunity for all the originality that can be developed in the community; and we have only begun to realize the possibilities of the Home Style Show as a means of keeping the people loyal to the home town.

Perpetual watchfulness for the comfort and convenience of the visiting farmers is another effective weapon that is not neglected by the alert drillmaster of retail storekeepers.

In the South Dakota town referred to, the new secretary had been on his job hardly a week before he discovered that the farmers were hitching their horses to rows of broken rails at the rear of the stores. If the wives and daughters of the farmers went to the wagons to get in or to deposit any small purchases they were often obliged to go through mud. Besides, they were unsuitable and unsightly places. At the county courthouse, a few blocks from the retail center of the town, there was a well-appointed room for the use of farmers—or more particularly for the women and children of their families.

The natural hitching place for farm teams was on the public square in front of this rest room, where the waiting women and children could, through the windows, keep an eye on their wagons, see that parcels were not stolen and that the teams were safe.

Promptly a petition was circulated among the business men, and then put up to the city authorities, asking for three hundred feet of iron hitching rails in front of the courthouse. The petition was granted and in a few days this town improvement for the benefit of farmers was installed. The next Saturday this rail held as many farm teams as could tie to it; and dozens of farmers and their wives told the retail merchants the new hitching rail had made a hit with them, and that it was the most appreciated convenience the town had ever provided for them.

In fighting for the retail prosperity of a town a comfortable rest room for women from the farms should be provided, and its windows should look out on a line of hitching rails or posts for farm teams. The town whose retailers give careful attention to the small details that minister to the comfort and convenience of the farmers is sure to keep a strong hold on the farmer trade. This is the testimony of practically all the professional organizers and secretaries working in this field.

Fighting Along Legislative Lines

These men also declare that no public movement should be put on foot in any town without calling on the farmers for advice and coöperation; that the farmer is shrewd enough to know the farms are the basis and support of the towns; and that, therefore, the farmer has really a certain proprietary interest in the affairs of the town.

Effective fighting along legislative lines has been done in certain states by general coöperation of all retail organizations under aggressive leadership. Again South Dakota furnishes a good example in point: Its retail merchants became tired of having their trade demoralized by fake sales, advertised with reckless disregard of facts and truth. They framed a Square Advertising Law and bombarded the legislature with telegrams until it was passed and became a law.

Until the retail merchants, through their organizations, took hold of the matter a debtor had an exemption of five thousand dollars, secure from legal process except as debts for mechanics' wages or physicians' services, when the exemption was reduced to four hundred dollars. Through the coöperative efforts of the organized merchants, led by their professional drillmaster, the act was amended so as to place debts for food, fuel and clothing on the same exemption basis as those for mechanics' wages and physicians' services. This amendment has saved thousands of dollars of bad-debt losses to the merchants of the state.

Good, square organized fighting is now the fashion among the retail storekeepers of many Western states, and the retail organizer or drillmaster is becoming almost as much of a community institution in commerce as the county demonstrator is in agriculture.

Keen young men with executive ability and a gift for organization work are finding it an alluring calling, for it brings good compensation when the work is successful.

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

possesses every essential to account for its widespread favor. It is stylish, it is shapely, it is luxurious in quality, and, what is certainly a rather rare trait with silk hose, it wears wonderfully.

The most unusual durability of Phoenix Silk Hose commends it to all well-dressed men and women for daily wear throughout the year.

Can your job spare you for a trip to the Panama Exposition?

Have you been wondering whether you can scrape together enough cash to pay the expenses of a visit to San Diego and San Francisco next summer? If The Curtis Publishing Company should pay your way, could you go? Could you leave the farm, the office or the shop?

If you could, you need not worry about expense. In your spare hours you can make all the money needed by securing subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. For full particulars about our special offer to Exposition workers write now to

Educational Division,
Box 599
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Telephone Now and have a Frantz Premier sent to Your Home."

¶ You can do this without the slightest obligation and with perfect security.

¶ All Frantz Premier Electric Cleaners are exactly alike—there's only one model. They are made with watch-like precision, and guaranteed.

¶ You are entitled to the same freedom from dusting and sweeping and the priceless leisure hours that 75,000 "Frantz Premier" housewives enjoy every day. Don't delay any longer in merely *wishing!* Telephone today—and have this sturdy, compact and efficient electric cleaner do your cleaning!

Exclusive Advantages

1. The air-driven revolving soft bristle brush loosens all dirt and whisks lint, dust, threads and dirt direct into strong suction current that carries it instantly and straight into the dust-proof bag.

2. Weighs only nine pounds. You can easily carry it from room to room or step to step to clean stair coverings.

3. One hand to guide it as it rolls lightly over the floors. No pushing, dragging or exertion on your part.

4. Start or stop by quarter turn of the snap switch in the pistol grip handle. Control in hand at all times, and no stooping over or bending necessary.

5. Just attach to any electric light socket and it is ready to clean. No extra wiring, piping or installing expense required.

6. The motor is an integral part of the cleaner, thus no power is lost thru transmission. It all works directly for you.

7. Small and easily kept in a handy closet or corner where in a few seconds you can get it to clean after a meal, sewing, or a party.

8. Does not injure the most delicate fabrics, but preserves the life and beauty of rugs and furnishings.

9. Only one model—and that the best! It does all that any Vacuum Cleaner can do.

Frantz Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER

NOW **$25**

Attachments for Special purposes — **$7.50**

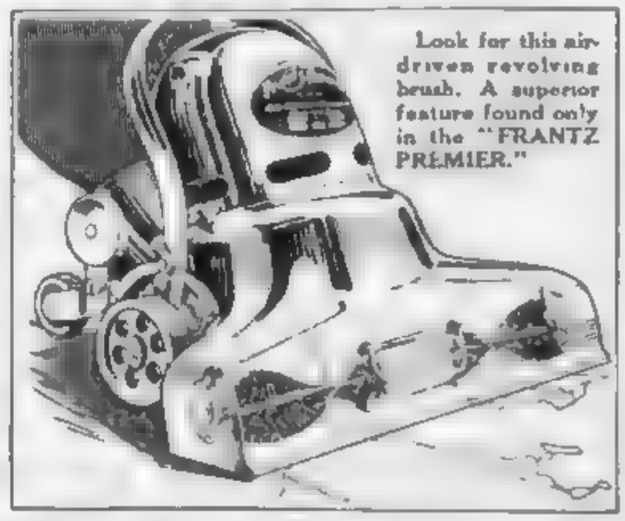
West of Rockies, $27.50 Dominion of Canada, $32.00

The fine quality of materials and workmanship that have always made the Frantz Premier the most dependable of cleaners is still maintained altho the price has been reduced.

This new and reduced price brings the Frantz Premier within the reach of every home, and is made possible by our tremendous increased production of 100,000 machines this year.

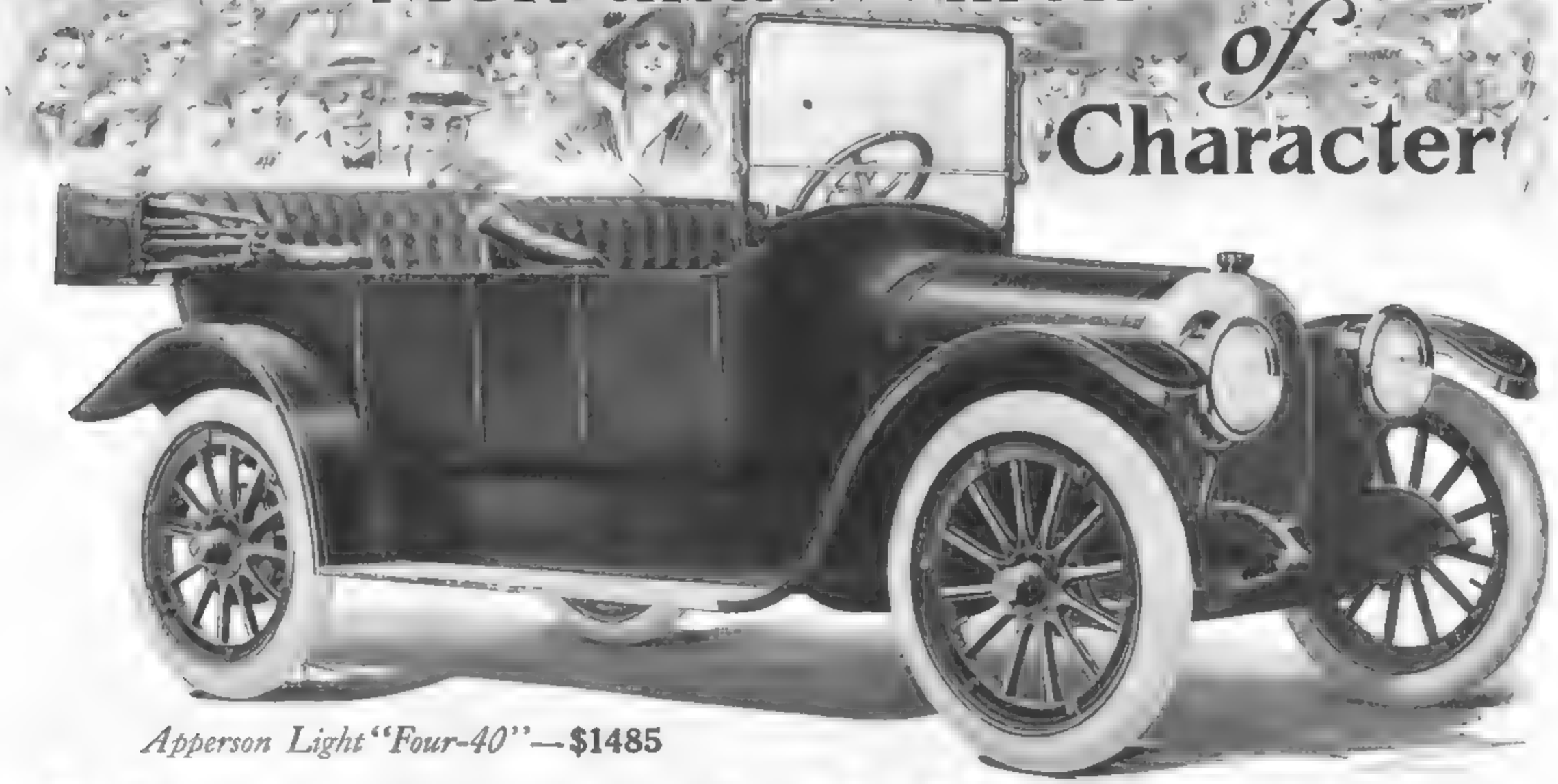
If you don't know our dealer, write us. We will gladly send you name of our nearest dealer, and a free copy of our illustrated "9 A. M." booklet.

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Cleveland, U. S. A.
Toronto, Ontario



Look for this air-driven revolving brush. A superior feature found only in the "FRANTZ PREMIER."

Men and Women of Character



Apperson Light "Four-40"—**$1485**

Demand This Car

Built by Elmer and Edgar Apperson, for the past twenty-two years designers and manufacturers of quality cars for exclusive buyers.

Men Buy It—Because of its honest construction, rugged strength, simple design, excessive power, light weight and operative economy.

Women Select It—Because of its style, beauty, refinement of detail, simple control, ease of riding, luxurious comfort and graceful proportions.

Builders for Particular People

are Elmer and Edgar Apperson. These two men, long experienced in building high priced motor cars for those who demand the best, have an ability not usually found in Motorcar Manufacturers. Designing and building motor cars always for those who want nothing but the best has trained them to a quality production. Every Apperson car is built under the direct personal supervision of both of the brothers. As a result, their product has come to be known as

"The Car Apart"—

or the "Different" Car as so many call it after having an opportunity to try it out. It steers differently, rides differently, looks differently—IS different from any other automobile. The reason for the difference is found in the fact that the Apperson represents the life work of two great men. Pride in the product bearing the Apperson name has meant more to these men than money. During all their

22 Years Making Motor Cars

Elmer and Edgar Apperson have been true to their ideals. It is only within the past few years they have ever considered building popular priced cars. Finally in response to the demands of Apperson enthusiasts they have this year—for 1915—decided to build a line of cars suitable for all classes. In building as they have, heretofore, nothing but the highest priced cars they have had to cater to the women of the foremost families of America and Europe. As a result in their cars

The Springs and Cushions Are Designed for a Woman's Comfort

The cushions are of the proper thickness and made of springs of the right construction. The backs of the seats are made to fit the backs of the ladies of the household. By paying attention to these minor but very important details the Apperson Brothers have built a car in which you can motor across the country with the comfort of the Pullman.

The Famous Apperson Motor

known on two continents to be the best and most powerful gasoline engine for its size ever built, is a marvel of engineering skill. Fitted to it is the smoothest operating clutch ever made for motorcars. This is the Apperson metal clutch, patented by Elmer Apperson and used exclusively upon Apperson cars. It is practically indestructible. The electric lighting and starting system is the separate unit type. No complications are possible. For ignition, high tension Magneto only, is furnished in a well-known German make. These things appeal to men and the

Style, Beauty and Refinement

built into the Apperson are attractive to the ladies. The gracefully tapering hood connecting as it does, the new V-shaped radiator with the full streamline body, gives to the car a stylish distinctiveness. Only the most modern accessories, in accord with the design of the car, are used.

In short, Elmer and Edgar Apperson have built a "High Priced Car" to sell at a Popular Price.

1915 Models and Prices

Four 40—Five Passenger $1485
(Also built in two-passenger roadster)

Six 45—Six or seven Passenger, $1785
(Also built in two-passenger roadster)

Four 45—Five Passenger $1685
(Also built in two-passenger roadster)

Six 60—Five Passenger $2200
(Also built for seven passengers at $2350)

All prices F. O. B. Kokomo, Ind.

Advance Catalog "D" containing full specifications, sent upon request

Apperson Bros. Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana

THAT PIKER HERCULES

(Continued from Page 9)

I imagine that my own experience upon entering the gymnasium was the common experience of those who have gone over the same route. After the preliminaries of being mustered in for ninety days or till the end of the war are concluded, you are assigned a locker where you keep your street clothes while romping about the gym; then you visit the medical director. At our gym the medical director is a small man of a determined and critical aspect, and evidently curious about the personal affairs of others. Assuming that you are a stout person in supposed need of reducing, he tells you to rally round him, and when you have gathered about his vicinity he tests your lungs and heart and asks you a lot of intimate personal questions, meanwhile peevishly punching you with a very sharp forefinger. Leaving him to fill out a chart with many of your most private particulars you go upstairs to call upon the athletic director. This is a large, square-jawed person with about five times as much biceps displacement as any one man needs, and he is very lumpy in spots, as though his upholstering had bunched up on him. He examines you some more, making little disparaging sounds between his lips, and then tells you that the main thing is to take things easy at first. He doesn't mean that, though, which you ascertain as soon as you undertake to go through the course of sprouts he outlines for your use. He doesn't look it, but this person is at heart a practical jester.

I fear, though, that I did not listen to his instructions as closely as I should, because my attention was distracted. Through an open door I was viewing with ill-disguised horror the scene of suffering presented in the gymnasium proper. The late Mr. Dante of Italy had a tolerably morbid mind, but he never imagined a more harrowing spectacle. At least he never depicted a more harrowing one in his justly celebrated guidebook to the infernal regions. It seemed to me that all the middle-aged, middle-figured men on earth had assembled together within the confines of that one room for the express purpose of mistreating themselves. There was a sound as of a school of porpoises all spouting together and all suffering from the heaves. There was a confusion of stout bare legs, twinkling about laboriously, and mottled over, most of them, with large red and blue veins like colored soap. There was a great intermingling of bolster arms and feather-bed backs and pillowy, billowy breasts heaving convulsively.

Eggplants and Sunsets

An elderly gentleman, exhausting heavily from his diaphragms—he appeared to have about four of them arranged in tiers or layers, with a kind of mezzanine effect stuck on at the top, well up under his chin—was trotting resolutely about the running track, twenty laps to the mile, not counting his own lap, which was equal to at least two of the others. His feet pounded its padded leather surface with the smacking sound of some one spanking an air-filled mattress with a clapboard. I judged he had somewhere heard the story of the race between the tortoise and the hare and was qualifying to understudy the winner of that historic event. I think he would have won by an even greater margin than the tortoise won by; he had the system down so well. He was trying to keep his stomach up out of the way by hitting it violently, first with one knee and then with the other; but the stomach was stubborn. Whenever the knee came up, the stomach was right there to meet it. Upon his face was a grim look—a kind of Joe Grim look. To understand better what I mean by this reference kindly consult the published ring record of Mr. Grim. His eyes bugged out to quite a perceptible extent and his cheeks were violently distended. Probably lights danced before his eyes and he was endeavoring to blow them out; such fancies do come to one under certain conditions. He was the color of an Italian sunset—all except his face, which suggested ripe eggplants. And he was having a perfectly corking time—I could tell that by his expression.

In a corner near by another corpulent gentleman was taking a boxing lesson from an assistant instructor. I assume he was paying for it. If so he was getting his money's worth beyond doubt. The instructor would tell him to guard his jaw, and when the stout gentleman had done so, then the instructor would strike him with great violence amidships. At this the pupil would lower his guard to protect his body, and the instructor would take advantage of the opportunity to biff him genially in the face. Mainly, though, the instructor confined his attentions to the student's face, because, owing to the latter's prevalent style of architecture, the only way, really, to avoid striking him below the belt was to aim for his face. The old gentleman's intentions were good, but his system of protection was faulty, it seemed to me. He never seemed to have his gloves where a blow was about to land although he always had them there the instant after it had landed. He, too, as was plainly to be seen, was enjoying himself tremendously. Every time the instructor hit him you could hear his short, glad cries or gasps of joy.

Becoming an Expert Panter

At the far end of the hall a group of gentlemen were tossing the medicine ball from one to another, sometimes catching it in their hands, sometimes between the eyes or in the pit of the stomach or on the point of the jaw. They were almost beside themselves with enthusiasm over this pleasant sport. Indeed, considering any one of them in a profile view, you would have said he was beside himself to the extent of from one-half, in some instances, to two-thirds in others. Still others were working at the pulley lifts and the rowing machines and the stationary bicycles—no, not working, playing. But if you didn't know it was play you might have been pardoned for thinking it was work. Presently a signal sounded and a number of those present left off whatever they were doing and, trooping to the center of the floor, formed a class and went through what are called setting-up exercises. But I think this is a misnomer, because I noticed that as soon as they were through most of them manifested an inclination to lie down. They weren't particular where they lay down either. Any spot where some fellow member of the class was not lying down seemed to suit. They went through the exercise to piano music, keeping time with the air, which was a lively little thing. It occurred to me that a stately, sonorous, measured air—say the Dead March from Saul—would have given better satisfaction among the members of the class; but of course, being the merest novice, I did not suggest it.

For the moment I was chiefly concerned with mapping out my own course of conduct. Right off I decided to seek, as it were, the point of least resistance, and to do the easiest things. Running looked easy. I remembered that when a small boy I used to run about freely. It wasn't possible that I had forgotten how. Moreover, running was one of the things the physical instructor had just recommended to me. He said it would improve my wind. As a person who occasionally indulges in an after-dinner speech I felt that I should lose no opportunity of improving my wind. So I began circling the running track, my intention being to reel off some thirty or forty laps. Pretty soon I saw that forty laps, or even thirty, would be too many for a beginner—oh, far too many! So I decided to cut the distance down to ten or fifteen laps for the first day or so. Soon after that I saw my way clear to reducing the total to five laps. But undoubtedly I improved my wind. I improved it to a degree where it was plainly audible all over the place. Many of my fellow athletes quit what they were doing and gathered along the track. I thought at first they had come to watch me run, but I ascertained later that they were interested in hearing me pant. I do not wish to boast of my own accomplishments, but I will bet any reasonable amount that I am the best panter in the state. There may be better runners than I am, but as a panter I acknowledge no superiors. One old gentleman came right up and openly congratulated me. He said I was the only person he ever saw who panted with an echo. He said I ought to give panting lessons.

After finishing the fourth or fifth lap I sat down, still expertly panting, to give my breath, which I had left some distance behind me, an opportunity to catch up. Then I tried tossing the medicine ball jauntily about. At least the first toss was accomplished in a jaunty manner. The main

"A miss is as bad as a mile." Your shell might as well be a week slow as a tiny fraction of a second slow when you're after a zig-zagging snipe or a scared duck.

A sensitive primer that is always uniform—not a mixture of heavy fulminate of mercury and light ground glass, but a strictly chemically combined non-mercuric primer, is what makes The Black Shells different. No glass to absorb the heat and cool the flame—or to grit the *barrel*.

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With The Black Shells you must learn to "hold on" your game closer than you are accustomed to—certainly you must not lead too much—the more you lead the more uncertain your shot. Between pulling the trigger and the discharge there is positively no time lost.

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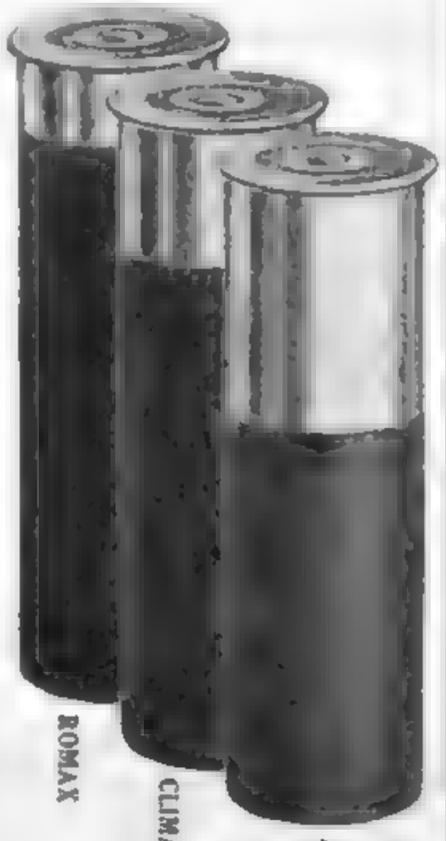
There's a great satisfaction, too, in shooting shells which you know are made as good as The Black Shells.



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There are three types of The Black Shells: Romax for black powder; Climax and Ajax for smokeless. All are loaded with the celebrated Tatham shot.

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For ten years the Truffault Hartford Shock Absorber has been the mutual choice of motorists who give us their endorsement of quality, safety and economy the study it deserves. Its standard device has "made good" by making Every Road a Boulevard, and today a quarter million motorists enjoy constant comfort through its use.

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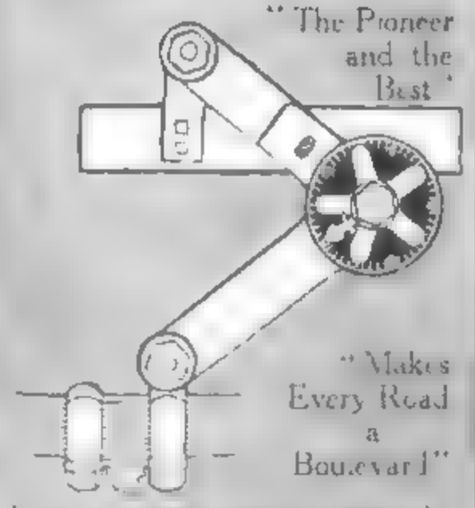

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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-55, CHICAGO

trouble with a medicine ball is that it starts out by weighing six or eight or ten pounds or some such matter, and doubles in weight after every toss, until at the end of five minutes it weighs at a conservative estimate three-quarters of a ton. I was afraid I might drop it and that it would go through the floor and dash out the brains of some perfectly innocent person downstairs. And, besides, it had grown too heavy to be lifted by any power short of a block and tackle.

Next I experimented with the pulley weight. The pulley weight is indeed a wonderful contrivance. By its use you speedily develop muscles you didn't dream you possessed. The only drawback is that they are such painful muscles. Personally I see but little benefit to be derived from developing muscles if they are going to hurt so.

From the pulley weights I progressed to the stationary bicycle, but almost immediately a darting sensation in the calves of the legs warned me that I was overdoing it. I recalled what the instructor had said about taking things easy, so I found a padded mat in a corner and took things easy. Then followed the trip to the steam room and the swimming pool, both of these conveniences being located in the basement. The steam room was one of the facilities which the Spanish Inquisitioners overlooked. To that extent their torture chambers were incomplete. Briefly, a steam room is a glass-walled chamber lined on two sides with steam pipes and full of hot air and stout gentlemen in the act of kettle-rendering themselves. Its main purpose is to open your pores. And it does. It opens your pores until you feel like a statue of a Greek god modeled out of honeycomb tripe. This may be fine for the pores, but it is very wearing upon the man behind the pores. After spending some twenty minutes in the steam room I was able for the first time in my life to sympathize with smothered chicken, Southern style. A smothered chicken may taste pretty good, but it feels like the devil.

From the steam room I repaired to the shower bath, where by applications of streams of cold water I closed up sufficient pores to keep me from feeling drafty all over. Then I entered the section set apart for the swimming pool. Here was plainly the favorite gathering place of the younger men who patronized the gymnasium. Even undressed as they were I recognized their type instantly. They were the kind of young men who are so numerously encountered at summer hotels and on board ocean liners. In your own travels you must have met many such. The typical specimen likes to wear white trousers and bulldog shoes, and when walking round a deck or a hotel porch he makes a noise like a runaway horse, and when two or more of his sort are gathered together they delight to congregate at night beneath the bedroom windows of people who are trying to fall asleep, there to sing their college glees and roundelays without number. And from Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party they are Seeing Nellie H-o-o-o-m-e until 1:30 A. M.

Fat Man Overboard!

The philosophic party meant well who first figured out that Wine, Woman and Song had wrecked the happiness of so many; but he arranged his combination in the wrong order. He should have mentioned Song first. And he would have done it too—I'm quite satisfied of that—if he had ever crossed the trail of any of these boys.

Surely you have met them. If it were not for them and the mosquitoes more people would patronize summer resorts.

Quite a representative number of these young men were assembled in the swimming pool at the moment I entered.

I was maneuvering along the edge of the pool, reflecting that the water looked very chilly, when one accidentally bumped into me—at least I suppose it was done accidentally. Tottering upon the verge I lost my balance and went over. From the confused recollection of the next few moments two things, which occurred in almost instantaneous succession, stand out in my mind: I went *glug* and I went down! The pool, as it happened, was quite deep at this point, and owing to a confusion on my part as to the direction which one should take in returning to the surface, it was perhaps half a minute before I got back there. Incidentally I swallowed a considerable quantity of water. It appears that my mouth must have been open at the moment of my entering the pool, and owing to my neglect in failing to close it promptly I shipped much water. I find that the water of a bathing pool is not especially well adapted for drinking.

Upon emerging from the pool an assistant, who had evidently been lying in wait with that very intent, intercepted me and lured me into a side room on the pretext that I ought to have a rubdown.

The process of being rubbed down proved so very unusual that I feel I may be pardoned for describing it here in some detail. A sturdy and determined youth who should have been moving pianos instead of wasting his strength upon mere human beings seized me and stretched me upon a simple and undraped divan done in the natural wood, where, owing to my state of undress, I felt a good deal like an oyster on the half shell. However, I had but little time for indulging in such quaint introspections as this, because the operator, after anointing me all over with alcohol, suddenly began slapping me in a vindictive and unwarranted manner. When I was just about to ignite from friction he, abruptly changing his tactics, shut his eyes, held his breath and dived headfirst into my stomach up to his hips. After a time he came up to breathe, clutching fast in his sinewy grasp several of my most important vital organs, including, I think, my liver, my lungs, my lights and a considerable portion of the lining of my abdomen. For a moment I feared, as he backed off from me, that he was going to run away with these things and hide them somewhere; but no, such was not his purpose. Holding them up at arm's length he let them snap back into place, repeating this operation several times until I was entirely rearranged inside. Nothing was where it had been before, I was sure of that. The process may have been healthful and stimulating, but it must have been highly confusing to the organs themselves. Having greased me with cacao butter the youth finally released me and I tottered away to find my clothes and escape.

Letting Well Enough Alone

To make a long story short, this first day's experience was, with variations, the experience of succeeding days. None may say I did not give the system a thorough test. I persisted in it for upward of a whole week before I reached the deliberate conclusion that it was a failure. I may safely say that this was one of the longest weeks in the history of this planet. By Saturday I had reduced nearly a quarter of an inch. It was on Saturday that I arrived at the conviction that the system was unsuited to my needs. I took counsel with myself.

"Here! Let us arbitrate this matter," I said to myself. "By carefully ignoring all the rules of health, as set down in the books; by eating and smoking inordinately; by keeping all sorts of hours; by never taking any exercise, except occasionally to knock wood, I have ever enjoyed the most magnificent and unbridled health. In fact, if I may say it myself, I have been vulgarly healthful. But not content to let well enough alone, I go and embark upon this hazardous enterprise of gymnasium work. I devote to it many precious, golden hours which otherwise might be given over to social relaxation or gainful pursuits in the marts of trade. And what, I ask you, is the result? The result is that I am sore as a boil from head to foot. I cannot sit down or stand up or roll over without the most intense suffering. I have found a lot of muscles I didn't know I had, and the regret on this score is now mutual. The muscles are sore at being disturbed and I am sore at having disturbed them. After years of peaceful inactivity they resent this intrusion upon their privacy, and I can hardly blame them.

"If I keep this thing up for a month I shall be one inch smaller in the waist—and I shall also be a nervous wreck. If I keep it up six months I shall be six inches smaller in the waist, but the only person who will derive any real satisfaction from that will be the undertaker, because I shall then be dead. And all this I am enduring to gratify a group of persons who, at best, have but an outside interest in the matter. With them it is a platonic, an altruistic sentiment; but with me it is acutely personal. I am the one who is undergoing the suffering. Shall I be intimidated by their opinions? No, a thousand times no! Let Nature take its course."

And from that moment Nature did.

Hercules? Huh! Hercules should have tried putting on a little hair and taking off a little stomach. Personally I regard Hercules as a piker.

Lower Engine Prices

Compare my new low prices, horse-power for horse-power, with prices quoted by anyone else and see **how much you can save by buying a WITTE.** All my life I have done nothing but make engines. My factory is the only one which, starting in the engine business 27 years ago, has come through successfully under the management of the same man who started it and built your own first engine. Only [illegible] has made this possible. I take special pride in the fact that my business has been already built up through the recommendation of my old user-customers.

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The rapid growth of my business has made it necessary [illegible] to double the capacity of my already large plant. This, together with the fact that I have had, for years, manufacturing advantages including free gas from [illegible] and other special [illegible] enable me to reduce WITTE engine prices another notch. But I want you to judge my engine by its quality, and not alone by its low price.

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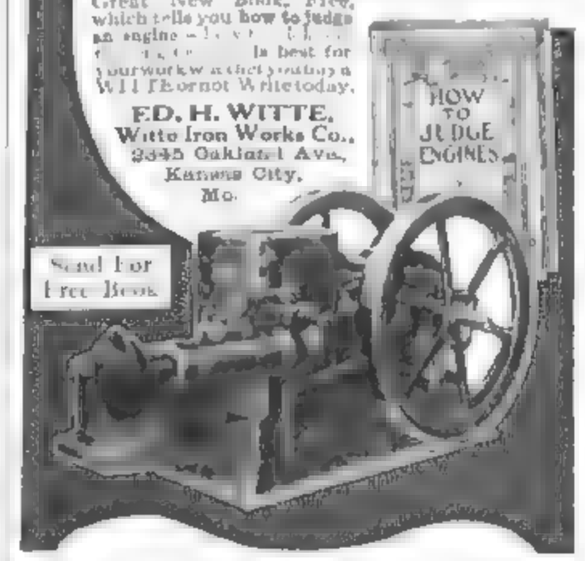

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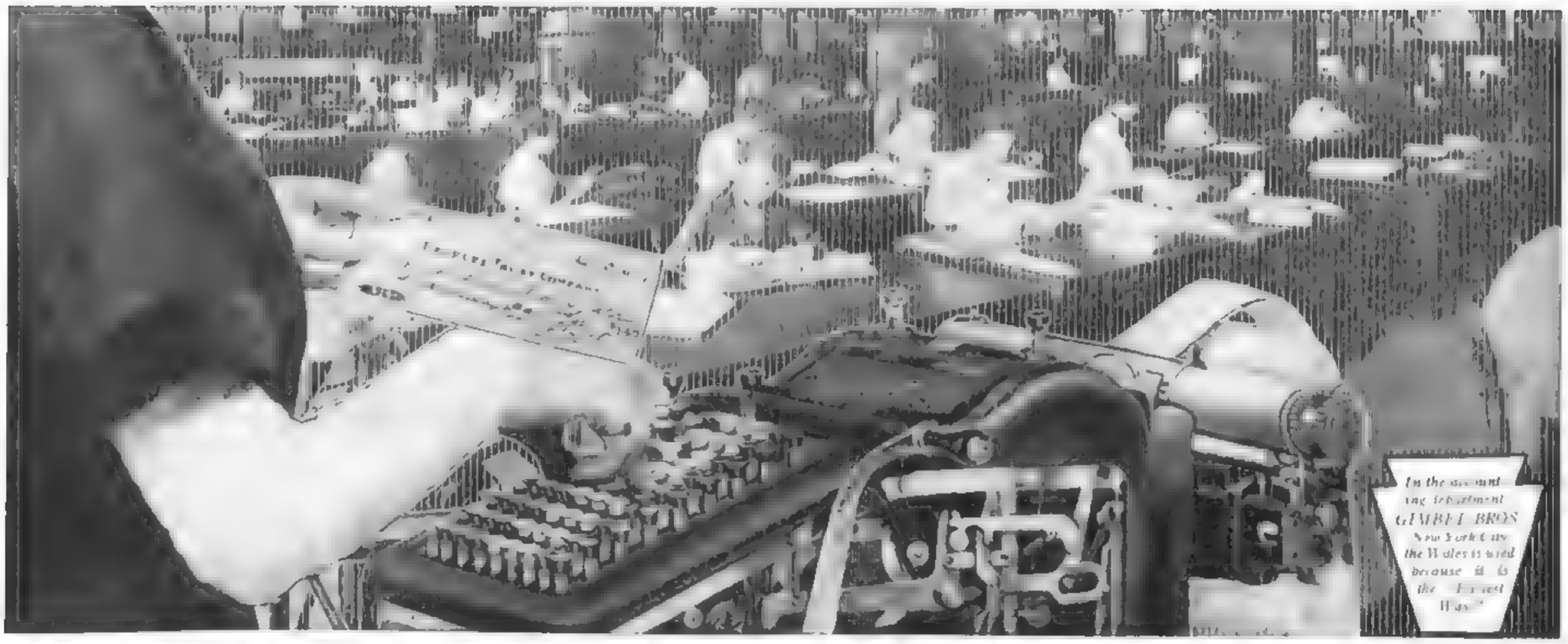

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It asks no share in your profits, but—

It will lighten your work—eliminate worry—and increase your personal efficiency.

It will save you money—prevent mistakes—banish drudgery for your bookkeepers—by providing endless economies and safeguards in every branch of your bookkeeping work.

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It will cut the cost of doing business—give you better control of your business—and help you make the most of the nine hundred million bushel wheat crop and the prosperity our farmer friends are passing on to us.

It will help you do a bigger fall business!

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The Wales provides a simpler, easier way to extend and check invoices received and rendered,—a surer, shorter method of auditing, recapping and summarizing sales tickets and daily sales—a safer, quicker and more satisfactory method of handling pay-rolls and time-records, customer's statements, deposit slips, general recaps and summaries, trial balances, inventories, fiscal statements and, in fact, every conceivable bookkeeping and accounting process.

It is versatile—adaptable—convenient—easy to operate—sure.

It lists, tabulates, adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, cross foots, performs every commercial computation

It will pay for itself over and over again in many ways and in many places in your business.

If your business requires special accounting operations there is a special Wales model built to perform those special operations.

It is the machine that you ought to know about investigate try out NOW and the coupons below make it easy for you to do so.

MANUFACTURERS!

Inventory time is not far off. Why not arrange now for a *free trial* of the Wales *in your own office during inventory taking?* It costs you nothing and the Wales Way Bureau will be glad to suggest a simple, practical method for using it that will eliminate nine-tenths of the bother and all of the possibilities for error.

Simply write on your own business letterhead or use coupon below.

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have recently been collected by the

Wales Way Bureau

showing the uses and relative economies of the Wales in these and other lines of business. Send for one or more of these coupon at left.

How the WALES lightens the manager's burden

The Wales makes it possible to get an accurate, boiled-down summary of today's business—and to map out *tomorrow's* plans for buying and selling—in time to go home and play with the babies!

It makes it *easy* for a merchant to know what lines are moving, what departments are most active and what each clerk is selling—not approximately or by estimate—but accurately and absolutely. It makes it easy for both merchant and manufacturer to know what each detail of business is costing—to detect losses before they grow large and menacing—to save and economize wisely. It makes it easy for a manager to get his vital facts *daily*—and to classify, tabulate and arrange these facts for more and more scientific buying, selling and cost cutting in *the future*.

By bringing the myriad details of your business into order and proper perspective with little effort on your part—it leaves you mentally free to deal with the larger and more profitable aspects of your business.

It places your business more securely in your grasp.

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Our Wales Way Bureau has recently been investigating the time and labor saving methods employed by representative concerns in purchasing and handling stocks of goods, handling and reorganizing sales forces and other preparations for fall and winter selling. The improved facilities for checking invoices of purchases and shipments and for analyzing current and past sales records, made possible by the Wales, was the object of the inquiry, but the information secured is of the utmost practical value to any merchant whether the Wales is used or not.

These timely data will be sent free to any responsible business executive in the form of booklet, bulletin or special report—who will attach one of the coupons below to his letterhead.

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Check which to send here. ( ) Wales Way Bulletins of Special Interest to you. ( ) Special report explaining the applications of the WALES to your particular business.

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Write your name here _____

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Howard E. Coffin Says:

"This new HUDSON Six-40 fulfills all my ambitions. In little and big things—in type and detail—it is my conception of the ideal car. And the 47 experts who have worked for four years on this exquisite model with me, all concur in this opinion."

That's Our Answer

That's our answer to all conflicting views. We must expect them in this hard-fought field.

Howard E. Coffin has led for years in motor car designing. He has pioneered the most important motor car advances. If there is in designing one final authority, Mr. Coffin is that man.

But he never works alone. Forty-seven engineers on the HUDSON corps have worked with him four years on this model. This is their composite idea of the apex in car building.

Then last year's model—much like this—went into thousands of hands. It met every test which a car must meet, without bringing out a fault or shortcoming.

Any owner of a HUDSON Six-40 will say with Mr. Coffin, "This is my ideal car."

Apex Features

The Six, in our opinion, is the apex type. It means continuous power, persistent torque. And that we consider the ultimate.

This new-type motor—small bore and long stroke—seems to bring operative cost to the minimum. It has saved about 30 per cent.

In lightness, no sturdy car of this size and capacity can hope to far excel this. The Six-40 weight—2,890 pounds—is the record today in this class. Built in cruder ways—as cars used to be—this car would weigh 4,000 pounds.

In beauty and equipment, in comfort and convenience, it is quite apparent that no man as yet sees a way to betterment.

In quality, the very lightness shows this car's supremacy. In price, our $1,550 is the lowest yet attained in a car of the HUDSON class.

Hundreds Shipped by Express

We trebled our output this year because of this car's popularity. But the demand for this new model swamped us. In August, every HUDSON dealer outsold his allotment.

To cope with this call, 45 per cent of our shipments so far have gone out by express. We have shipped solid trainloads by express to save delay for buyers. That is unprecedented in the automobile line.

For September, we increased our planned output one-third. Today you can get prompt delivery. We still ship by express, when necessary, rather than keep men waiting.

Go see this car. All things considered, it's the finest example of the new-day car you will find in any showroom now.

Hudson dealers are everywhere.
New catalog on request.

Hudson Six-40 Limousine, $2,550

HUDSON Six-40

$1,550 This Year

- A perfect streamline body.
- Disappearing tonneau seats.
- Invisible hinges.
- Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
- "One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
- Gasoline tank in dash. Tires carried ahead of front door.
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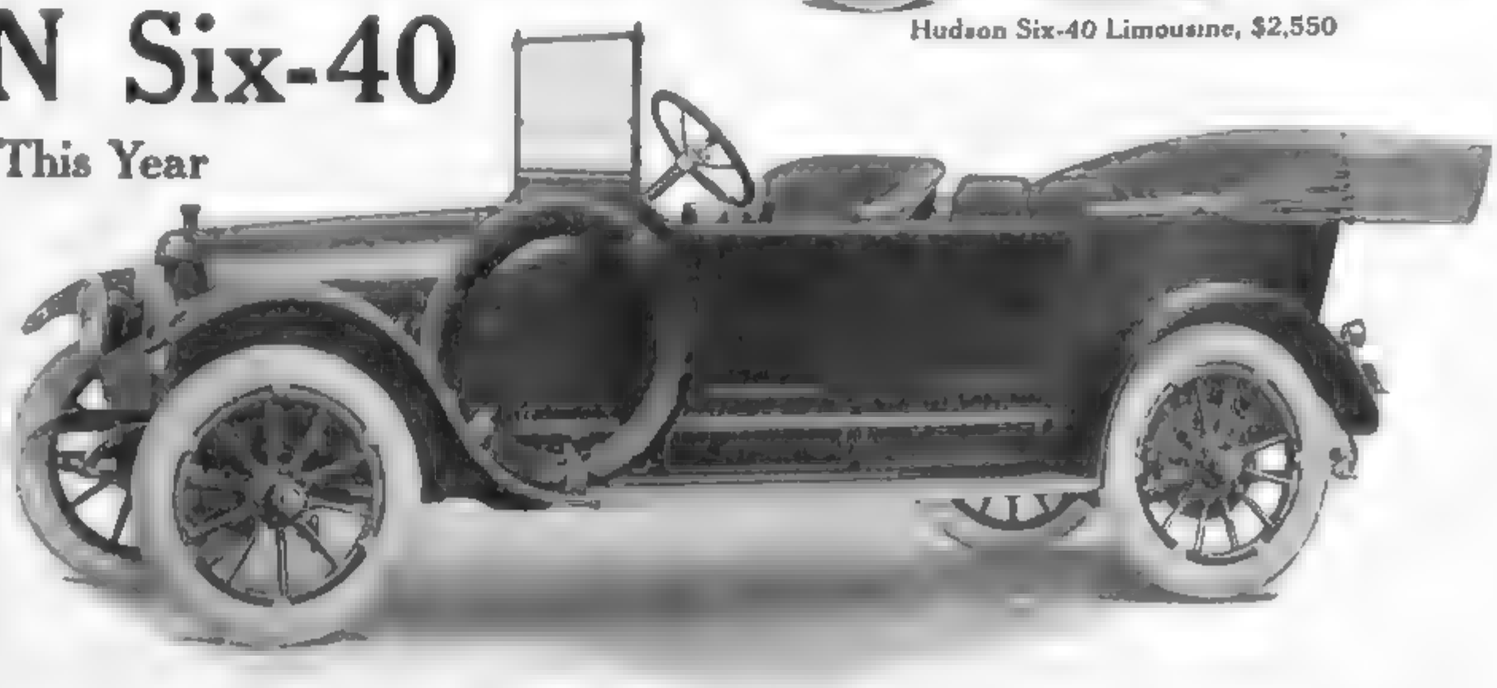

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1,550. 3-Passenger Roadster, $1,550. 3-Passenger Cabriolet, $1,750.
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Canadian Prices—Phaeton and Roadster, $2,100, f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8189 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

(Continued from Page 23)

guessed much more. And now as she looked quickly to Koehler she saw that more complete comprehension was coming to him; and McNeal, slower witted but with quicker feelings, was clenching his big hands at his sides.

"You mean you are ordering the end of the search?" Margaret asked Latham.

"Do you believe there is any use in keeping it up?"

"A little longer at least," she said tremblingly.

"How far off is the freeze-up?" Latham asked McNeal.

"No one knows," the Scotchman said. "We may get ice to-morrow, if we get a calm and it's colder. It may be a month off if the winter's late."

"But probably?"

"Two weeks; some chance of three."

"Of open channels?"

"Or little ice."

Latham closed his lips tightly. "I thought so. With the channels as we found them going up, and no fog now, we can get back to Baffin Bay and Greenland with fair luck."

Margaret seized his sleeve. "But you aren't going to order it yet?"

"Of course I am. I should have done it weeks ago."

"Why?"

"The winter's coming."

"We—I'm prepared for it."

"If necessary, if anything goes wrong, or if there was any use in staying, I'd let you; but as it is I can't."

"You aren't thinking of me," she charged quickly

"Yes, I am."

For the instant both seemed to forget that others were watching them.

She recoiled from him. "Yes, I know you are, and I know how you're thinking of me," she gasped. "But you can't make me give up Eric yet."

Latham looked from her. "McNeal, do you believe Hedon's alive?" he inquired point-blank.

The Scotchman looked from one to the other and evaded. "I'd no say we'd not find him."

"But you have said so. I've heard you."

"You never heard me say that to you," the skipper charged.

"Then I overheard you. Koehler"—Latham turned—"will you say that Hedon's alive?"

"I'll say nothing about it," the doctor returned.

"But you have said something about it." Latham glanced to the others and turned back. "There's no use asking them in your presence what they think, Margaret," he said. "But they know what they believe, and I know it and so do you; and it's what you also believe. They're all weak enough before you to fill you with more hopes and keep you here through the winter night, but I'll not. McNeal, we start now full speed, without halt, to get to Greenland."

The Scotch skipper met his eyes fairly. "Do we?" he asked.

"I've said so. We do."

McNeal shot a glance at his mates. "Do we, Otto?" he referred. "Brunton? Michaelis? Do we?"

"What do you mean by asking them?" Latham demanded hotly.

"Aren't they men?" returned the skipper.

"But I pay them and I pay you." Latham lost control of himself as he was defied. "You do as I say."

"Do we?" repeated McNeal again. "Geoff Sherwood, do we?" He did not wait for the boy's reply. "We don't."

"You don't?"

"We don't give up Eric Hedon as long as any one wants to look for him." The Scotchman paused, and then, to anticipate the other's reply, went on: "With your pay or without it."

Latham, stiff in his struggle for restraint, stared about the party.

"What are you talking about? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Cut off our pay," the Scotchman defied. "Forget it. Do you suppose any man on this ship ever came into the Arctic for pay—but yourself?"

"What do you mean by that?" Latham advanced.

"You make it plain that you know." McNeal stood his ground. "Stop our pay that's running on in your mind, Price Latham. You've given us none of it. Charge it all back to yourself. But if Eric Hedon's alive we'll cheat you of your pay yet." And he looked at Margaret. Latham retreated.

"You—you won't obey?" he stammered.

"Hit on the head!" McNeal jeered. "You've guessed it."

Latham looked about to the rest. Koehler, quiet, calm, observant, moved a little nearer to McNeal; Brunton and Michaelis were more puzzled, but as Latham looked to them he saw that they too sided with the skipper. Geoff also had drawn away; he was beside his sister and holding her arm. Margaret alone of the five did not meet his eyes as Latham looked toward her. Latham stared at her an instant, then back to the others, and turned and walked away.

"This much more before you go," McNeal called to him commandingly, and Latham stopped: "Since I no longer do what you say, you're to do what I say, whatever it is. Understand that!"

Latham, without making reply, moved on and disappeared down the companionway to his cabin. The six left on the deck looked into each other's faces.

"Wasn't that right?" McNeal questioned directly of each of the others, and got the direct reply from each till he came to the girl. She gazed at him an instant as he questioned her, and then without answering at all turned away. She went down the companionway which led to her cabin as well as to that shared by Latham and her brother. The men looked after her; then Geoff, with an abrupt word to the rest, followed her.

He found when he came to her cabin that she had not gone in there. The door stood open. She had gone into his cabin, and he heard her voice and Latham's.

"I see," he heard Latham saying to her bitterly; "you counted on something like this. You couldn't lose. If you found him, all right—good-by to me. If you didn't find him—why, put me off again. You never meant to give him up."

"I don't give him up," Margaret's voice replied. "I don't know that I can ever give him up. In that, perhaps, you're right."

"I thought so."

"But wrong in this," her voice went on steadily. "I'll keep my word. I'll pay you."

"What?"

"My bargain with you was that we were to find Eric or proof that he was alive, or you could claim me. We've found what most people would say was proof that he must be dead; so I acknowledge your right now."

"Margaret!"

"You have carried out your agreement. You have made the search and we haven't found him. So I will keep my word. I'll marry you when we get home."

Geoff beat upon the door, then opened it and burst in.

"What's this, Margaret?" he cried.

His sister turned to him calmly. She extended her hand to Latham. He took it, gazing at her dazedly.

"Geoffie," she said to her brother, "I want you to witness this. I promised to marry this man if he carried out certain conditions which now are complete. I give him my word that, no matter what we find in any later search which is forced on him, I will marry him, according to our agreement, when we return home."

"I'll witness no such thing!" Geoff cried, and struck their hands apart. "So that was the way of it, was it?" he faced Latham.

The man made no reply.

"Price," Margaret said, "I think we now understand each other. You had my word before. I've acknowledged your conditions fulfilled."

She went out and shut the door. Geoff stood dumb in the cabin with Latham. A shout from above summoned him up:

"To the engine room, one of you! We're getting under way."

XII

THE course, as Geoff found when he returned to the deck, was being laid to the south; but this was only to search more shores. As Geoff moved among the men he was astonished to see how quickly outward expressions of hostility or antagonism against Latham had ceased. They found that Latham, for reasons which each man might guess for himself, made no

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longer a protest against the continuance of the search. Indeed, there was no open sign of change. McNeal always had been in command. Formerly it had been understood to be with Latham's approval; now it was known to be with his disapproval; that was all. And no reference was made to any trouble. In such a small party, confined closely in the little ship and facing an Arctic winter, every appearance of agreement must be maintained though agreement itself did not exist.

So McNeal took the Viborg down the shores of new Arctic lands. As the ship crossed a channel and sighted another cape the chart did not even pretend to know of this land. Though the coasts east and west and even those directly north of it were charted and described, here for two hundred miles only a dotted, hypothetical line on the map recorded the geographers' guess of the coast. Just ten days after McNeal's assuming full charge the Viborg reached that coast. For two days the wind had gone down; the sea was calm and the freeze-up beginning in earnest. Another day down this land and a tiny haven, land-locked except for one narrow entrance from the sea, promised the little Viborg the shelter required for winter quarters. The narrow entrance would block any great iceberg from entering and endangering the ship; the harbor's basin was small but deep. New ice already lay about the edge of it. McNeal, driving the Viborg crashing into this ice, brought his ship into a good position in ten fathoms of water a hundred yards from the shore. There he anchored.

As soon as he was satisfied with his position he stepped overboard on to the ice and led half his company for a sight of the shore. The temperatures now were below freezing for the twenty-four hours; the sun scarcely showed above the horizon at noon. Every one in the party had tried on his skin clothing bought from the Greenland Eskimos; but the weather so far permitted their wearing the woolen clothes of civilization.

Margaret still wore a woolen blouse and trousers and her wool-lined leather shoes and cap and ulster. Geoff and Latham likewise still were clothed as for a winter tramp through the Maine woods. McNeal and Koehler had changed only partly to Arctic costume; but this day, as they stood on the shore in the drifting snow and looked over the long, endless reaches of barren, drift-streaked rock and the freezing sea edging it, most of them shivered.

"I make this the northeast coast of Victoria Land," McNeal announced as they stood on the shore. "The whole of Victoria Land is a good deal bigger than Britain; and it's all Arctic, with the bulk of it lying below us. I think this coast runs down to Coronation Gulf, which cuts off the south end of this land from the continent. I make our present position about four hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. This land's so big that if Hedon got south of where we've been looking he'd have brought up here. He knew, of course, that some of Amundsen's men in 1904, when they were making the Northwest Passage found Eskimos a couple of hundred miles below here. He knew Stefansson crossed the southwest end of the island and found more Eskimos; also shot caribou and saw big herds coming from the north. If the beasts have been about here they're moving out now; so if we want fresh meat we can't get after them too quick."

"It's like this farther south?" Latham inquired.

The skipper stooped and pulled some moss from under the snow. It was similar to that which they had seen on Mason Island and other shores which they had searched for cairns.

"There's your turf, underbrush and forests of Victoria Land," McNeal said. "That's about all you'll find from one end of this land to the other. That's what the caribou feed on. No one's been about here to tell us much of the scenery, but probably it's more mountainous toward the interior."

Margaret had been paying only scant attention. The words about Hedon had sent her into an abstraction. "Whoever hunts will remember to look for cairns," she said after a moment.

"Yes," said Koehler. "Two of us should hunt in one direction to-morrow morning, two in another."

"I'm on," offered Geoff.

"I," nodded Latham.

Koehler and McNeal consulted. In case of any accident to the ship while in winter quarters they were to establish a station on the shore. As they were planning the place Margaret moved off. Latham hesitated and then followed her.

Geoff watched them for a few moments as they walked together. They talked at times and then went on in silence. The sight of them together now and their accepted companionship disturbed Geoff in a more positive way than ever before. Of course his sister and Latham had been thrown into much close contact on the ship; but that had seemed forced, inevitable. Their being together on shore meant more; it meant that though Margaret might choose to avoid him Latham now was claiming her companionship as a right—as he later would claim her as his wife. Geoff was unable merely to watch them longer; he hurried to join his sister.

Almost immediately Latham left, and brother and sister walked up and down together. The snowstorm had ceased, and only light powder from the drifts blew up and whirled into their faces as the wind circled capriciously.

They went on without speaking over the rocky barrens, which undulated a little so that now and then the two sank out of sight of the others on the shore and out of sight also of the ship. The short Arctic day was almost done; the light was gray and nowhere was there any color. The land had none, being black where the wind had blown off the snow; the rest was white. The sea was the cruel gray of ice, and there was no color in the sky. The clothes of both man and girl were gray or dark.

"Look at me, Meg," Geoff said suddenly. His sister turned. "If it wasn't for your eyes and your lips," he said gallantly, "I'd say I'd gone color-blind. But they're blue as ever, and red."

She smiled with pleasure, but her blue eyes looked quickly away. "Thank you, Geoffie," she said. "But don't again, at least just now. That's the kind of thing Eric used to say to me sometimes."

"And Price doesn't?"

"No," she replied. "No, not that kind." She stopped and stood a moment, looking about.

"What are you thinking of?" he demanded.

"Eric."

"Of course. But what about him?"

"Of his reaching this coast at last and finding this land, this terrible, bare shore, a goal to struggle toward and spend all his strength to gain. Think of him coming here alone, without a ship or companions, perhaps not even with his dogs. And if he got here alone he was alone all the way from Mason Land."

Geoff said nothing for a moment. Then: "You love him, don't you?"

"Love him!" Margaret drew in a breath and could not speak more.

"Then if we find him you won't keep that bargain with Price?"

"Geoff, I made it."

He knew her, and knew that was her answer.

"But Price won't hold you to it," he tried to persuade himself rather than her.

His sister seized his sleeve suddenly. "Geoff, don't make anything harder for me."

"You mean he'll hold you?"

"Geoff, you've seen how hard this sort of life, what he's had to do, has been for him. Do you think the passion that would drive him to that will allow him to let me off? Why, sometimes I've thought if we found Eric at Mason Land he wouldn't let me go."

Geoff stamped his foot. "Meg, how could you have done it?"

"I'd do it again," she cried.

"But ——"

"Geoff, before we started didn't you know that I must have made some such bargain?"

"Yes; but then I thought it was all right if he got you and ——"

"Oh, brother, I'm not blaming you in any way. I promised what I did to get what I got. I've had it now and I'll pay for it. Let's not talk about it any more."

"But if we should find Eric now?" Geoff persisted.

"Come, let's run!" She sprang suddenly ahead of him, and he followed her up a little slope to a height which let them look south over miles of bare, low-lying land. They gazed up and down over the barren rocks. Nothing was in sight but the bare basalt, the snow and the ice of the sea.

"If caribou ever come into this country," Geoff said grimly, as he stared about, "certainly any sensible animal must be

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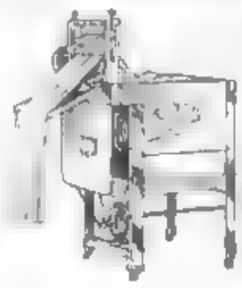

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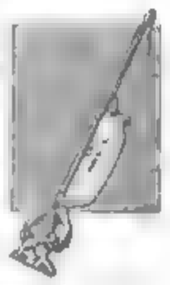

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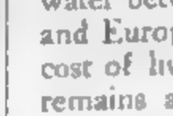

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getting out of here now. If we're going to hunt 'em, McNeal is right—we can't get after them too soon."

"What was that sound?" his sister asked.

Geoff spun round and saw half a dozen dark spots running wildly about. "Oh, the dogs. Brunton's brought them ashore. They don't seem to have any quarrel with the land, do they?"

"Good fellows!" Margaret patted those that ran to her. "Good old fellows!"

"That must give you some relief—to get them off the ship, Meg," Geoff said as they turned back.

"Why, I haven't been thinking about that," she said, almost with surprise. They went on nearer to the ship.

"What are they doing there?"

A couple of men were coming ashore, tugging at something.

"Oh, a light anchor," Geoff made it out.

The men brought it ashore and made it fast there; then one ran a heavy line from the middle of the mast to the anchor, and it was braced and pulled taut. A pulley block ran on the line and carried casks and boxes for the station on shore and then was drawn back for another load.

Geoff came up to help.

"I'd rather you got to putting the engine room and stores in shape," McNeal directed him. "I've just sent Latham to work there." His tone hinted that there had been trouble.

Geoff went out to the ship and down into the engine room. Latham was not there, so Geoff set to work himself. He heard McNeal come aboard, and later some sort of quarrel on the deck. Listening, he learned that it was between Latham and McNeal, and the skipper won it. Latham, half flung by McNeal, descended the steps into the engine room.

Geoff bent close to his work and pretended that he had noticed nothing; but Latham knew. Now and then, as other business brought McNeal to the ship, he looked into the engine room. With work to do, it was not so hard for Geoff to be with Latham as it was later when they were in the cabin. The thermometer had taken a sudden drop and it was clammy as well as sharply cold.

"It's the confounded lunacy of this whole business that gets on my nerves," Latham broke out. He opened a drawer under his bunk and took out a revolver.

"What's that for?" Geoff asked, as he watched from the upper bunk.

"I'll give McNeal one more warning; then if he tries anything on me again I'll give him his," Latham threatened.

"No, you won't," said Geoff.

"Why not?"

"McNeal's right and you know it."

"Right?"

"Some one's got to be in command; the rest have to obey him."

Latham made no effort to discuss the right of McNeal to direct. "I won't be run like the cabin boy of a whaler."

"You won't have to if you do your part."

"You mean I haven't been doing it, damn you!" Latham burst out.

"Exactly!" said Geoff, and dropped down in his bunk, listening without rejoinder to the rest of Latham's remarks. At last the man threw himself into his bunk and put out the lantern.

Geoff, as on the night after his sister had declared herself before him, was unable to sleep in spite of his exhaustion. He lay awake with the ship now still and motionless, already firmly locked in ice.

The rigging and gear above creaked and hummed in the wind, and he could sense, or imagine that he sensed, the snow drifting up against the ship's side over the ice. Otherwise there was silence through the little vessel.

The cessation of action, of movement, brought to him more keenly than before the utter isolation of these seven men and one woman in the wastes of the North. For a moment fear, fear that made him shudder and clasp his covers with his hands, conquered him, and he realized the terror of trouble between members of this little company, so few and so weak even if united and in harmony.

And trouble already more than threatened. Since the mutiny there was no way except for McNeal to be in control and for Latham to obey. McNeal's manner toward Latham was caused, not so much by Latham's slowness to obey, but by the contempt which the Scotchman felt for him. Latham knew that; and that was the basis of the trouble.

So far they had met nothing like hardship in the sense that men who go into the North understand hardship. Their hunt of the next day, for which Latham had enlisted, would be only an autumn jaunt to an Arctic traveler. In addition, it had none of the worry of necessity for bringing in meat; for there was no real need of provisions for men or dogs. Fresh meat now was desired only as a delicacy. The plan of the expedition of course counted upon securing a certain number of food animals—bear or seals, if not caribou, and perhaps a musk ox or two; but the securing of this food would not for many months become a life-and-death matter.

Suppose real difficulties and privations were to be endured? How would Latham act then? Price still took pains to hide his temper and to appear to what advantage he might before Margaret; but, as if he no longer needed Geoff's help, or recognized that his former ally had turned against him and defied Geoff to harm him with Margaret, Latham now had ceased to play a part before his cabin mate. But if Latham had forgotten how essential it was to keep up appearances in such a party, Geoff must remember.

He waited and listened till he heard Latham turn over as one awake and then he leaned over the edge of his bunk.

"Price," he called down quietly.

"What do you want?"

"I was a fool," Geoff apologized.

"I know it."

Geoff waited a moment to control himself and then forced it out: "Forgive me."

"Oh – all right."

Geoff turned back, less satisfied rather than more. His blood tingled hotly as he thought of this man having the power he now held over Margaret, and he, her brother, though she did not blame him, still was in some way to blame. He would never sleep if he thought of that, so he drove his mind back to reviewing the work he had been doing. An uncertainty came to him and he sat up.

"What's the matter now?" Latham asked sharply.

"I say, did you look over the rest of the tanks in the hold?"

After Latham had almost finished his work, McNeal had told him to empty gasoline from a leaking tank into a whole one; and later had directed that all the tanks which might have been damaged by moving about boxes in the hold be examined.

"I looked at them," Latham said, irritated at the recollection.

"All right?"

"Of course they were all right."

Geoff subsided and sank back, and after a while went to sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shooting Lights

TRAP shooting has now joined tennis as a feasible sport at night. At the last sportsman's show in New York clay-pigeon shooting was regularly indulged in every night on the roof of the exhibition hall. Carefully thought out lighting arrangements resulted in scores as good as those made by daylight.

A steel shield thirty-five feet high served as a backstop for the shot, and in front of this shield were placed footlights of electric lamps in a long reflector similar to that for stage footlights. Just in front of the trap house, from which the clay pigeons were tossed out, three powerful lights, with reflectors, were placed so that their beams would also cover the steel backstop.

Electric Hand Driers

THE electric hand drier is the latest substitute for the roller towel. With a blast of hot air it dries wet hands about as quickly as a towel can do its work. In appearance it is simply a box on a pedestal, with a foot lever at the floor. The wet hands are put in two holes at the top of the box and the foot pedal is pressed. This immediately starts an electric blower and also an electric heater to heat the air, so that hot air is blown over the hands.

As soon as the foot is taken from the pedal the machine stops its work. The amount of electricity used is slight; so the inventor claims that the cost of operation is less than the cost of paper towels. Such a machine would be used largely in hotel and other public washrooms—if the public accepts it at all.

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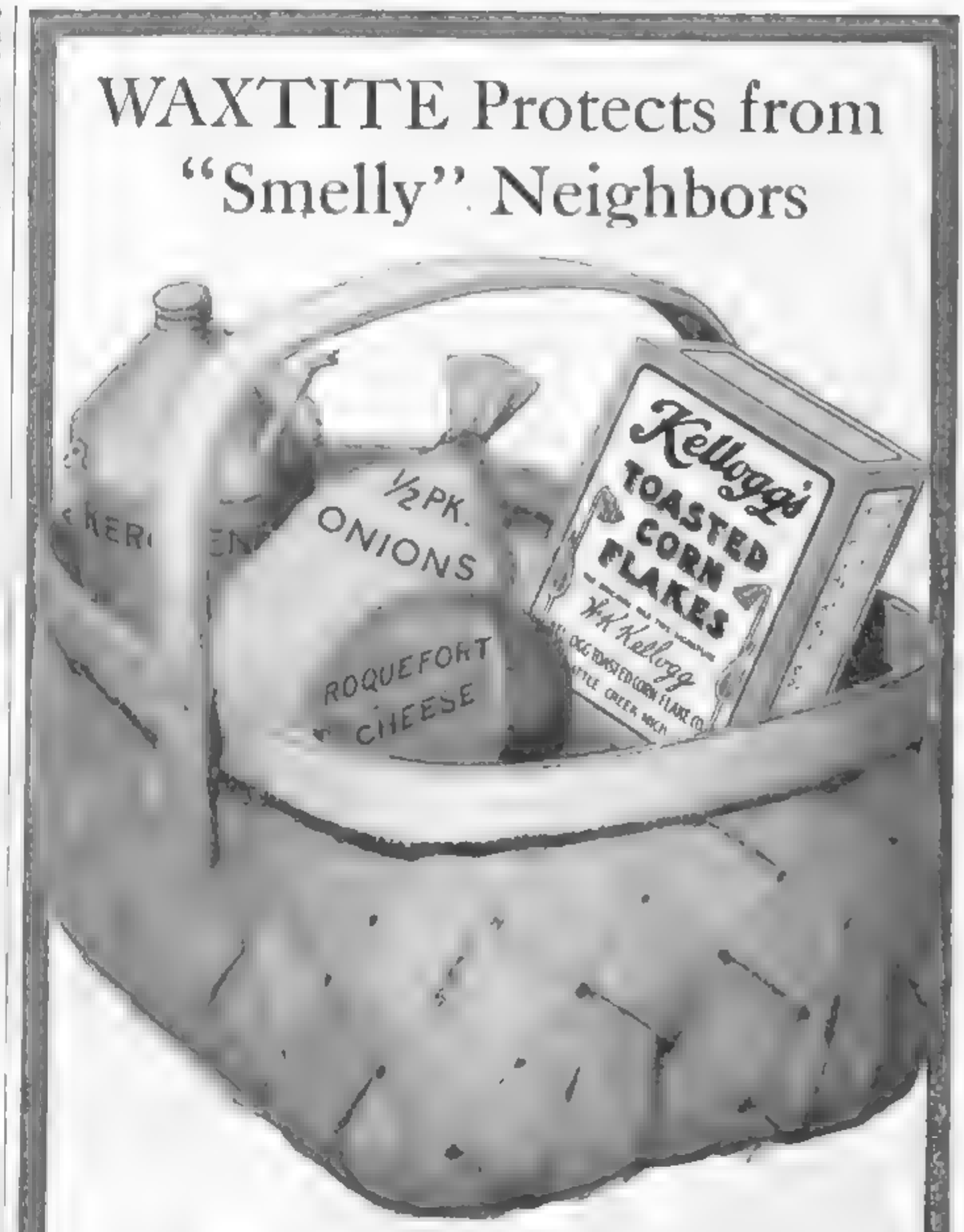

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A NEW BUSHER BREAKS IN

(Continued from Page 17)

laugh when I pulled that one on him. He says something back but it was not no hot comeback like mine.

Well Al if I had of had any work and my regular control I guess I would of pitched a 0 hit game because the only time they could touch me was when I had to ease up to get them over. Cobb was out of the game and they told me he was sick but I guess the truth is that he knowed I was going to pitch. Crawford got a couple of lucky scratch hits off of me because I got in the hole to him and had to let up. But the way that lucky left-handed Hill got by was something awful and if I was as lucky as him I would quit pitching and shoot craps or something.

Our club can't hit nothing anyway. But batting against this bird was just like hitting fungos. His curve ball broke about ½ a inch and you could of wrote your name and address on his fast one while it was comeing up there. He had good control but who would not when they put nothing on the ball?

Well Al we could not get started against the lucky stiff and they could not do nothing with me even if my suport was rotten and I give a couple or 3 or 4 bases on balls but when they was men waiting to score I zipped them threw there so as they could not see them let alone hit them. Every time I come to the bench between innings I looked up to where Violet was setting and give her a smile and she smiled back and once I seen her clapping her hands at me after I had made Moriarty pop up in the pinch.

Well we come along to the 10th inning, 0 and 0, and all of a sudden we got after him. Bodie hits one and Schalk gets 2 strikes and 2 balls and then singles. Callahan tells Alcock to bunt and he does it but Hill sprawls all over himself like the big boob he is and the bases is full with nobody down. Well Gleason and Callahan argude about should they send somebody up for me or let me go up there and I says Let me go up there because I can murder this bird and Callahan says Well they is nobody out so go up and take a wallop.

Honest Al if this guy had of had anything at all I would of hit 1 out of the park, but he did not have even a glove. And how can a man hit pitching which is not no pitching at all but just slopping them up? When I went up there I hollered to him and says Stick 1 over here now you yellow stiff. And he says Yes I can stick them over allright and that is where I got something on you.

Well Al I hit a foul off of him that would of been a fare ball and broke up the game if the wind had not of been against it. Then I swung and missed a curve that I don't see how I missed it. The next 1 was a yard outside and this Evans calls it a strike. He has had it in for me ever since last year when he tried to get funny with me and I says something back to him that stung him. So he calls this 3d strike on me and I felt like murdering him. But what is the use?

I throwed down my bat and come back to the bench and I was glad Callahan and Gleason was out on the coaching line or they probily would of said something to me and I would of cut loose and beat them up. Well Al Weaver and Blackburne looked like a couple of rums up there and we don't score where we ought to of had 3 or 4 runs with any kind of hitting.

I would of been all O. K. in spite of that peace of rotten luck if this big Hill had of walked to the bench and not said nothing like a real pitcher. But what does he do but wait out there till I start for the box and I says Get on to the bench you lucky stiff or do you want me to hand you something? He says I don't want nothing more of yourn. I allready got your girl and your goat.

Well Al what do you think of a man that would say a thing like that? And nobody but a left-hander could of. If I had of had a gun I would of killed him deader than a doornail or something. He starts for the bench and I hollered at him Wait till you get up to that plate and then I am going to bean you.

Honest Al I was so mad I could not see the plate or nothing. I don't even know who it was come up to bat 1st but whoever it was I hit him in the arm and he walks to first base. The next guy bunts and Chase tries to pull off 1 of them plays of hisn instead of playing safe and he don't get nobody. Well I kept getting madder and madder and I walks Stanage who if I had of been myself could not foul me.

Callahan has Scotty warming up and Gleason runs out from the bench and tells me I am threw but Callahan says Wait a minute he is going to let Hill hit and this big stiff ought to be able to get him out of the way and that will give Scotty a chance to get warm. Gleason says You better not take a chance because the big busher is hog-wild, and they kept argueing till I got sick of listening to them and I went back to the box and got ready to pitch. But when I seen this Hill up there I forgot all about the ball game and I cut loose at his bean.

Well Al my control was all O. K. this time and I catched him square on the four-head and he dropped like as if he had been shot. But pretty soon he gets up and gives me the laugh and runs to first base. I did not know the game was over till Weaver come up and pulled me off the field. But if I had not of been ½ starved to death and weak so as I could not put all my stuff on the ball you can bet that Hill never would of ran to first base and Violet would of been a widow and probily a lot better off than she is now. At that I never should ought to of tried to kill a left-hander by hitting him in the head.

Well Al they jumped all over me in the clubhouse and I had to hold myself back or I would of gave somebody the beating of their life. Callahan tells me I am fined $50.00 and suspended without no pay. I asked him What for and he says They would not be no use in telling you because you have not got no brains. I says Yes I have to got some brains and he says Yes but they is in your stumach. And then he says I wish we had of sent you to Milwaukee and I come back at him. I says I wish you had of.

Well Al I guess they is no chance of getting square treatment on this club and you won't be supprised if you hear of me jumping to the Federals where a man is treated like a man and not like no white slave.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, May 2.

AL: I have got to dissappoint you again Al. When I go up to get my pay yesterday they held out $150.00 on me. $50.00 of it is what I was fined for loosing a 1 to 0 10-inning game in Detroit when I was so weak that I should ought never to of been sent in there and the $100.00 is the advance money that I drawed last winter and which I had forgot all about and the club would of forgot about it to if they was not so tight-fisted.

So you see all I get for 2 weeks' pay is about $80.00 and I sent $25.00 to Florrie so she can't come no none-support business on me.

I am still suspended Al and not drawing no pay now and I got a notion to hire a attorney at law and force them to pay my salery or else jump to the Federals where a man gets good treatment.

Allen is still after me to come over to his flat some night and see his wife and let her talk to me about Florrie but what do I want to talk about Florrie for or talk about nothing to a nut left-hander's wife?

The Detroit Club is here and Cobb is playing because he knows I am suspended but I wish Callahan would call it off and let me work against them and I would certainly love to work against this Joe Hill again and I bet they would be a different story this time because I been getting something to eat since we been home and I got back most of my strenth.

Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, May 5.

FRIEND AL: Well Al if you been reading the papers you will know before this letter is received what I done. Before the Detroit Club come here Joe Hill had win 4 strate but he has not win no 5 strate or won't neither Al because I put a crimp in his winning streek just like I knowed I would do if I got a chance when I was feeling good and had all my strenth. Callahan asked me yesterday A. M. if I thought I had enough rest and I says Sure because I did not need no rest in the 1st place. Well, he says, I thought maybe if I layed you off a few days you would do some thinking and if you done some thinking once in a while you would be a better pitcher.

Well anyway I worked and I wish you could of saw them Tigers trying to hit me Cobb and Crawford incluseive. The 1st time Cobb come up Weaver catched a lucky line drive off of him and the next time I

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

eased up a little and Collins run back and took a fly ball off of the fence. But the other times he come up he looked like a sucker eccept when he come up in the 8th and then he beat out a bunt but allmost anybody is liable to do that once in a while.

Crawford got a scratch hit between Chase and Blackburne in the 2d inning and in the 4th he was gave a three-base hit by this Evans who should ought to be writeing for the papers instead of trying to umpire. The ball was 2 feet foul and I bet Crawford will tell you the same thing if you ask him. But what I done to this Hill was awful. I give him my curve twice when he was up there in the 3d and he missed it a foot. Then I come with my fast ball right past his nose and I bet if he had not of ducked it would of drove that big horn of hisn clear up in the press box where them rotten reporters sits and smokes their hops. Then when he was looking for another fast one I slopped up my slow one and he is still swinging at it yet.

But the best of it was that I practally won my own game. Bodie and Schalk was on when I come up in the 5th and Hill hollers to me and says I guess this is where I shoot one of them bean balls. I says Go ahead and shoot and if you hit me in the head and I ever find it out I will write and tell your wife what happened to you. You see what I was getting at Al. I was insinuateing that if he beaned me with his fast one I would not never know nothing about it if somebody did not tell me because his fast one is not fast enough to hurt nobody even if it should hit them in the head. So I says to him Go ahead and shoot and if you hit me in the head and I ever find it out I will write and tell your wife what happened to you. See, Al?

Of course you could not hire me to write to Violet but I did not mean that part of it in ernest. Well sure enough he shot at my bean and I ducked out of the way though if it had of hit me it could not of did no more than tickle. He takes 2 more shots and misses me and then Jennings hollers from the bench What are you doing pitching or trying to win a cigar? So then Hill sees what a monkey he is makeing out of himself and tries to get one over, but I have him 3 balls and nothing and what I done to that groover was a plenty. She went over Bush's head like a bullet and got between Cobb and Veach and goes clear to the fence. Bodie and Schalk scores and I would of scored to if anybody else besides Cobb had of been chaseing the ball. I got 2 bases and Weaver scores me with another wallop.

Say, I wish I could of heard what they said to that baby on the bench. Callahan was tickled to death and he says Maybe I will give you back that $50.00 if you keep that stuff up. I guess I will get that $50.00 back next pay day and if I do Al I will pay you the hole $75.00.

Well Al I beat them 5 to 4 and with good support I would of held them to 1 run but what do I care as long as I beat them? I wish though that Violet could of been there and saw it! Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, May 29.

OLD PAL: Well Al I have not wrote to you for a long while but it is not because I have forgot you and to show I have not forgot you I am incloseing the $75.00 which I owe you. It is a money order Al and you can get it cashed by takeing it to Joe Higgins at the P. O.

Since I wrote to you Al I been East with the club and I guess you know what I done in the East. The Athaletics did not have no right to win that 1 game off of me and I will get them when they come here the week after next. I beat Boston and just as good as beat New York twice because I beat them 1 game all alone and then saved the other for Eddie Cicotte in the 9th inning and shut out the Washington Club and would of did the same thing if Johnson had of been working against me instead of this left-handed stiff Boehling.

Speaking of left-handers Allen has been going rotten and I would not be supprised if they sent him to Milwaukee or Frisco or somewheres.

But I got bigger news than that for you Al. Florrie is back and we are liveing together in the spair room at Allen's flat so I hope they don't send him to Milwaukee or nowheres else because it is not costing us nothing for room rent and this is no more than right after the way the Allens grafted off of us all last winter.

I bet you will be supprised to know that I and Florrie has made it up and they is a secret about it Al which I can't tell you now but maybe next month I will tell you and then you will be more supprised than ever. It is about I and Florrie and somebody else. But that is all I can tell you now.

We got in this A. M. Al and when I got to my room they was a slip of paper there telling me to call up a phone number so I called it up and it was Allen's flat and Marie answered the phone. And when I reckonized her voice I was going to hang up the phone but she says Wait a minute somebody wants to talk with you. And then Florrie come to the phone and I was going to hang up the phone again when she pulled this secret on me that I was telling you about.

So it is all fixed up between us Al and I wish I could tell you the secret but that will come later. I have tooken my baggage over to Allen's and I am there now writeing to you while Florrie is asleep. And after a while I am going out and mail this letter and get a glass of beer because I think I have got 1 comeing now on account of this secret. Florrie says she is sorry for the way she treated me and she cried when she seen me. So what is the use of me being nasty Al? And let bygones be bygones.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 16.

FRIEND AL: Al I beat the Athaletics 2 to 1 to-day but I am writeing to you to give you the supprise of your life. Old pal I got a baby and he is a boy and we are going to name him Allen which Florrie thanks is after his uncle and aunt Allen but which is after you old pal. And she can call him Allen but I will call him Al because I don't never go back on my old pals. The baby was born over to the hospital and it is going to cost me a bunch of money but I should not worry. This is the secret I was going to tell you Al and I am the happyest man in the world and I bet you are most as tickled to death to hear about it as I am.

The baby was born just about the time I was makeing McInnis look like a sucker in the pinch but they did not tell me nothing about it till after the game and then they give me a phone messige in the clubhouse. I went right over there and everything was all O. K. Little Al is a homely little skate but I guess all babys is homely and don't have no looks till they get older and maybe he will look like Florrie or I and then I won't have no kick comeing.

Be sure and tell Bertha the good news and tell her everything has came out all right eccept that the rent man is still after me about that flat I had last winter. And I am still paying the old man $10.00 a month for that house you got for me and which has not never done me no good. But I should not worry about money when I got a real family. Do you get that Al, a real family?

Well Al I am too happy to do no more writeing to-night but I wanted you to be the 1st to get the news and I would of sent you a telegram only I did not want to scare you. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, July 2.

OLD PAL: Well old pal I just come back from St. Louis this A. M. and found things in pretty fare shape. Florrie and the baby is out to Allen's and we will stay there till I can find another place. The Dr. was out to look at the baby this A. M. and the baby was waveing his arm round in the air. And Florrie asked was they something the matter with him that he kept waveing his arm. And the Dr. says No he was just getting his exercise.

Well Al I noticed that he never waved his right arm but kept waveing his left arm and I asked the Dr. why was that. Then the Dr. says I guess he must be left-handed. That made me sore and I says I guess you doctors don't know it all. And then I turned round and beat it out of the room.

Well Al it would be just my luck to have him left-handed and Florrie should ought to of knew better than to name him after Allen. I am going to hire another Dr. and see what he has to say because they must be some way of fixing babys so as they won't be left-handed. And if nessary I will cut his left arm off of him. Of coarse I would not do that Al. But how would I feel if a boy of mine turned out like Allen and Joe Hill and some of them other nuts?

We have a game with St. Louis to-morrow and a double header on the 4th of July. I guess probily Callahan will work me in one of the 4th of July games on account of the holiday crowd. Your pal, JACK.

P. S. Maybe I should ought to leave my kid left-handed so as he can have some of their luck. The lucky stiffs.

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How can it be done?

We eliminate extravagant over-head expense. We are not a hastily organized concern that has been formed merely for the purpose of "taking a flyer" in the automobile business. A quarter of a century of manufacturing experience has taught us "how to produce and sell goods at lowest cost."

The ALLEN Model 34—$895—is the best bargain the man who wants an inexpensive automobile can find anywhere in the world. It meets every requirement of the man who wants a low priced car, which isn't cheaply made and does not *look* cheap—a car which is cheap only in the price you pay for it and in what it will cost to run it. Don't forget this—the ALLEN motor, with its long stroke—3⅝ x 5—not only means positive power, but it insures economy of operation through small gasoline and oil consumption.

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During 1914 our business increased more than one thousand per cent over the previous year. *ALLEN* cars were bought by people who had knowledge of automobile values. Conscious of the economy due to volume, we have enlarged our facilities, and we will during the ensuing season greatly increase our output. Our factories cover four city blocks. Every part we put into an automobile is carefully inspected and thoroughly tested before it is accepted.

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Write for catalog illustrating our six models of touring cars and roadsters, ranging in price from $875 to $1395. Be sure to get our interesting book just published—"Automobile Elimination"—it goes to the heart of automobile affairs. It will broaden your vision and enable you to judge the fundamental thing in purchasing *any* automobile.

Investigate the ALLEN before you buy; ride in it, examine it, compare it with other cars selling at much higher prices—that's all we ask.

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Brief specifications: five-passenger touring body with extra wide front and rear seats; Warner vacuum feed; ALLEN unit power plant, Warner transmission; Weston-Mott axles; 110 inch wheelbase; tires 33 x 4, and ignition; [illegible] "one-man" silk mohair top.

ALLEN 38—$1375

ALLEN 40—$1395

Brief specifications: roomy five-passenger touring car with streamline body, equipped with two removable auxiliary seats; ALLEN powerful motor 4½ x 5; unit power plant; Hess full floating rear axle with pressed steel housing; Warner transmission and steering gear, 118 inch wheelbase; 35 x 4 1-2 tires—[illegible] Lite starting and lighting, luxurious [illegible] leather, "one-man" [illegible] top.

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We have a surprisingly attractive proposition to make to you. Communicate with us at once. The ALLEN line of cars has proved a profitable line. Our six types—ALLEN 40 at $1395 ALLEN 38 (Roadster) at $1375—ALLEN 35 at $1095—ALLEN 35A (Roadster) at $1075—ALLEN 34 at $895 and ALLEN 33 (Roadster) at $875—constitute in style and price the cars that a vast majority of the people of this country *want.*

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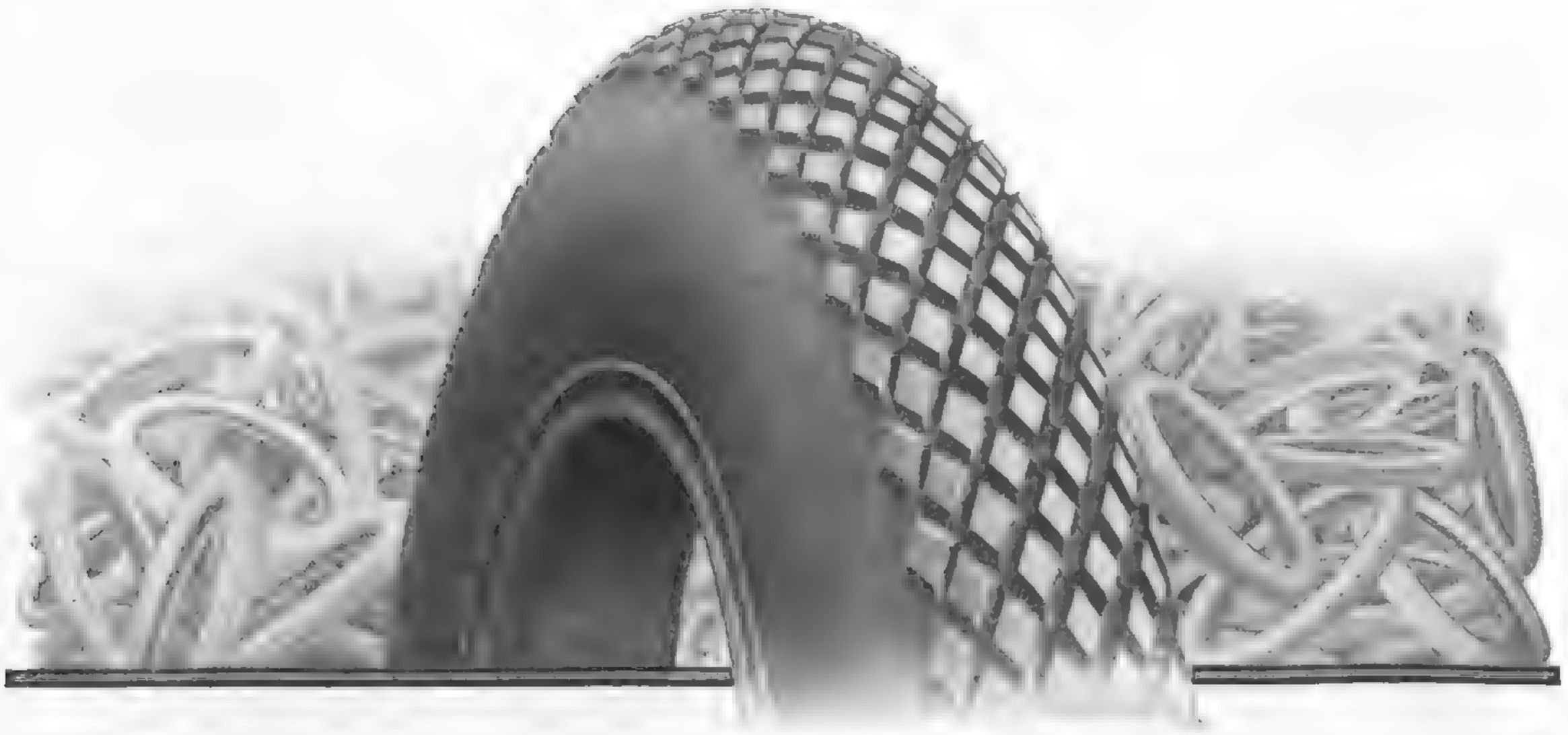
The Allen Motor Company, Fostoria, Ohio



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Dear Sir:

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Fanciful things don't count here. Nor does exclusiveness. Tires are mere utilities.

And Goodyear prices—due to mammoth output—count just as much as other Goodyear savings.

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The real aristocrats in Tiredom are No-Rim-Cut tires. They outsell any other.

By exclusive features and extra quality they won the ruling place. These are the royalty of Tiredom as class is measured there.

Yet many makes of tires are selling for more than Goodyear prices.

Badges of Class

These things, in Tiredom, are the sole criterions of class.

No rim-cutting. We prevent that in a faultless way—a way which we control. It saves a ruin which is wrecking one old-type tire in three, as per our last statistics.

Fewer blow-outs. Our "On-Air" cure—used by us alone—saves the major cause of blow-outs. It adds to our tire cost $450,000 per year.

Fewer loose treads. A patent method—used by us alone—reduces this danger by 60 per cent.

Perfect anti-skids. Our All-Weather treads are tough and double-thick. They are flat and smooth, so they run like plain treads. Their grips are deep, sharp and resistless.

Lowest cost per mile. These features, plus low Goodyear prices, insure that to our users. And hundreds of thousands have proved it.

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No-Rim-Cut tires don't pose as extra-priced. They once sold for more than rival tires, because of these costly features. But mammoth output and new efficiency cut that cost immensely, and you get all the saving. Our average profit last year was 6½ per cent.

First we saved you rim-cuts, blow-outs and loose treads. Now we save you in the price per tire. As a result, men now are buying, on the average, 125,000 Goodyear automobile tires per month.

True Extra Value

We know but two ways to get extra value for an extra price. The price of some tires will buy you a half-inch wider Goodyear. That extra size, of course, means extra service. Or the price of three tires, extra-priced, will buy you four of Goodyears. And four tires will surely outlast three.

But, size for size, you'll never find a better tire than Goodyears. In the four ways cited you'll find none as good.

Remember that. High price marks class in some things, but it's a detriment in tires. It adds to dead expense.

Any dealer will supply you Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices if you tell him that you want them.

GOODYEAR
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No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

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London, England — DEALERS EVERYWHERE
Mexico City, Mexico — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

THE CHARACTER WOMAN

(Continued from Page 14

to-morrow, Cliff, and with two hundred and ninety we—we could make first payment, dearie. A chicken farm, boy—something I been working for all my life. A farm, dearie, me and you settled down on a farm all our own!"

"Don't, Lett, make me feel any meaner—don't!"

"I could get myself so wound round your heart, Cliff, in no time at all. You wouldn't believe how quick! It's like the line in the show, dearie—'What's seven years' difference in age when Love squats down on a ninety-nine-year lease?' Why, bless my soul, if I take off some seven pounds I'll take off seven years with them! There ain't no one could be—a—wife to you like me, Cliff, there just ain't."

She was frankly pleading, so frankly, with her face wet and close to his, that he closed his eyes to turn out the picture, and opening them could regard her only with the epicene eyes of a young pagan.

"Lett, I—I'd sooner cut off my embrace arm than have you talk to me like this."

"You ain't letting me down easy, are you, Cliff? I ain't expecting Romeo stuff from you, hon. A woman—a girl that's had as many knocks and dents as me don't expect none of that soft stuff, dearie; it's peace she wants, hon, peace, and somebody to—to love like I could love you, dear."

"You—you got me wrong, Lett. I know myself better than you do. I know I ain't nothing like the women make me out. All the ten years I've been in the profesh it's been my looks that got me in with the managers and women, and my—my luck."

"I ain't caring, hon, it's you I ——"

"I—I'm nothing but a bum ten-twenty-thirty actor, Lett. Ain't I told you time and time again that I know I can't act? Ain't I told you that I'm going to get out of the profesh some day and get in a man's business? I can do it even if they say I can't. Ain't I always said I'd never ask a girl to—tie up to a bum actor, a matinée idol? You're a big woman, Lett, and I ain't nothing but a cheap actor."

"Like in the pergola scene, Cliff—nothing counts but the feeling you got right under your shirtwaist."

"It's like cutting off my right arm to tell you, Lett, but but I just ain't got that kind of feeling for you. I ain't got the right to have that kind of feeling for no woman, Lett, till ——"

She placed her cheek against his sleeve and ran her hand caressingly up and down the length of his arm.

"I ain't expectin' the right kind of feeling yet, darling. I—I just want to take care of you and—and wind myself round your heart, dearie, like—like tape. I ain't expectin' nothing, Cliff. I—I just want to take care of you, dearie, and make a home for you. You're all worn out. The farm will make a man of you. I wanna make a home, darlin', and ——"

"Home!"

"Two hundred and *forty*—two hundred and ninety for our first payment, Cliff. I can shut my eyes and see it all—a cottage with ——"

"What do you mean, Lett?"

"I got my eye on a place, Cliff—a little farm out on Long Island, next to Mary Blossom's, the old vaudeville favorite. It's a little story-and-a-half place, Cliff, with a deep well to keep the butter and eggs in and a hammock swung between two trees. There's money in chickens, darling, real money and rest; and—and it's man's work, Cliff, man's work."

"Man's work?"

"Me and you, Cliff, and you coming in from the garden with the good clean dirt under your fingernails and me ten pounds lighter in a blue-checked apron and a swat of flour across my face, serving up the mess of sour-milk biscuits, and the chicken sizzling on the platter and ——"

"Cut it, Lett. Cut it, please."

"You and me, Cliff! I can shut my eyes and see it all—so strong and healthy and happy. No more grease paint, no more footlights, just us, plainlike and strong and healthy and happy, and—I—I—honest, I just couldn't live if it didn't happen that way, Cliff. I—I just couldn't. There ain't no tellin' what I'd do, Cliff—I—I just couldn't."

The great wave of a sob swept her over.

"Lett, you mustn't talk like that!"

"I couldn't!"

"I—I can't stand no more, Lett, I tell you I—I can't."

"You and me, darling. Nobody could love you like me. I—I could just tear my heart out of me and lay it before you like it was a stepping stone, that's the way I feel for you, Cliff—like I could let you walk on my heart while it was beating."

"Oh, my Gawd!"

He drew her head to his shoulder: he kissed her reverentially where the quick lines of silver ran through her hair; tears sprang to his eyes, scalding hot, trembled, fell.

When the asbestos curtain fell on the following night's performance of Hearts and Flowers it swept a wave of sultry air back into the wings as the hot breath from Sahara blows ever inland, and a perspiring troupe scurried for the wings. A pair of scene shifters slid the props out from under the Italian pergola and it collapsed like a canvas folding chair. Miss Flossie Moline gathered up her spangled train and darted up a spiral staircase. Mr. Lee De Roy slid into his coat without unrolling his shirt-sleeves and spat copiously and brownly. The moon blinked suddenly out, and the lake rolled up like a window shade, revealing a brick-walled cavern of rear stage. At the door of her dressing room Miss Letta Kline wafted a kiss from her fingertips to the slim faun in evening dress and kicked her train rearward.

"Hurry up, darling; honest, the way you look and feel if you don't get out of this hotbox you'll keel over. Hurry upstairs, darling, and get your make-up off. The park'll cool you."

He half staggered across the threshold of her dressing room into the shrill light from the short gas arm.

"I—lemme sit down in here for a minute, Lett, I kinda feel rotten. I hope I ain't giving out with only a little over half a week's performances left. Get me—a drink—old Lett. I'll be all right."

He lay back in a rickety wooden chair beside the make-up table and looked up at her in ghastly simulation of a smile.

"A—a little water, Lett. I'll be all right."

"Cliff, you're all in, darling!"

She tore across the corridor, her train twining about her and throwing her forward each step, and when she returned breathless and with the tumbler held outright from her, the water lopped over and ran in a little rivulet down her bare arm, leaving ravages on its powdered surface.

"Here, darling, drink. Cliff—— Oh, my Gawd!"

In a little heap between the wooden chair and the make-up table, quite as a garment fallen to the floor, his face the color of waxy gardenias in starlight and his white shirt-front bulging from his lopped-over attitude, lay Mr. De Courcey in the white sleep of a swoon.

"Cliff!" She tore at his collar and raised his head to her lap. She held the tumbler against his rigid lips and the stream of water ran sidewise across his cheek and seeped into her lap. She raised one eyelid in an agony of apprehension and revealed to herself a glassy stare that set her atremble, so that his head lay uneasy in her lap and lolled.

"Cliff! Cliff! Floss! De Roy! Cliff, wake up, darlin'! Help!"

And down the hallway the opening and slamming of doors, hurrying feet that sprung echoes, and breathless into the room Miss Flossie Moline. Peering over her shoulder came Mr. Lee De Roy, his cigar ashes tumbling down his waistcoat-front and a frown screwing his face.

"What's the row?"

"Run—run for a doctor, De Roy! Quick! I—I don't know what's got him."

Mr. De Roy regarded the figure on the floor with a dozy stare, ripped out a series of oaths, then brushed past his wife and down the hallway again.

"Gimme that towel, Floss. Wet it. Gimme—gimme."

Miss Moline trembled to be doing.

"Aw, Lud, poor dear! Don't he look like a angel laying there? Aw, Lud, poor dear! It's the heat and the malaria keeled him over. I had to throw him his cue three times to-night with De Roy cussin' in the wings. Aw—aw!"

"Don't bend over him so close, Flossie, you—you keep the air away."

"Aw, Lud! I hope he'll pull through the rest of the week. Eddie ain't got enough

Sing It! Dance It!

"YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE"

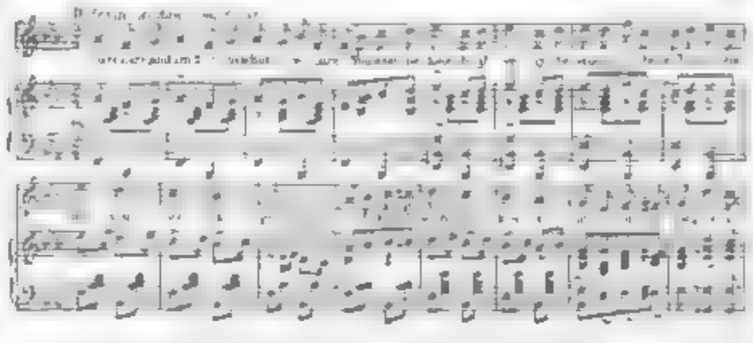
BY HARRY B SMITH and JEROME D KERN

Down goes the price!

UNPRECEDENTED! Here's a rousing song hit on six different [illegible] $5,000 [illegible] now selling at a dime! Last month [illegible] sold all over America for six months in England, France and Germany seven months. TODAY TWO NICKELS [illegible]

The REASON is the Refrain—"YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE" has a double lyric—both a Duet and a Dance lyric. Its wonderful melody should place this piece on every piano in the world. We want to help. We've put the price *down* so that the [illegible] We much prefer several million people to [illegible] at 10c than to have say, only half a million [illegible] Just everyone who buys a copy now saves 10c

"YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE" [illegible] New York and Chicago [illegible] It will [illegible] Tommy Get yours [illegible] for copies may not [illegible] at this [illegible] price



REMEMBER This Song never sold before for less than Thirty Cents

Price Reduced Today—Pacific Coast Cities and Canada, 15c. Elsewhere, 10c.

At any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, or any other 10c store, Music or Department store

Other New "FEIST" Songs!

"Over the Alpine Mountains," latest by the writers of "Peg O' My Heart," "[illegible]slay," "Rip Van Winkle," etc.
"When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose"
"The Aba Daba Honeymoon," a "real" Summer Song by two "NEW" writers.
"Just Bring Two Lips Along"

"Beautiful Rose," successor to "Jane Dear."
"The High Cost of Loving"—the most [illegible]
What Is a Moonlight on the Alamo or the Shores of Italy
Cumberland Day in Tennessee"
"The Game of Love [illegible]
I've Only One Idea about the Girls

You can also get these pieces for your Talking Machine or Player Piano

SPECIAL [illegible] If you [illegible] and we [illegible] for you, or a dime [illegible]

FEIST [illegible] FEIST Building, 231 West 40th Street, New York City

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle "trotting" "YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE."

When America's greatest dancing couple *features* any piece you can safely [illegible] you to [illegible] AND I'M HERE [illegible] a word [illegible] a [illegible] Besides a [illegible] the [illegible] rhythm [illegible] the modern dance [illegible] you to take out [illegible] Will you?

Price reduced to 10c, Pacific Coast and Canada, 15c

Never sold before for less than 30c.

Burns Either Coal or Gas

Without Interchange of Numerous Parts

Here, in this new "*GARLAND*" Combination Range, you get a single stove that now does the work of two! Burns coal in the winter; keeps the kitchen warm. Burns gas in the summer and keeps the kitchen cool. Something that never before was possible except with *two* ranges.

And you burn either coal or gas, or *both simultaneously*, in this new "*GARLAND*" without changing or adjusting complicated parts. No shifting of dirty, sooty grates or top burners. No fuss, no muss, no work or worry. Think of the wonderful convenience and added capacity on wash days or any time when kitchen is crowded and cooking is heavy. Look up the "*GARLAND*" dealer in your vicinity. Ask him to show you this latest "*GARLAND*" innovation. Or write us for full information.

Resolute "Garland" Combination Range

Ask to See It Demonstrated

Call on the "GARLAND" dealer in your town and let him show you *all* the features of this wonderful new "GARLAND" Range. We are supplying "GARLAND" dealers as fast as our facilities permit. If your dealer hasn't his stock yet, write us.

GARLAND STOVES [illegible] The Worlds Best

TO DEALERS [illegible] GARLAND [illegible]

The Michigan Stove Company

Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World

Detroit and Chicago (79)

Kitchen Reminder FREE

We want to find the oldest kitchen stove in America. Tell us the make of your stove and when you bought it, and we will send you a handy "Kitchen Reminder" Free.

Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.

Please send me your "Kitchen Reminder" and booklet on the "GARLAND" Combination Range free.

The make of my stove is [illegible]

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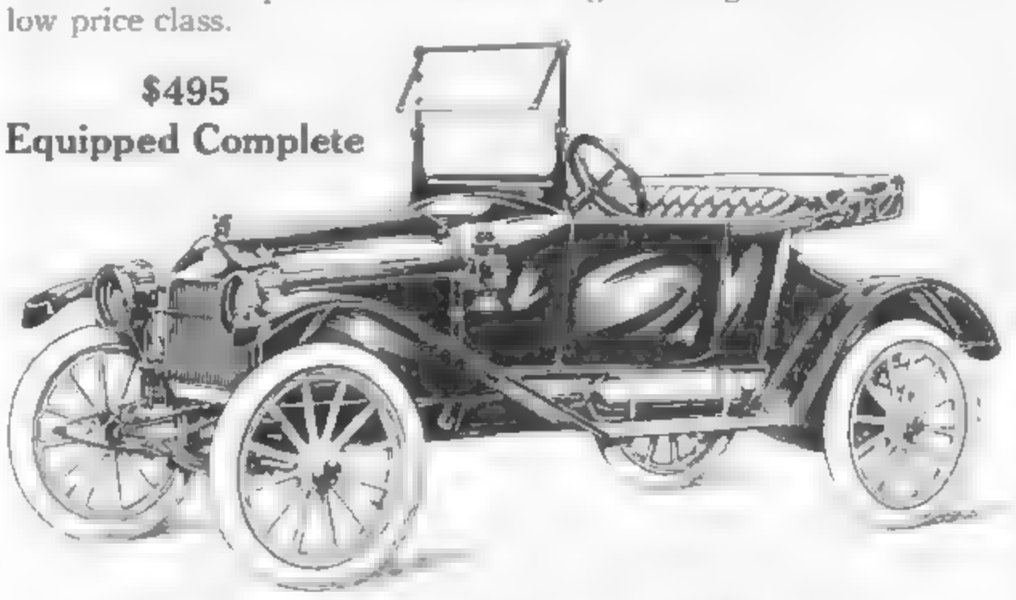
METZ

The Quality Car

THE new fore-door model of the Metz Roadster appeals to your appreciation of *Quality*. Everything about it is expressive of efficiency. It won the last Glidden Tour, and scored sensational victories in the officially conducted hill-climbing contests last June and July at Uniontown and Richfield Springs, winning in open competition against cars of all makes and prices, including 60 and 90 horse power racing models. It is handsome in appearance, its equipment is the best throughout, and in reliable road performance it has no superior. It is the recognized high class car in the low price class.

$495
Equipped Complete



New Fore-Door Model

A Masterpiece in Automobile Design and Construction

THIS new METZ model is luxuriously finished, graceful in design, and wonderfully easy riding. It possesses both the *style* and the *power* that are today necessary features of the strictly up-to-date car. It travels 40 to 50 miles per hour, is easy to drive, and extremely economical in operation.

Special Features

Stream line body, plate glass rain vision wind shield.

Wide, comfortable seat, with deep upholstery.

Four-cylinder water-cooled motor, Bosch high tension magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank carried in special closed compartment in rear, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, 96-inch wheel base, standard tread.

Left-hand drive, center control, and gearless transmission—which does away entirely with gear trouble.

Extension top with cover slip and curtains, full elliptic springs, 30" artillery wheels, 5 lamps, horn, pump, jack, tools, etc.

Illustrated literature describing the new Fore-Door Model mailed promptly on request. Write for catalog "E."

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

A Scholarship for One Month's Work

ARTHUR F. GATTON, of Fort Worth, Texas, has been acting as city solicitor for a big manufacturing company. Not long ago he decided that a course in advertising would improve his ability as a salesman. He secured appointment as local subscription representative of the Curtis publications, *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman. Working only one hour a day* during a single month, he earned a scholarship worth $60.00, and a $30.00 salary in addition.

If you feel the need of special training, if you feel you lack something needed to insure promotion, write for our illustrated booklet, "An Education Without Cost"; it will tell you how Mr. Gatton secured his scholarship in one month, and how you can obtain the education that you need. Address

The Educational Division, Box 600, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ginger left in him to jump in and get that juvenile. Lud, I'd make a swell countess, wouldn't I, playin' opposite a redhead like Eddie! Aw, Lud, poor dear, fan him and put the wet towel on his head. Don't he look like a angel laying there, a blown-in-the-glass, winged kid! Don't he, Lett?"

"Rub—rub his hands there, Floss. He looks like he's never coming round, don't he! Why don't De Roy hurry—why—why don't he?"

"It's Kitty's going done it, Lett. Take it from me, this boy ain't been the same since De Roy was white enough to release her."

"Fer Gawd's sake, Floss, you'll talk in your coffin!"

"I says to De Roy last night, I says: 'That boy's grieving for Kitty!' Honest, when that girl said good-by to him right downstairs in the wings I thought each of 'em was going to be laid out flat just like he is now."

"You don't know nothing, you ——"

"That's right, lift up his head, Lett. Aw, Lud, poor dear! I says to De Roy last night, I says, 'That boy's grieving for Kitty!' and he ain't got the nerve to go after her because ——"

"You—you little devil, you!"

Miss Kline raised herself from over the prostrate head and a torrent of acid tears sprang hot to her eyes, oxidizing them to gun-metal blue.

"You little devil, you, always gossiping round! You don't know nothing about him. You—you take your hands off, you can't even touch him. You don't know him like I do; you take your hands off him, you!"

Miss Moline paused in her efforts to generate warmth into the limp hands and regarded Miss Kline with vivid surprise stamped across her features.

"Lud, Lett, me getting a rise like this out of you! Sure, I ain't been a mother to the poor winged kid like you. I got kids of my own; but, Lud, Lett, me getting a rise out of you! Getting a rise out of you!"

"Rub, rub, Floss! He—don't get no warmer. Why don't they come! Why! Why!"

"Aw, Lud, poor dear! Aw, Lud, poor dear, laying there just like a angel! Look at his hair, just like a silk mop. No wonder the girls is all cracked over him."

"Why don't they come! Open your eyes, Cliff!"

But Mr. De Courcey's eyes were closed in a swoon beyond the recall of her voice, and her breath that fanned his face did not warm him.

"I can't play opposite no redhead like Eddie. He can't have the lines for to-morrow night. I'll make a swell countess playing opposite a gump like Eddie, won't I?"

"Cliff, gowann open your eyes, hon. Wake up, Cliff! I can hear his heart beatin'—it is beatin', ain't it, Floss? Here, listen, it's beatin', ain't it?"

"Yeh, there's De Roy coming now, I hear him cussin'. Fer Pete's sake hurry up out there, De Roy, a fellow can be dead and cremated by the time you steam up."

More hurried footsteps down the black corridor. A figure on his knees and fumbling in a small black bag of steely instruments. Short, quick, professional orders. De Roy refilling the tumbler at the hallway sink; huddled beside the table Miss Flossie Moline; and couchant above the reclining figure, like Niobe entreating Fate, Miss Letta Kline, her eyes darting with each hither and thither of the professional hands.

"Doctor?"

"There! He will be all right presently and we can move him."

"Aw, Lud, poor dear, he winked a eyelid! Aw, Lud, poor dear! De Roy, run down to the prop room and get him a pillow! Don't stand there like a piece of scenery!"

Mr. De Roy shifted the lump in his cheek and nudged a shoulder up against the doctor's own, elevating one eyebrow and depressing the left.

"Prop him up somehow for a day or two. I'm running this show and I can't afford to have him go dead on me the last week. Prop him up, doctor. It's been a rotten season and I can't afford to ——"

"You—you—don't listen to him, doctor, he ain't nothing but a money-sucker. I'll blow this whole show to smithereens before I let this kid ——"

"Cut it out, Lett. Aw, Lud! I can't play opposite a red-headed juvenile like Eddie!"

"Aw, doc, prop him up. Me and my wife will fix it all right with you if you can prop him up!"

"You money-sucker! To smithereens, I say!"

"This boy won't perform this week or for some to come. Has he a family?"

"No, he ain't."

"Means?"

"Aw, Lud, such a spendthrift! A phony scarfpin only last week that left him as empty as a glass darning egg."

"City hospital then, paratyphoid case. Telephone to ——"

"No, you don't!"

Miss Kline sprang to her feet and pushed her way into the little circle, her face beneath the rouge the cold gray of tallow.

"No, you don't! He's got means, doctor. That kid's got means this crowd don't know nothing about. That kid can't go to the city hospital, it would kill him outright. He comes from a swell family, that kid does, only some people I know could see a rubber balloon blown up and not know what swell meant. He can't go to no hospital but the best. He can show up as much as two hundred and forty—I mean two hundred and ninety dollars by to-morrow morning. You—you can't dare go shoving him off on the city!"

Miss Moline and her husband exchanged esoteric codes of surprise, and Mr. De Roy spat brownly and with his tongue moistened a loose leaf of his cold cigar.

"Don't be a simp and stake him to a sick spell, Lett! You ain't lookin' none too spry yourself. Don't be a simp!"

"You chase yourself up to the Bronx and play in the Zoo, De Roy, where you belong by rights. You think you're a real wise guy, don't you! Well, if it will help you any to sleep nights I ain't staking him to the price of a sick spell any more than you are. If I had the price of a between-the-sheets sick spell of my own, do you think I'd be pluggin' away a season of summer stock with a De Roy show?"

"Are you a relative, madam?"

"No, doc, I'm—I'm just his friend. But there ain't nothin' I don't know about him, doc. I'm the nearest one he's got round here. I can nurse him and ——"

"Here, young fellow, telephone the Grammerton Hospital right across the park for a hurry wagon, Doctor Ludlow ordering."

"Lemme go too, doc, I'm the best little nurse you ever seen, I ——"

"There's no need now, madam."

"You gotta lemme go! You gotta! I got the right to! You gotta lemme go, doc."

"Aw, Lud, doc, letter go! She'll take care of him between performances, just like she was his mother, poor kid, he ——"

"Honest, doctor, I ——"

"She's the best little helper-out you ever seen, doc. Aw, Lud, poor kid, if we had room in the flat I'd take him in myself!"

"Please, doctor! I—I'm the best little helper you ever seen."

He regarded her for the moment and stroked his blue shaved chin.

"Come on then, madam, give me a lift."

In the dimmest watches of a night so sultry that it lay like damp gauze against the brow and shortened the breath like an anæsthetic sponge held against the nostrils, a night-lamp light sprang suddenly high and the white figure of a nurse bent low over a white bed. From a cot across the room a blowsy figure, with hair the color of bleached celery and a blue crêpe blouse that revealed a crinkled throat, sprang to her feet in the startled attitude of a sleeper who dozes on the edge of a chasm, not daring to let herself slip into its hollow of sleep.

"Does—does he want me—her, nurse?"

"Sh-h-h-h—no."

The white-clad figure turned from the bed with a finger laid across her lips and lowered the lamp.

"Is he going up, nurse?"

"No, down to one hundred and three."

"Two points down, ain't it? Seventy-two hours he's been a human furnace like this, and only two points down."

Her whispering voice rasped in her throat, and the nurse replaced the finger of warning and lay lightly on her lounge beside the bed. Miss Kline relaxed to her cot, but her weight would not unbend to the springs and she lay vibratory as a wire. The quiet of night resumed. A breeze heavy with Indian summer wandered through the open window, and she turned her face to it. Came a moth fluttering in, danced round the feeble flame and out again, a white thing into the gloom. Chimes far off and full of music, tolling three. The figure on the bed breathed out in a scarcely perceptible moan and she sprang to her elbow, but both nurse and patient lay passive and she relaxed again lightly, ever so lightly.

Continued on Page 61

Who is Carter?

Carter is the national ink maker. Carter is the man who took the muddy, inconsistent, haphazard ink of 57 years ago and by careful study and chemical analysis has produced a line of writing fluids that are as dependable and standard as the most famous extracts and elixirs. Heretofore you have been pleased to call them Carter's this and Carter's that. Hereafter, while each item will have its individual name, the whole line will be known under the general title of

Carter Inx

Pencraft Ink

An absolutely right ink that will fill every demand of every kind of pen user in every office, be it bookkeeper or president; in every home, from mother to sweetheart. It performs a double duty—has the right color and consistency for making fountain-pen friends and flows best and corrodes least in all steel pens.

Don't buy two kinds of ink for two kinds of pens—but insist that the dealer give you Pencraft, which is the only ink made especially for all pens and all users.

You, Mr. Businessman, when you dip your pen and sign your name, scarcely ever give a thought to what you are writing with. But just jot this down in your mind, that every time you use your pen, no matter what ink you use, you owe a debt to a man by the name of Carter who made it easy for you to forget ink tribulations.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Boston, Mass.

New York **Chicago** **Montreal**

Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhesives, Typewriter Ribbons and Carbon Papers.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx

the little porcelain inkstands that made such a hit last fall, lead the Carter line and bring to your desk a personality that will be an inspiration.

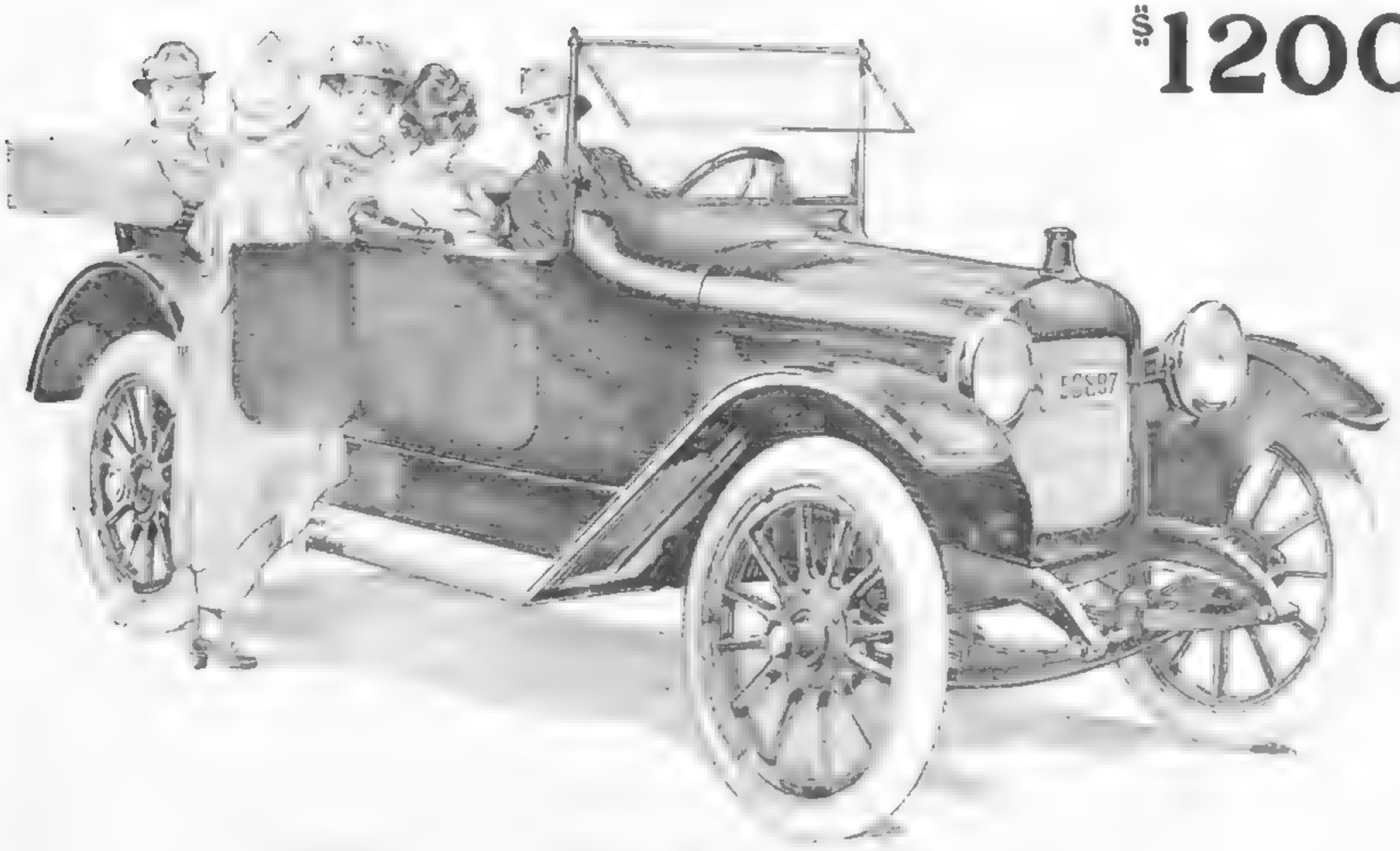
They ask only to be fed always with one of the many Carter Inx. You will never complain about their deportment or your ink's behavior if their diet is as ordered.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx may be had at dealers' for 25 cents the pair. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and address, with 35 cents, which covers packing and mailing, and we will send you a pair of these interesting little figures.

Hupmobile

Car of the American Family

$1200



Hats Off Everywhere to the New Hupmobile

Hupmobile history is repeating itself.
Last year—everywhere—the dealers said:
"*Hup owners are making half the sales.*"
This year's story is the same—with added emphasis.
The new Hup is rallying all the old friends.
And they, in turn, are bringing in a host of new ones.
Why should it not be so?
So much for so little *not even this plant* has *ever produced* before.

A Bigger Hupmobile to Begin With

The same air of distinctiveness as in every previous Hupmobile.

But much more generous proportions in every way.

Wheelbase just what it should be to an inch—119 inches.

More stretching room in the front seats—room for three adults in the rear.

Deep tufted cushions, and a spring suspension that's a delight at any speed on any road.

Throttles Down to 3 Miles an Hour

This year Hup flexibility is better than ever.

On high you can pull the new car's speed down to a gait no faster than an ordinary walk.

More power (motor 3⅜ x 5½-inch bore and stroke) and increased readiness.

Engineering refinement and advancement throughout, while retaining all the good old Hup reliability and economy.

And an attention to detail that will charm the most captious buyer.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

1915 Refinements

Longer wheelbase	Non-skid rear tires
Larger body	Larger gasoline tank
Luxurious upholstery	One-man type top
More power	New windshield
Better carburation	Transmission speedometer drive
Latest type ignition	Automatic spark advance
Special quiet cams	Exclusive non-glare dimmer headlights
Perfect motor lubrication	Exclusive design tail light
New type radiator	New style top cover
Easier steering	New side curtains to swing open with doors
Smoother clutch operation	Crowned fenders
Non-stallable motor	14-inch brakes
Left drive	Concealed hinges
Semi-elliptic rear springs	Flush door handles inside
Longer front springs	
Springs self-lubricating	
Larger tires	

Equipment and Other Details

16-gallon gasoline tank in cowl; rain-vision windshield, fixed uprights, lower half adjustable for ventilation. Crowned fenders. Tail lamp exclusive Hupmobile design, illuminates license plate and entire width of road for considerable distance behind car. Demountable rims; carrier at rear for spare rim and tire. Lighting and ignition switches controlled by Yale locks. Robe rail, foot rail and cocoa mat in tonneau. Color, blue-black with maroon running gear. Price f. o. b. Detroit.

Price in Canada, $1400, f. o. b. Windsor.

Model 32. Complete with electric starter and lights, demountable rims, oversize tires, 33 x 4-in.; tire carrier at rear . . . **$1050**

Without special equipment noted above, $950. Prices f. o. b. Detroit

Price in Canada, $1230, f. o. b. Windsor, including electrical and other special equipment

Continued from Page 58

Chimes far off tolling four. A dog baying. A whiff of ether faint as the odor of death. From down the corridor a sharp cry ending in a moan, like the weaker going down in a scuffle. Silence. The faintly golden fluid of dawn and a wagon rattling over cobbles. The figure on the bed stirred, stirred again and cried out sharply:

"Kitty! Kitty!"

"Yes, yes, darling; yes, yes, I'm here. Kitty's here, darling."

Miss Kline sprang to the bedside and leaned to the head on the pillow.

"Kitty, little Kitty, that you?"

"See, darling, it's me, little Kitty."

Mr. De Courcey opened his dark eyes, which had somehow outgrown his face, and smiled.

"Sure is it you, darling?"

"Sure."

"Don't jump the show, darling—don't!"

"I won't."

"I—I ain't tongue-tied like you think I am, little Kitty. Wait till I get out of the profesh, Kitty. Wait till I get in a man's game. Stick round and don't jump the show, Kitty, don't."

"Sure I won't, darling."

He closed his eyes, but a smile lit upon his lips and remained.

"Kitty—I—I'm tired, Kitty, but every time I pass the telegraph office and hear the tick-tick I just feel like going in and—and calling you to—I—I—I'm tired, Kitty, so tired—tired."

"Go to sleep, darling. That's it, go back to sleep."

The nurse adjusted the ice-bag and motioned the figure from his side.

"Lemme stay, nurse. He keeps calling for her, and as long as I got him fooled there—there ain't no use telegraphing like he wants. I—I got him fooled."

"Yes, but you are worn out, dear, and the telegraph office is just next door if ——"

"No, no!"

"Come, sit here then by the window, he's easy now."

Miss Kline sank into a chair and let her head sink forward on the sill.

"I got him fooled all right, ain't I? I got him fooled."

"Yes, but you ought to relieve yourself and send for the little girl he is calling, if she is only in Philadelphia. You should go home after your performance to-night and rest. Three nights of this is too much for you."

"I—she's just a little kid over there that's got into his mind somehow—like they do in fever. He—he wouldn't want her if he knew. I—she's playing anyway, and the doctor says the worst is over, don't he? She's playing anyway!"

"Certainly the worst is over, dear, but it is you I am thinking of. Playing at the theater and keeping this night watch with me is wearing you out."

"I—I didn't feel nothing."

But in the rosy opalescence of morning her skin was yellow as old ivory, weariness lay on her lids a dead weight, and after a while she lay back on her cot, her head pillowed in her arms and the first rays of sun lighting up her tawdry hair. Deep into the day she slept so, the dreamless sleep that is nearest of kin to death; late into the afternoon until dusk came and the colors faded out of things and she woke with a cry:

"What—where—what!"

"Sh-h-h-h!"

"I—I ain't slept, I ain't!"

A white figure rose from the chair beside the bed.

"Sh-h-h-h, dear, you've had a real rest. The doctor has been here twice and would not let me waken you."

"Is he ——"

"One hundred even. By morning he should be rational and his fever broken."

"He—he'll be wise by morning?"

"Maybe when you return from your performance to-night."

"Oh, honest? He'll be disappointed when he comes out of it and finds I—I been faking, won't he, nurse?"

"Then the danger will be past. It is just as well you played the little part as long as it satisfied him."

"Oh, I'm getting scared, nurse. What if—I never ought to have fooled him like this?"

"Come, come, he will know the little deception was for his good, Miss Kline, and he will laugh at the trick we played on him. A fever patient has to be satisfied while his temperature is high, that is all that matters. See, dear, we will arrange these flowers the company sent him here by the bedside."

"Kitty, Kitty dear."

"Here, here I am, Cliff, see, coming right across the room to you, see, and now I am kneeling right down by your bed."

He felt for her and his hand lay wan in her hair and he turned his famished face toward her.

"Like corn silk, ain't it—natural curls and just like corn silk!"

"Yes, Cliff."

"Don't jump the show, sweetness. Even if I am as mum as a sponge, you know why, sweetness, you know why!"

"Yes, yes."

"You know I love you, sweetness. Wait until I get out of the profesh some day and set you down in a little two-by-four cottage, with me doing all the rustling round for both of us. After next season when I ——"

"Yes, yes, Cliff, darling, I'll wait."

"Then why did you get sore at me and jump the show, darling? Was it just because I didn't talk up? Was it?"

"No, no."

"And honest, sweetness, I—I couldn't walk home with you that night you got sore. I ——"

"Don't get excited, darling. I ain't sore."

"I wanted to, sweetness, but Lett was waiting for me. Poor old Lett, and I couldn't hurt her feelings, now could I, hon? A good old soul like Lett—could I?"

"No-o, Cliff."

"Put your head down so that I can feel it. How little you are, little sweetheart! You just fit into my embrace."

"Yes Cliff."

"She—she mussed up my act, darling."

"Yes."

"Poor old Lett, she was the type all right, but like De Roy said, she was a dub in the part. You ought to heard the snickers from the house. De Roy never ought to took her out of character. I'd rather play with a mealsack than with her, poor old Lett!"

"Yes, Cliff."

"Poor old Lett, good as gold too."

"Poor—old—Lett!"

"Good as gold in dowager too. You remember in The Sins of Society how she ——"

"Yes, yes."

"Put your head down here, lovey, so I'm sure it's you."

"There."

"Now come closer, love; lemme talk in your ear."

"What?"

"I—I got a swell new secret!"

"Tell it, darling."

"It's for you, love. You won't tell nobody, love? It just—hit me one day by the lake."

"Sure, sure not, Cliff."

"A chicken farm, darling! There's money in it, real money. I—I got my eye out on a place on Long Island Mary Blossom's, you remember her. Just you and me, love, and a swat of flour across your face, Kitty, a swat of flour across your face and Lett there, too, and me coming in from the garden with good clean dirt ——"

"Yes, Cliff."

"Come closer, my little love. Ten pounds off made you so little. It's great the way you played up in the Thief Scene. Honest, you're the greatest little lead I ever seen—just cut out for it. She mussed me up so, but you're just like a little humming bird, cute and perky and—Kitty, it's you, ain't it? You're not fooling me, love?"

"Oh, Gawd!"

"Ten pounds off, little Kitty. I—I felt so sorry, Kitty, I—I could—have taken my heart out of me alive, that's how sorry I feel when she ——"

"Cliff, Cliff, don't!"

"What, little love?"

"It's all right, Cliff. Sh-h-h-h, don't get excited, darling."

"Don't cry, darling. I—I was so sorry I cried, but don't you, don't you."

"I—I won't."

"I was so tired, love, and she laid her heart down while—while it was beating—beating."

"Sh-h-h-h, darling, you been saying that over and over again. I know all about it."

"She—she laid—it—down ——"

"Try to sleep now, darling. See, it's getting time for your Kitty to go to the theater. See how dark and cool it's getting. Sleep now, darling, so when—when the doctor comes in the morning you'll be as—as cool—as—can—be."

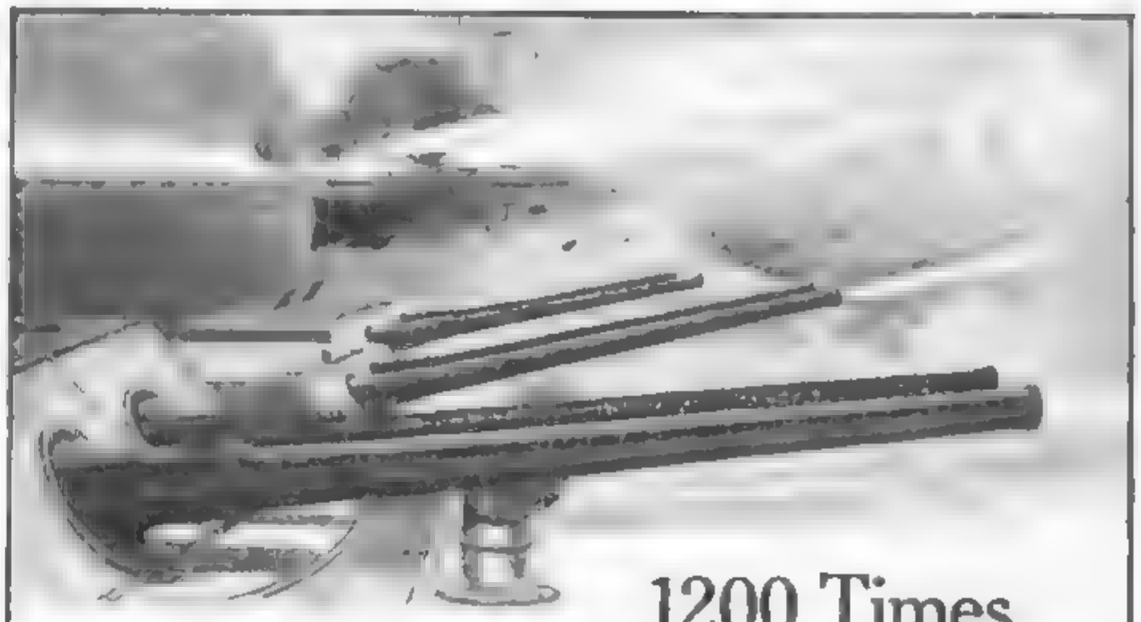
His lids quivered and fell.

"She gave it to me, love, while ——"

"Sh-h-h-h!"

"While it was beating."

He dropped off lightly, the words still smoking on his lips, and into a deep pool of sleep that was life giving. Miss Kline rose



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Written by Harrington Emerson, conducted by the Review of Reviews Co., to bring to every man and woman the power to make the most of their abilities. Efficiency does not mean tables or records—or new tricks or investment. It means simply the shortest, quickest, easiest way to reach any goal. It means taking your brains and hands, the work you are doing, the way you are living, and so using all of them that you will get more out of them, with less work. It teaches you to *manage yourself* with the same foresight, saving of energy—and [illegible] consulting engineer of efficiency he [illegible] trained by over 200 businesses, great railroads and manufacturing corporations to set them on the right, the shortest path to their goal. And now at last he *has* put this accumulated knowledge of these forty years into a course of lessons which you can learn in home study.

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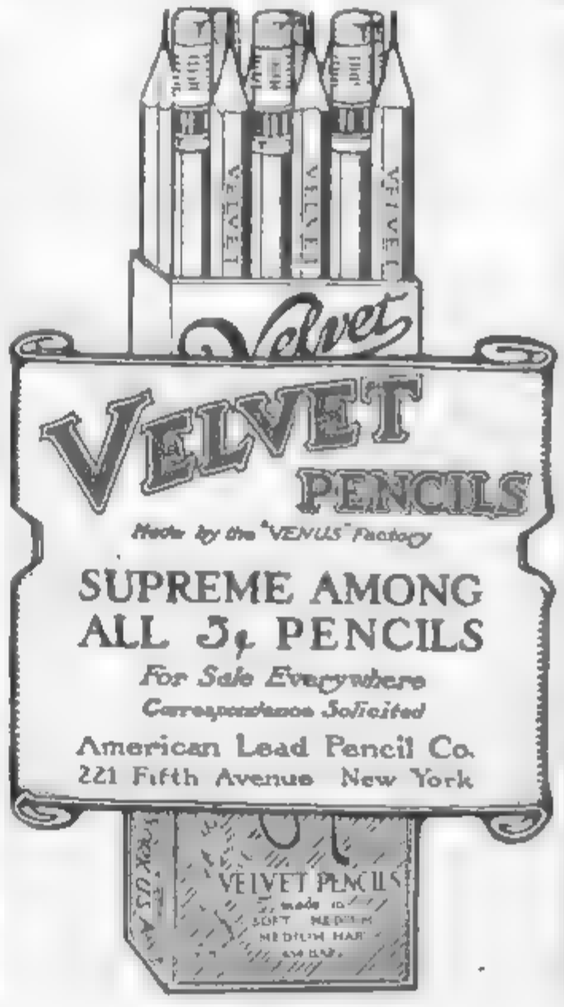

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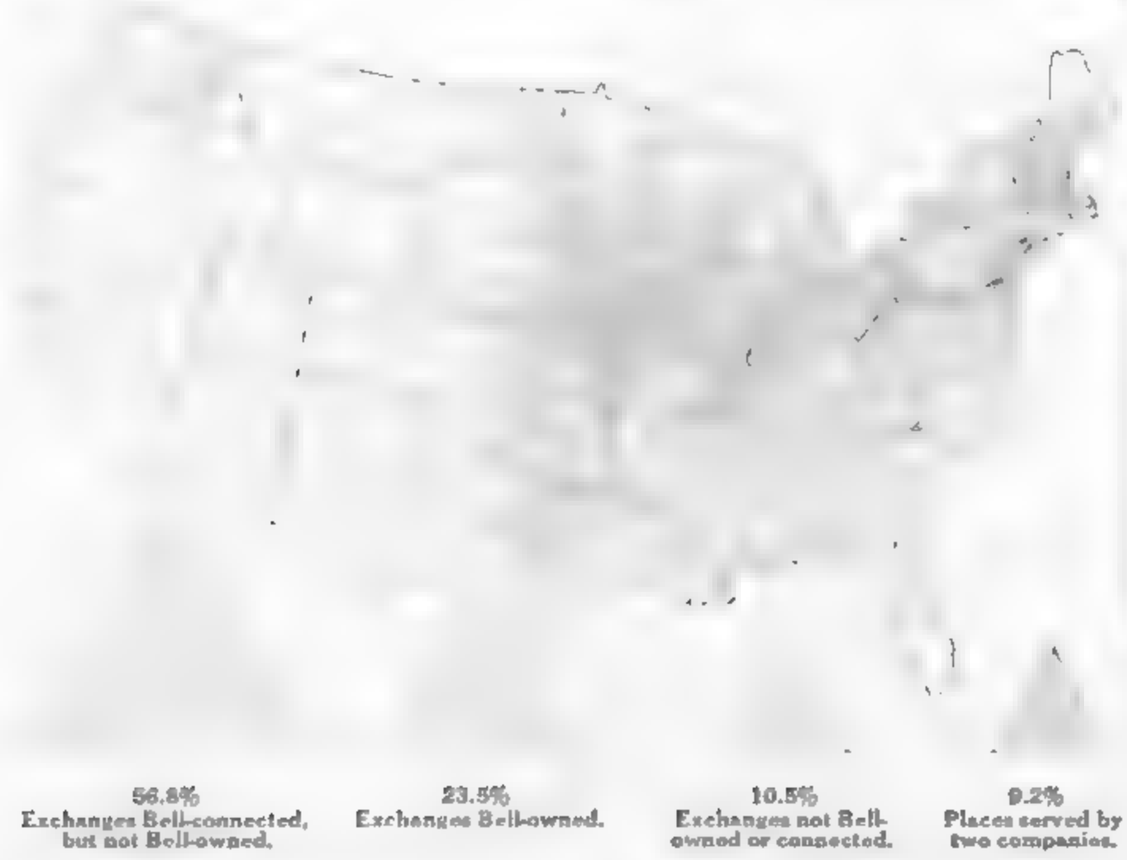
What the Telephone Map Shows



56.8% Exchanges Bell-connected, but not Bell-owned.
23.5% Exchanges Bell-owned.
10.5% Exchanges not Bell-owned or connected.
9.2% Places served by two companies.

EVERY dot on the map marks a town where there is a telephone exchange, the same sized dot being used for a large city as for a small village. Some of these exchanges are owned by the Associated Bell companies and some by independent companies. Where joined together in one system they meet the needs of each community and, with their suburban lines, reach 70,000 places and over 8,000,000 subscribers.

The pyramids show that only a minority of the exchanges are Bell-owned, and that the greater majority of the exchanges are owned by independent companies and connected with the Bell System.

At comparatively few points are there two telephone companies, and there are comparatively few exchanges, chiefly rural, which do not have outside connections.

The recent agreement between the Attorney General of the United States and the Bell System will facilitate connections between all telephone subscribers regardless of who owns the exchanges.

Over 8,000 different telephone companies have already connected their exchanges to provide universal service for the whole country.

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THOUSANDS OF BOYS in every section of the country are earning their own spending money, receiving a long list of splendid premiums and at the same time getting an invaluable business training by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* on Friday afternoons and on Saturdays. If you want to try it, drop a line to Sales Division, Box 608, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Here's the best-made .22 Rifle in the world

With Round Barrel $14.50
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.22 Repeater MODEL 1897

THIS is no ordinary 22 rifle: It's the only .22 repeater made with the dependable lever action—like a big game rifle. It has better weight, better balance, greater steadiness than any other .22. It's guaranteed in accuracy and reliability; handles rapidly, gives 25 shots at one loading. Shoots .22 short, .22 long and .22 long-rifle cartridges without adjustment. For rabbits, squirrels, hawks, geese, foxes, for all small game and target work up to 200 yards, just get this *Marlin*.

It's a take-down rifle, convenient to carry and clean. Has tool steel working parts that cannot wear out. Beautiful case-hardened finish; superb build and balance. Ivory bead and Rocky Mountain sights; the best set furnished on any .22. The solid top and side ejection mean safety and rapid, accurate firing.

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The Marlin Firearms Co. 19 Willow Street NEW HAVEN, CONN.

to her feet and tiptoed like an automaton to the center of the room. Her hat, its effulgence of blue veil flowing from its brim, lay on the white-topped table. She pinned it on, even carefully, so that its blue facing lay reflected in the dry mirror of her eyes, the hollows in her neck rising and falling with the strange suppression of her breathing.

The nurse slept on her couch, and Miss Kline made a wide, tiptoe détour to the door, down the smooth clean corridors, down a wide clean stairway and out into the sudden rush of city noises and torpid air. Without, dusk had fallen sadly and the clang of traffic assailed her consciousness with a new and indescribable nearness, as if her nerves lay naked. She stood irresolute in the flux of the sidewalk. The tide of men flowed past, jostled, closed her in and left her, neither pausing with nor for her.

A messenger darted across a curb and, shoving her, knocked her hat awry. She regarded him without annoyance. Her black leather handbag fell to the dry gutter and a passer-by recovered it for her and flashed her a smile. She dusted it and advanced a few steps toward the telegraph office adjoining the hospital. Even as she approached the lights within sprang out suddenly and an electric sign above its doorway streamed down upon the threshold, whitening it. She mounted two steps and entered. When she emerged street lights were beginning to shine through the wavering dusk, and she crossed the street and into the green twilight of the city park.

Within that pacific from the mighty tread of men trees gave her roof and her feet followed a grassy path that was cool to her feet and gentle. When she reached the bench, sunk even deeper in its tangled mat of grass beside the lake, it was as if her suppression tore through the firm restraint of her throat in sobs, moans and the terrifying inarticulateness of anguish in solitude; next the trembling lips and icy-dead eyes of exhaustion, then a gradual quiet growing into a calm.

Stars sprang out in a clean sky, the first stars of evening whose names are beautiful and mysterious. Chimes tolled; the circle of lights girded the lake; through the trees more lights, and, solitary in the nocturnal landscape and still on her bench, Miss Letta Kline, the tears dry on her face and a quietism full upon her.

The bluer darkness of evening, and half sleeping, her perceptions rose and fell to the twitting of birds rustling through leaves, the siren of an automobile, footsteps.

A smile came out on her lips, faintly as the sun tearing aside a haze, and over her the quiescence of a cat dreaming in a sun-lashed doorway. Wrinkles crawled out on her face until she could feel them, and she leaned over to regard their chirography in the mirror of the lake and the smile widened to reveal her teeth.

Again chimes tolling, and she sprang to her feet, a startled fay in her forest, and ran the remaining distance of the park and across a traffic-trembling street, so that when she reached the One-Hundred-and-Sixteenth-Street stage door she was breathless and with the red of exertion flowing vivid in her cheeks.

But on schedule time an Italian lake, photographic as a mirror, lay in the blue hollow of an Italian night. Stars trembled up from its pool. On an ivy-stained bench beside the lake a faun, only in evening dress and the moonbeams caught in his copper-colored hair, leaned forward and took within his own the hand of his lady, a long white hand as patrician as if descended from a hundred dukes and gleaming with a ruby set in Florentine gold.

"I love you, *Bella mia!*"

"Sh-h-h, Vittorio, my boy. It is futile to attempt to cut off the heel of destiny."

Coke-Burning Cars

COKE-BURNING automobiles for omnibus and motor-truck work have appeared on the streets in London. The boiler and engine are under a hood in front of the driver, giving the appearance of an ordinary automobile; but the hood is rather large. The coke is burned under a boiler to make steam, which in turn runs a steam engine.

The coke bunkers, holding enough fuel for fifty or one hundred miles' running, are located round the boiler, and an automatic arrangement feeds the coke into the fire. The gases, or light smoke, pass through a cooler before going out into the air, and give so little smell and smoke that the stringent police regulations are complied with.

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STRONG, healthy, red-blooded people are always fresh air folks. They love outdoors and they open their windows wide when they sleep.

They get health and joy from Nature's every mood by being Bigger-Than-Weather. But they always protect themselves from cold and dampness.

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Bigger-Than-Weather

Patrick Mackinaw Yarn is made into a cloth, tightened and thickened by an improvement over the old Scandinavian "stumping" process. This method gives resistance to wind, cold and moisture.

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Anticipating a tremendous business expansion during the fall and winter months we have decided to aggressively extend our field of operations into new and undeveloped territory. Our six acres of factory floor space, coupled with 25 years' experience in the manufacture of ... and paper, including Art Calendars DeLuxe, enables us to offer competent men a highly attractive selling proposition. Term of service to begin Jan. first or sooner. Personal interviews arranged.
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The flood of orders for the new Protectograph Check Writer came so fast that our old factory was swamped in less than a month. We had to buy this big plant, all "ready-made," over night, and run it to capacity to keep up with our guarantees of delivery to our customers. We invested a half-million dollars to keep our promises.

The demand for this beautiful instrument that writes checks in half the time—and protects them absolutely at the same time—shows that business men now feel the danger of unprotected checks—and also that they appreciate the dollars-and-cents value of faster check-writing in the office.

Writes the full amount of the check—in two colors—exact to the penny—a complete word to each stroke of the handle

Cuts each character into "shreds" and forces heavy ink through the shreds. (Todd Patents.)

The Protectograph Check Writer

In this new factory we have built and shipped 88,000 machines since January 1, 1914—More by far than any other maker of check-protecting devices has ever built in his entire business career.

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* * * THREE HUNDRED FIFTEEN DOLLARS TWENTY SEVEN CENTS

(Denominations in red; amounts in blue)

Disturbing this line destroys the document and makes it worthless. This is the famous Todd Protectograph "shredding" patent. For 15 years the Protectograph system has protected the largest bank accounts in the world, and is the only form of protection that has never been successfully altered.

Protectograph written checks are clean and business-like. The writing is beautifully legible—the vivid contrast of the two colors—denomination words in red, amount words in blue—makes mistakes impossible. The Protectograph Check Writer is a beautiful instrument, built in the finest manner to the smallest detail.

Anyone, from "the boss" to the Office Boy, can operate this instrument without practice. Simply set the pointer to the desired word on the dial and turn the handle. It saves at least 25 per cent. of time, even with a green operator. Many large Government offices, busy banks and prominent corporation treasurers tell us the Protectograph Check Writer pays for itself monthly in getting out big batches of checks for dividends, etc.

And every check is positively protected *before it is signed*. Think that over. It means protection for everyone who handles the checks.

The price of the Protectograph Check Writer is surprisingly small. The tremendous output of our new factory, with special automatic machinery for every operation, has enabled us to sell this instrument for less than half the price we originally had in mind. Moreover, this method of manufacture means fine workmanship, accurate to the finest fraction of an inch, exact as a watch—utterly regardless of expense.

When you buy anything so important as protection for your bank account, you want a machine you can have confidence in, made by a house you have confidence in. The Protectograph devices have the confidence of 90 per cent. of all commercial banks in the country, the U. S. Government, public institutions, and over 250,000 business men.

For 15 years we have stood behind the Protectograph with our guarantee of lasting satisfaction to the purchaser. No bill has ever been rendered for ordinary repairs or replacements to any original parts of a machine with the name of TODD upon it. That's our idea of *Service—TODD-Service.*

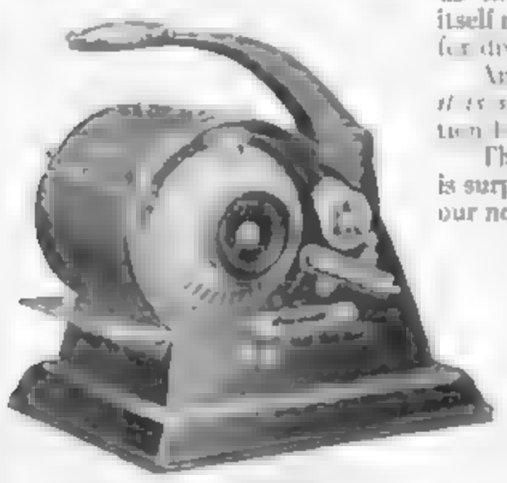
Check raising increases every day. Write us for photo reproductions of some checks that have been raised, showing different methods. They will prove to you in a startling way the real danger in signing checks that have not been protected.

We will also send a book by Detective Wm. J. Burns, illustrating the simple methods by which swindlers and dishonest employees obtain genuine checks; how they raise the amounts over the signatures, and get them cashed; how weak employees are often tempted by the ease of raising checks; how you might easily lose your entire bank account *and more.*

Banks request us to confine this confidential information to responsible business men—those who sign checks. Therefore, please send your letterhead with the coupon—Don't wait to have a check raised before getting posted. *Do it now while the coupon is before you.*

FREE

Mail to address on attached letterhead the samples of Protectograph Check Writing and the confidential book of Warning by Detective Burns.



Model H Protectograph

The world's standard of Protection. Over 250,000 of this model [illegible] Not Over [illegible] of the Protectograph

G. W. Todd & Co., 1144 University Avenue Rochester, N. Y.

World's Largest Makers of Check Protecting Devices

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Name _____

To G. W. Todd & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Cadillac Standard of the World

2173

This figure represents the number of individual buyers who had, up to August first, placed orders for the new Cadillac.

No announcement had been made by this Company concerning the characteristics of the new car.

Even Cadillac dealers had not been informed concerning it.

The dealers did not especially seek these orders in advance.

They came spontaneously—in widely separated cities—from more than 2,000 individual buyers.

Their attitude was—in effect—"No matter what it is, just so it's a Cadillac" and "We want to order now."

And the public is still without authoritative information from the Cadillac Company concerning the details of the new car—but more than $4,000,000 worth of business awaits its coming.

Could anything that we might say compare with this substantial expression of implicit confidence?

Could it have occurred in connection with any car other than the Cadillac?

We have said before that we regard the peculiar confidence reposed in the Cadillac Company as a trust and a responsibility.

It is also an asset so immensely valuable that mere self-interest, if nothing more, would impel us never to imperil it.

And Cadillac users bear testimony that we never have imperiled it.

Rest assured that those who have placed their orders will be abundantly rewarded.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

Cadillac Standard of the World

THE CAMP FOLLOWER

(Continued from Page 7)

preparation Barraca was much too busy for anything but the Legion of the North. He remembered Lolita's existence only when it was forced on his notice.

And this was the way of it: Having helped her mother cook Colonel Tio's supper and dutifully polished the silver knives and forks that the seasoned campaigner had looted from a banker in Tabutuma, Lolita strolled down to the bank of the river in order to watch the children flounder in the current. They would lie on their stomachs and let the water creep over their bare shoulders and down their backs and Lolita never tired of the performance.

It grew dusk. The voices of the children sounded louder in the hush of the soft southern night. Along came Esteva Ruiz, who drove a mule team that hauled a gun. Esteva had been drinking mescal. Spying Lolita, whom he had often admired from a distance, he halted and spoke to her. She did not understand his incoherencies, but was frightened by his swollen face and hot eyes. And she understood the hands on her shoulders when he forgot the mandate sent broadcast through the army the day Lolita was plucked from her nest on Tepitate.

She clawed Esteva and wrenched herself free, calling for help at the top of her voice; and the wallowing children joined startled trebles to her outcry. Soldiers came running and seized the muddled fool.

The Liberator was sitting down to a late supper after twelve hours in the saddle when the incident was reported to him by Major Coronna. They had Ruiz between two guards outside the tent door, quite sober now and resigned to death. He was wondering just what manner of execution His Excellency might order—whether it would be a merciful firing squad, or a hangman's noose, or broiling over a slow fire.

"Drunk?" grunted Barraca.

"Very drunk, general."

"Huh!" said the Liberator thoughtfully. "Bring him in." The offender shambled forward, propelled by his escort. "No; take him away. I know him. He is a good-enough boy when he is sober. So give him twelve blows on the soles of the feet, major. And thank your stars you're left alive, *hombre!* Do you hear?"

"*Si, señor,*" murmured Esteva.

They laid on nine and Ruiz fainted; so they revived him with a drink and gave him the remaining three. The Legion of the North heard that the unusual punishment was administered because of disrespect to a woman and it dazed them; but the camp followers were green with jealousy and said some rude things about Lolita.

Mark the prompt sequence of cause and effect: The very next evening Lolita's mother was told by Colonel Tio to fetch the girl to the general's tent. Did the summons fill the widow with dismay? It did not. She had Lolita wash her face thoroughly and brush her hair, and conveyed her through the lines with visible pride. Having accompanied her to the door the widow hurried back to spread the tidings among her envious cronies.

Palpitating and ready to sink to the earth with awe, Lolita entered. The Liberator was alone, smoking a cigarette over the remains of a heavy meal. The sentry carefully hooked the canvas flap and extended his beat a dozen paces.

IV

"GENERAL?" Colonel Tio tapped discreetly on the canvas wall with his fingertips.

"Who is it? Get away. I'm busy."

"But he says he must see you to-night or it may be too late." With promise of reward for risking intrusion, the colonel was determined to see it through. "It is Tio."

"Oh! Come in, then. Come in and see what the slut has done to me."

The chief of commissary eased himself through the slit without unfastening the flap and remained just inside the door, stock-still, blinking his red little eyes. The Liberator was beside the table, a smashed cup at his feet, both hands clutching the corners so hard that the knuckles showed white. There was a contusion on his forehead, which explained the cup; four vertical scratches on his cheek; and a thin stream of blood made a growing stain down his shoulder. Across from him stood Lolita, poised to run in either direction, a table knife in her hand, and her face ablaze. She was doing the talking:

"A slut, am I? And I thought you were great and good—yes—the Liberator! The Liberator! You free us! You get the people their rights! You save Mexico! Bah! You—you pig!"

The colonel coughed behind his hand and murmured deferentially:

"The Englishman is here, sir."

Instantly Barraca calmed. He gulped, wiped the stains from his face and coat with a napkin, straightened, and in a second became the Liberator. The transformation was so swift that Lolita could not follow it.

"Tell him to come in. First, send Major Coronna to me. And you—you wait in there."

He pointed to a smaller, connecting tent, where he slept. And his manner was so stern and high that Lolita obeyed. However, she took the knife with her.

"NO; I WILL NOT! They belong to us. Ours—all the people. And we will keep them for ourselves."

"But, general," urged the lean Englishman, "think what it means! You must have money for it—tons of money. Where will it come from? We will open up and develop them. Your own people will be better off. You yourself—a hundred thousand pounds and protection in office—the respect of civilized nations—think of it! As a ward of the Empire your position ——"

The Liberator checked him.

"Better the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion," he said sharply, and rose to terminate the interview.

The ambassador of money stared at him steadily, then bowed and withdrew, convinced that Barraca had been reached by the other clique first. He represented the species of organized capital that is without party or country or principles, and which remembers the flag only when it is in trouble. Then it squeals.

"Come here—you in there!"

"I won't if I don't want to!" returned Lolita angrily—emerging, however.

She advanced slowly toward him, one hand against the canvas wall, the other concealed behind her back. For some reason she felt ashamed now of the knife.

"You heard?"

"Yes."

Her demeanor was sullen, but humble too. She might have nothing but contempt for Miguel Barraca; but it was the patriot, not the peon, whose steady gaze compelled her to look at him.

"You can go now. And listen—tomorrow or the next day you will see. A pig, am I? You will see what kind of a pig Miguel Barraca is."

"But, Your Excellency, what I meant was ——"

"Get out!" he ordered harshly. "I know what you meant. Hi, Tio—send in the scribblers if they're ready." The Liberator walked close to Lolita and asked: "Are you a good girl or were you only pretending?"

"Why should I pretend?"

"You can never tell about women," said Barraca with a gloomy shake of the head, and dismissed her that he might give audience to some war correspondents.

Over the cup of stinging coffee and cigarette that constituted his breakfast, General Barraca shot at his chief of commissary:

"Tio, it is high time you got married."

Having put in a bad night with some of the young bloods of the staff the veteran was in no mood for jesting. He cocked a suspicious eye at the general and requested reasons.

"Well, you need a good wife to take care of you. At your age a man ought to have some one to make him comfortable."

"My age?" snorted the colonel. "A man isn't old at forty-two, general."

"Perhaps not, but he is beginning to lose his first youth at sixty."

Deeming it the part of wisdom to avoid trivial argument the colonel let this pass and helped himself to more coffee.

"So get ready," said the Liberator calmly.

Tio put down his cup, chin and hands trembling.

"What is the joke, general? Me marry? That is a good one. Har-har!"

"Why not? You're always making a roar about being cold at night, and she'd keep you warm."

"But where shall I find me a wife, general?"

"How about the one from Tepitate?"

Let Me Lend You This New Kind of Shower

Beats a Tub Bath Forty Ways. Makes Either Hot or Cold Water Twice As Refreshing

10 Days Free Trial

No Money In Advance—Only $6 If You Keep It

Merely as a show-you demonstration—a prove-it-to-you test—I want to lend you a Kenney Four-Stream Needle Shower for ten days' enjoyment absolutely free.

I want you to see for yourself—by actual use how this brand new kind of shower beats a plain tub bath in every way.

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How it gives you—right in your own bath tub—all the [illegible] bathing every day in the year.

[illegible] this test without sending me a single [illegible]. And no obligation whatever to purchase—not a penny to pay if you are willing to send the shower back after the trial.

And it will cost you only $6 if you keep it—much less than the cheapest old-style shower you can get.

Year Around Energizer

Every day in the week I get letters from all over the country telling what a wonderful energizer a Kenney Shower is.

A few minutes' fun in front of it first thing in the morning—with either hot or cold water—seems to fill [illegible] Acts like [illegible] sleep and [illegible] right up on your toes.

[illegible] you're all tired out from a hard day's work [illegible] you right up—makes you feel good as-new. And one time shower will help you get sound sleep. While with plenty [illegible]

[illegible] on the water and [illegible] tub to all.

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In [illegible] age, no bath room is complete without [illegible] to Dr Woods Hutchinson [illegible] the only sanitary way to [illegible] read [illegible] ng your bath in the same water [illegible] started with, every drop that touches you is absolutely fresh and clean.

And now for only $6—less than ½ cent a day for the year—[illegible] get out of it—you can [illegible] become [illegible] a revolutionary improvement—four needle-sprayed streams instead of [illegible] making it luxuriously stimulating. Has all the good points of the most expensive showers without a single fault.

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All Metal—Fits Any Tub
Guaranteed Not to Splash Out—Make the 10 Day Test and See

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[illegible] new principle. No clammy [illegible] all in the con[illegible] [illegible] word for that—try the [illegible] free and see for your[illegible] I know of to prove it.

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All four of the invigorating needle-sprayed streams are thrown direct against the body from the neck down so breath-taking shock [illegible] with ordinary showers.

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Fits any bath tub. Easily put up—no tools needed not even a screw driver.

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Simply Send Your Name

Remember [illegible] buy a [illegible] would [illegible] you [illegible] your name [illegible] you'll receive [illegible]

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Are your socks made like this?

No. 398—25c

This sock is a wonder for wear; yet thousands buy it for *beauty*. That combination—at 25c—is what most men want.

No. 398; handsome as always, stronger than ever; now has double soles and high spliced heels.

Heels and extended toes of quadruple "extra twist" yarn; the rub-resisting fabric that made Iron Clads famous. The part that shows above a shoe is a fine, handsome, lustrous texture. The whole sock is seamless.

COLORS Black, Champagne, Wine, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Grey, Dark Tan, Golden Tan, Heliotrope, Pearl, Navy Blue, White and Ecru. Sizes 9½ to 11½. Price 25c

No one can try No. 398 without wanting to wear it always. We have proved this so often that we offer to supply direct and prepay postage (if there is no Iron Clad dealer convenient). Your order will be *our* risk—send today.

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—in 16 colors. Illustrates and describes Iron Clads for every member of the family. A postal card request will bring it, free.

Iron Clad

This New Adler-Rochester Model is One of the 45 Fall Styles Now Ready

THIS model is a splendid example of the supremacy of ADLER-ROCHESTER designers. The coat has a high waisted effect. The lapels and collar are broader. The sleeves are narrower and so are the trouser legs.

Typical of the important, though subtle, changes of fashion, this ADLER-ROCHESTER model will surely prove popular with men who demand correct clothes.

Write for the ADLER-ROCHESTER Fall Book of Men's Fashions and the name of the merchant in your town who sells ADLER-ROCHESTER clothes.

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Ten Years at the Old Job

Patient, conscientious, faithful, this man had worked a decade—and his faithfulness had been rewarded by a nominal salary-increase each year. At the beginning of his eleventh year he was making $1800.00 a year.

Other men, younger than he, had entered his employer's service and had been promoted above him. They were making salaries of from $2500.00 to $4500.00 a year.

He analyzed them. He analyzed himself. He was just as earnest as they, just as sincere in his efforts to serve the house, just as intelligent and able. But—he saw the reason—they were *trained* and he was not.

His inquiries showed that all these younger men had—in some correspondence school or business college—secured the training that made them worth more to their employer, and, worth more than he, they commanded higher salaries.

His lesson was learned. He at once took steps to obtain the education he knew he needed, and with gratifying results. He entered the class of the high salaried men—but that is another story.

Are *you* trained for advancement? If not, are you planning to get the education you need?

Don't waste ten years working at the old job. We will pay your way through any educational institution you choose, in exchange for part of your leisure time each week.

We want you to secure subscriptions and renewals to *The Saturday Evening Post* in your own town. A host of others have done it.

Let us tell you about it. What we will send you *must* interest you if you have read this advertisement through. Address

Educational Division, Box 601

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Well," said the chief of commissary more cheerfully, and he licked his lips, "perhaps—if you command it, general. And she is very beautiful. But I thought ——"

"Tut! Not the girl, fool!" Barraca changed color and pushed his cup away from him with impatience. "What are you dreaming of—at your age? No; I mean the mother."

Colonel Tio straightened his bent old shoulders and said with fine dignity and resolution:

"When you are done joking, general, I will return for the day's orders. The widow indeed! Why, she is forty if she's a day! And she cooks for me."

"Well, what of it? What if she does? You'll never see sixty-five again and you cooked all your life until a year ago."

"I will not do it," said Tio positively.

"Here; wait a minute, colonel. Don't go. Listen until I'm through. When the widow marries half of the hacienda of Santa Rosa goes with her as a dowry."

Though his back was turned, a blind man could have seen that the colonel was listening. With a shrewd backward glance at his chief he said:

"Huh! That is different. It may be—if she cleaned up and got some dresses. And she can cook fit for a don. Half, you say, general? The half that takes in the valley?"

"Sure Mike!" cried Barraca, lapsing into the English he had picked up when a cowboy on the Tumbling H ranch. "All that, and cattle to stock it."

"She mustn't cook for me any more, then," muttered Tio reflectively. "No; it wouldn't do. She must be sent—she and the girl—away from this trash. Santa Rosa! I'll think it over, general."

"Get ready. The wedding will take place in Opodepe."

That stiffened the colonel like a jolt in the ribs.

"But why the unseemly haste?" he protested. "What has put all this thought of marriage so suddenly into your head? There are women enough. We are happy, general—we are getting rich. Everything is fine. Why spoil it all?"

"Tio, *compañero!*" said the Liberator, throwing an arm affectionately across the colonel's shoulders. "It is just this—a bachelor is of no account, you understand. No; he is like a broncho without a bridle. He looks fine—ah, yes! He snorts and runs wild, and kicks up the dust; but he performs no useful service. It is only when he marries—ah, the wife is the bridle that guides him and keeps him in the road. He ——"

"Ay," said Tio dubiously; "she keeps him in the road sure enough!"

"And maybe," cried the Liberator, his face shining with enthusiasm, "maybe, when we get to Opodepe—eh, Tio, my boy? Who knows? I like one with the devil in her. Eh, *compadre?*"

VI

BEFORE noon of that day the trains arrived and the Legion of the North lined the track to cheer the engineers. They also cheered the firemen and the brakemen, and every one else who showed his head. Ten minutes later they were regretting this exuberance and sweating behind the ears.

Never was such hopeless, panting tumult! They ran and shouted, loaded and unloaded, walloped the mules, beat the horses, cursed, shunted and whistled. With a perversity almost animate one of the big guns refused to go on a flat car and rolled off the chute, crushing a soldier and embedding itself two feet in the ground.

Engines and trains being new to him and an untried mystery, Barraca delegated the job of entraining to Colonel Rodriguez, who said that he understood that sort of thing thoroughly. At three o'clock the Liberator sent for him.

"Why aren't they ready to start? Why are they still here?"

The colonel dashed off a hundred and eleven reasons, and then gave his hands and tongue a rest while he took breath.

"If they aren't all on those trains and ready to go in four hours," announced Barraca in a voice like a file, "there'll be a handsome young widow in Batuco."

The colonel mopped his face despairingly, wailed "*Dios!* I am lost!" and went at it anew, with the Liberator at his elbow to speed things up. Still there was babel and confusion. At the end of another hour, discovering that the job was supposed to be done on a theory that would not work out, he ruthlessly brushed Rodriguez aside, grabbed the Legion of the North by the scruff of the neck and seat of the pants and bundled it on board. By nightfall his forces were ready to move.

First went a pilot engine; then a long train of cattle cars jammed with horses and mules and burros. Scores of men traveled on top and fired round after round into the air to show their mettle.

"And they're short of ammunition!" groaned a foreign military attaché.

The Liberator turned slowly from watching them.

"Do not fret, *amigo*. They are fine boys and will fight like the devil to-morrow. What if they shoot off a few cartridges? It heartens them. And a stout heart is half the battle."

"Is it true," said a war correspondent eagerly, "that the First Chief has appointed General Miron to command the attack on Opodepe?"

Barraca made a wide, contemptuous gesture with his arm.

"What does it matter? We are fighting for Mexico, my friend. I am a soldier, not a politician. And it is for me to obey."

Emboldened by this reply the reporter persisted:

"But we understood that you had been promised the command—at least, one of the papers had it —— I got a wire this morning, general, saying that Miron had been appointed."

His features working with restrained fury, the Liberator took a step toward him, and the correspondent backed away. Barraca paid him no further attention, but hurried off to boss the loading of a gun.

On the outskirts of the knot of women and children that gathered to watch the operation was Lolita. Craning her neck to see the general, she heard him say to Colonel Tio, with a passionate blow of his fist into his palm: "If he has lied to me again I won't engage. I'll take my boys and ——" At that moment the gun settled into place.

The first train stuck on a grade six miles above and there was a long delay; but they pushed it over the summit and the line was clear for another. It pulled out slowly, with deafening screaming of flanges against ill-set rails and wild blasts from the whistle. And once again the ardent patriots on the roof fired a rattling salute. Lolita was entranced. This was magnificent! This was war!

She was everywhere, in the thick of every mix-up and glorying in the turmoil. Her scent for trouble was as unerring as a buzzard's for carrion. Rodriguez ordered her away a dozen times before he discovered that Lolita was worth a regiment as a mule loader. She would lead the dreamy Pancho up the boards into a car and the stubborn rebels would meekly follow. The Liberator glimpsed this performance, but said nothing.

So train after train drew out and was swallowed up in the darkness. The last to go was a mixed train of passenger coaches and flat cars carrying the guns and baggage. In one of the rear sleepers rode the wives of the staff; and, by order of Colonel Tio, the widow and Lolita were among them. Though mightily scandalized the ladies could do nothing, and their stares and biting comments made no impression on Lolita. The Liberator occupied the end coach with his generals, and Lolita could think of nobody else.

All night they traveled across sand hills. A hot wind puffed through the screenless windows, sucking the breath from her nostrils and searing her skin. Her eyes were full of cinders; her hair stiff with grit. She could not sleep, but tossed about in the red-plush seat, listening to the snoring of Major Coronna's fat wife. Twice her mother woke to scold her for sticking her feet in her face; but the jolting and heat, the sudden stops and hushed, breathless waits, failed to worry the widow.

Three men rolled off the cars in their sleep and were lost; five were wounded by indiscriminate shooting. These were the only depletions, however; and in the forenoon of the twenty-third of August the trains halted in a broad valley and the Legion of the North piled out. They were eleven miles from Opodepe.

Breakfast eaten on the jump, a hurried departure of the guns in response to the entreaties of an aide from General Miron, who was awaiting the Liberator's arrival, and the trumpets sounded To horse! Barraca gave the word and they moved off at a walk, quickening soon to a shuffling trot. Lolita watched them go, with a sick feeling of helplessness on account of her sex.

Continued on Page 69

SPARTON Warning Signals

Model "D" Sparton
Finished in black and nickel or black and brass
Price $15.00
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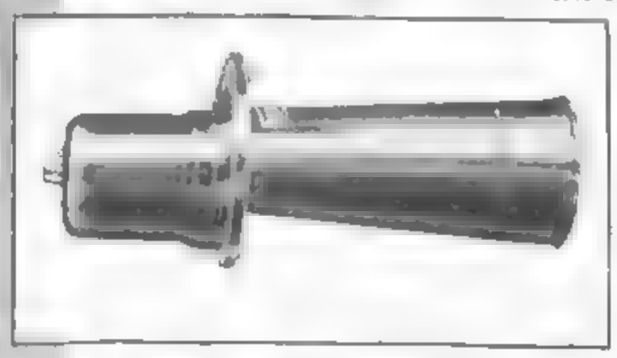

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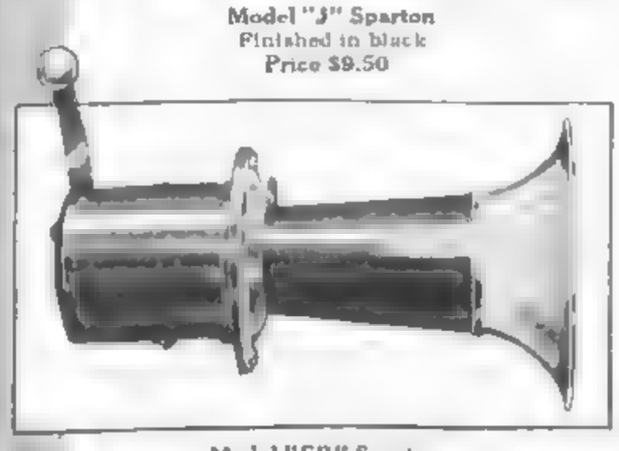

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"Safety First—Sound Sparton"

At many points on the National Highways—just before you reach that dangerous incline or a particularly sharp turn—there, you will find the Sparton sign post.

These posts carry a message of warning which should not be disregarded. The safety of your family—your friends—or yourself may depend upon prompt, unfaltering action. *Sound your Sparton*—let its sharp, imperative note warn the "other fellow" that a "car is coming."

Remember, when you need a warning signal, you need it *badly*. This is no time to compromise with a weak, guttural "squawk" or the faint "buzz" of an inefficient electric horn. You must have *power* back of the warning—it must be a peremptory command rather than a feeble apology.

No longer can there be the slightest question about the *absolute necessity* for a dependable motor driven warning signal. Countless accidents—many of them grim tragedies—have clearly shown that the old "bulb" horn and the "buzzer" type of electrical device are quite worthless. Their tones are drowned in noisy street traffic. Their "voice" will not carry far enough to prevent the accident. They fail to *warn*—the one function which they are supposed to perform.

In the Sparton line you will find just the signal for your car—whether it be a small, inexpensive runabout or a luxurious, six-cylinder limousine. Spartons differ in size and price, but they are all of the same grade in *quality*—just as good as we can possibly make them. They require very little current, which reduces the operating expense to a minimum.

Thousands of motorists are driving cars equipped with Sparton warning signals and the foremost automobile manufacturers are including the Sparton as standard equipment with their cars.

At the automobile shows this coming winter we predict that every car selling for more than $1200 will be equipped with a motor driven warning signal. The inefficient horn is doomed—the public will no longer risk life and limb for the sake of an extra dollar or so.

Make it a point to see your dealer today. He carries a full line of Sparton warning signals or can easily secure them for you.

Test out the warning qualities of these signals—note the simple sturdy construction which means a "trouble proof" instrument—and see that a Sparton is installed on your car before the next emergency arises.

DEALERS Write for our proposition. You should be prepared to supply a constantly increasing demand for the most popular warning signal on the market

The Sparks-Withington Company
Jackson, Michigan

Reducing a Great Public Loss

THERE will always be bargains.

Styles will always change. Therefore at the end of each season stores will have to sell out their style goods cheap in order to avoid even greater loss.

Fires, quick removals, unwise buying resulting in an overstock—causes like these will always justify an occasional sale.

When it is said, therefore, that the bargain system will come to its end it is not meant that there will never be any more bargains. What is meant is that the bargain sale will cease to be used generally by retail stores as a main feature of their selling methods.

Every real bargain represents somebody's loss—the loss of either the merchant or the manufacturer. The customer gets his benefit at the expense or misfortune of some one else.

It should be clearly recognized that every such loss is public waste. The most economical commercial system is one in which every article manufactured is promptly sold at a fair, moderate price and in which neither style changes, overstocking nor other mishap results in a sacrifice. Such an ideal system is not only to the advantage of the maker and seller, but also to the advantage of the buyer, for of course the public always has to pay on other goods for the waste represented by every business loss.

Some progress is being made toward that end of scientific distribution.

National advertising is acting as a powerful force to create an even balance between supply and demand, to use up this year's product before it goes out of style, to keep a constant flow of trade for the articles which the dealer buys and not leave him with an overstock on his shelves. You never see a bargain sale of nationally advertised, standard price goods caused by overstocking.

One great public advantage of national advertising is that it establishes standards of values and makes it possible for the average customer to know that he is getting full value for what he pays. The price is advertised, and the customer knows when he goes into the store that he ought to get the goods for that price.

As advertising becomes more and more general, distribution will become more and more scientific, supply and demand will more nearly balance, and the enormous losses which are now represented by bargains and for which the public has to pay in order that the stores may stay in business, will be eliminated.

The nearer that day comes, and the nearer we get to general standards of prices on all goods, the better it will be for manufacturer, for retailer and for the public.

"One Price to All" will appear in an early issue.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 66)

She roamed restlessly about the camp, hating it and the sordid tasks and silly gossip. All the men were gone except a few who were on the sick list; the women were cooking dinner, and her mother proudly took her ease in the coach, too absorbed in the talk of the ladies there to bother her head about Lolita. None of them seemed in the least perturbed over the outcome of the assault. They took it for granted that the Liberator would carry the town.

After they had eaten Lolita bridled Pancho and left the camp, going toward a fringe of foothills. As she neared them there came to her ears a faint click-click-click, like the sound of knitting needles plied vigorously. It grew louder as she advanced and was punctuated by a heavier, sullen, muffled report that seemed to shake the ground under her feet. Startled into animation, Pancho pricked up his ears. Lolita cried out in delight. She knew what it meant. Beyond those hills lay Opodepe, and the battle was on.

She glanced back at the camp, straggling in disorder along the railroad line; then stared longingly ahead at the placid hills. In a minute she kicked Pancho's sides, whistling him forward.

It was farther than she thought. In about thirty minutes she met a man on a spent horse, who had blood on his leg. He was for passing Lolita at a distance, but she hailed him.

"Where to?" he cried. "You are mad! Turn back, *muchacha!* We are beaten! The Federals fight like fiends. They have won the victory. He must fly soon or be killed dead—our brave General Miron."

"And the Liberator?"

The soldier cursed the Liberator.

"He is not with us. This Barraca, he will not fight. The traitor sulks on a hill. Yes! He and his rabble stay safe on a hill. He is a coward."

"Liar!" Lolita flared; but the soldier went on.

She hastened forward. Threading the foothills, she encountered other fugitives from the battlefield—a few were wounded, the majority merely overcome with panic. Lolita gave them a wide berth, which made detours necessary; so her progress was slow. An infantryman, meeting her in a lonely cañon, would have stopped her, but she easily eluded him.

What she saw when at long last she came out on the other side was a cuplike valley, with a little white city nestling amid cottonwoods on its farther slope. Smoke eddied all along the lower face of the slope and big balls of it puffed from a height to the right.

While she gazed, across the valley directly below her streamed a ragged, wavering line of horsemen, shooting as they went. Some fell from their horses. There was a cloud of dust, and a gap was torn in the thick of them. They yelled savagely. Innumerable jets of flame spurted at them and a pall of smoke closed down, blotting the line from her sight. In a few minutes it moved aside, and the line was no more. Broken, scattered, the attacking cavalry was speeding back toward the hills.

Lolita looked all round for the Legion of the North. Below and to her left was a ridge that inclined gently to the valley, and on it was massed Barraca's cavalry. She could see the Liberator at the head of his staff and the standard drooping on its pole.

A rider dashed up the ridge, saluted Barraca, and spoke, waving his arm passionately toward the slopes of Opodepe. The firing had slackened. The Federals were standing up in their trenches, exultantly deriding the vanquished. Still Barraca did not move, and the galloper went streaking back to a post-oak grove, where his commander was exhorting the reserves.

Lolita waited for no more, but descended toward the ridge. And just as another aide arrived there breathless she skirted the rear ranks of the Legion. A burst of laughter greeted her, rippled from squadron to squadron. Somebody yelled: "Hi-yi, *mulera!*" They huzzaed, but she did not falter. They jeered Pancho, but the mule was undisturbed.

"Sir," the galloper was crying, "General Miron urges that you wait no longer. If you do not charge now we are beaten. Our infantry cannot hope to cross. He begs that you will charge. Otherwise he must fall back and Opodepe is lost to us!"

"Not lost, friend," said the Liberator grimly, "not lost. I will take it to-morrow, when your general has finished his fooling. You will see!"

"But, Your Excellency ——"

"Go back and tell him, once for all, I will not risk my men in such an attack. Tell him just that. If the First Chief sees fit—this will show, I think, who wins the victories. Eh, gentlemen?"

"Shame!" shrilled Lolita, pricking forward on Pancho. "For shame!"

Before any one could stop her, she was in the midst of the staff. An officer made a move to seize her bridle.

"Let her alone!" ordered his chief.

They eyed each other a moment.

"Well?"

"Are you going to fight?" Her tone was low, but charged with purpose.

"Get back where you belong!" Barraca commanded. "You don't understand. How did you get here?"

"You will stay safe up here while they are killing our brothers over yonder? You won't charge?"

"Take her away!"

"No; you will not! Nobody shall take me away!"

The standard of the Legion of the North was not ten feet from her. Its bearer was grinning nervously, divided between a sneaking fondness for Lolita and a manly conviction that it was no place for a woman.

"You will not charge? For the last time—you will not?"

"Be quiet! And get away from here!"

"Then," cried Lolita, "I will lead them!"

She seized the pole and wrenched it from the bearer's grasp. In the struggle the standard dipped and tossed. The boy resented such treatment from a trusted friend and cut at her with a knife; and she dropped him from his horse very prettily with a poke in the chest.

"All you who love your country follow me!" she screamed, beside herself with exaltation. "See! The Eagle is calling!"

There was a general movement toward her.

"Keep back!" thundered the Liberator.

The fire of battle flamed in his eyes and he drew his reins taut.

Lolita started down the slope on her mule. Down the shale slope and across the white sand she went, striking with bare heels against the reluctant Pancho's sides. And the standard of liberty opened above her head, caught the breeze and flew. There, plain to the eyes of all the Legion, soared their Eagle!

Lolita had almost to bend double to hold it upright against the rush of air as the stolid Pancho caught the infection and broke into a trot. Therefore she stuck the foot of the pole under her knee and clasped it with both arms against her breast. And as she moved jerkily across the draw she sang in a high, quavering voice the battle hymn of her fathers:

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whum Bruce has aften led ——

The thin note reached the enemy in their trenches. Filled with a great wonder they stood up to see.

Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Gales of laughter came from the slope of Opodepe. They sallied out from behind their protection, the better to view this mad creature. In incredulous amazement some one cried:

"*Madre de Dios!* It is the Eagle! The Liberator's own standard! Ow-ya, *compadres*, now is our chance! A quick run and ——"

The speaker started down to capture it, running at top speed, his rifle in one hand, the other holding his hat on his head. This was too easy a chance for hero-making to be missed. Two others followed; then a dozen. In vain did their officers command and threaten and halloo. The whole brigade of infantry suddenly let out a cheer and rushed pell-mell into the valley.

Undaunted by the oncoming horde, Lolita kept up her tattoo on the mule's ribs and held to her course.

Now's the day and now's the hour ——

Frenzied yells came from behind her—trumpet-calls and the blare of horses straining for the charge; then a shrill whistling of wind in her ears, a smother of sand, and the Liberator swept by her at the head of his five thousand veterans.

"This," he cried exultantly to Coronna across a sea of tossing manes, "settles the business!"

VII

ON THE plaza of Opodepe at sunset General Miguel Barraca leaned from his horse to shake the hand of General José Miron. The Legion of the North filled the

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square and held all the city streets. Back of him was ranged his staff, with the exception of the chief of commissary, who at that moment—turning aside from a quest for a holy man the Liberator required for a certain event—had a fat banker in a corner, trying to pry a ransom out of him.

At the Liberator's side was his standard, borne by its warrior maid, now all softness and melting glances.

"General Barraca, my warmest felicitations! You have done nobly!" said Miron glibly. "My plan has met with complete success, and I shall take pride in reporting to the First Chief of the Revolution the valiant assistance rendered by your heroic patriots."

During this tribute Pancho heaved a deep sigh, let one ear flap forward and closed his eyes. Barraca acknowledged it with a nod and his face was set in stern lines.

"Sir," said he so that all might hear, "this day a woman has taught the men of Mexico a lesson in patriotism! The victory is hers. And it is her we salute. Men of the Northern Legion, present arms!"

The Pup's Picture

A HUMBLE hound pup—a lop-eared, china-eyed hound pup about three-quarters grown—played a very important part in a moving-picture rehearsal that was witnessed by the writer. Scenes 1, 2 and 3 of the play we were acting show the steps of a Western courthouse. They close with the announcement from the judge that court is about to assemble, whereupon all the actors pass through the front door. While we were rehearsing these scenes that liver-colored pup strolled into view, wagging a foolishly friendly tail and casting a weak blue eye amiably on every human in his path.

"Oh, great!" cried our director. "Atmosphere stuff! Hound pup basking in the Southwestern sunshine! Somebody cop that dog and get him in!"

The pup was disposed on his side and gentled into quiescence. And there he stayed, alternately yawning and napping, through all the stirring events of Scenes 1 and 2, through the rehearsals and the early moments of Scene 3. The judge announced court; the actors rose and started through the door. Suddenly the director burst into a storm of command.

"Keep that dog out of the doorway!" he yelled. "For the love of Mike don't let him get into that doorway!"

His trained mind had perceived at once that if the dog was seen entering the doorway we should have to show him emerging from it in Scene 4, to be produced three weeks later in another town. And he had not bargained on buying the dog!

The actors, expressing themselves in those slow, flowing gestures that register well on the film, shuffled their feet and legs to get in the dog's way; but he evaded the barrier and thrust his nose through the doorway.

"Stop him!" yelled the director. "Kick him!" An actor in the doorway gave a discreet little backward kick.

This outrage violated all the pup's confidence in humanity. He sat down, faced the camera and let out a set of agonized howls.

"Cut!" cried the director. "Retake! Oh, damn!"

The pup had not only turned a dramatic scene into a comedy, but he had put us under the reproach of mistreating a dumb animal. In the general confusion no one thought of the dog until one of the actors suddenly pointed and cried:

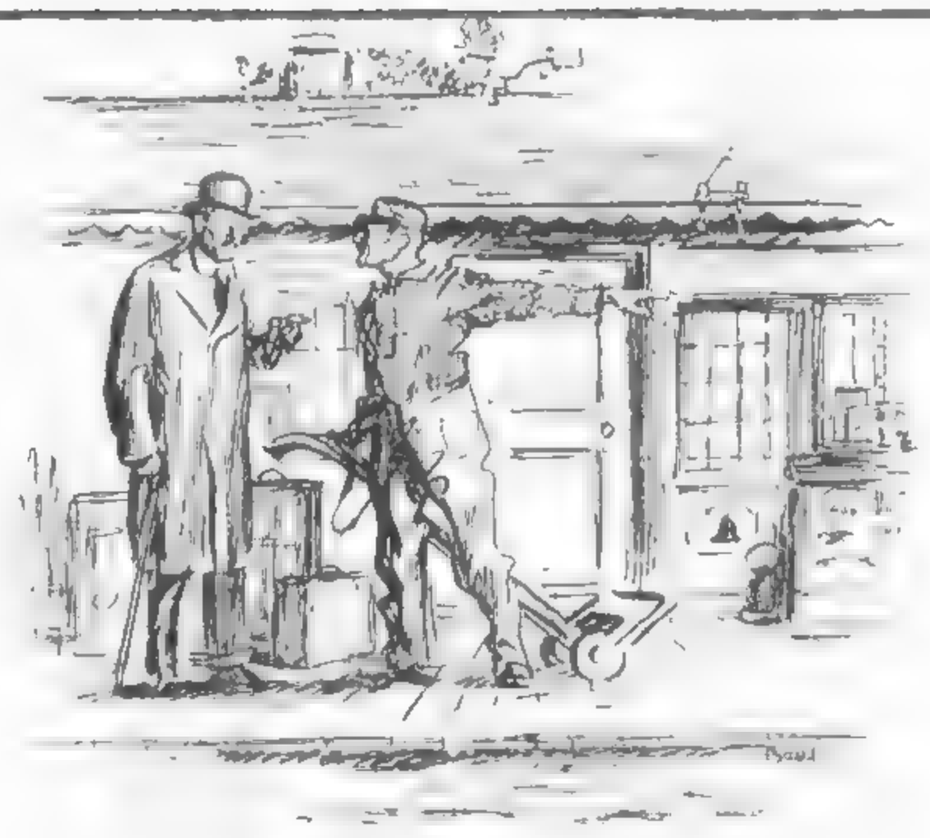
"Some one catch him!"

The pup was running up the hill with his tail between his legs. At the top of the slope he stopped, regarding us nervously. We absolutely needed that dog now—needed him more than if he had entered the door; for Scenes 1, 2 and 3 were continuous—one scene really, broken up by titles. If Scene 2 flashed into Scene 3 and the dog was suddenly missing the fresh guys—movieland slang for critics—would all notice it. And we had no time to retake that whole afternoon's work, because the light was already failing.

"Leave him to me!" said Harry, our comedian. "Youse scare him!"

Alone, he stalked and wooed for ten minutes until he grabbed the pup and carried him back to the scene of his dramatic triumphs—still yelping at every unexpected motion.

"He's like any young actor," moralized Harry—"makes a hit—gets indispensable to the show—gets called down for something—gets temperament—and quits you!"



"He lives down on the river road, in the shabby, weather-beaten house on the left. You can't miss it."

Shabby and weather-beaten! A striking landmark, no doubt. The porter at the railroad station didn't mean to give the place a black eye, but that is what he did. Too bad the owner hadn't used

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He likes to afford the best, and if it seems out of reach he looks further, and he usually gets it.

We all know that conditions are changing in this country—methods of work—standards of value—the general way of looking at things.

Business is learning to cut out waste. More than that, it is learning that whatever is saved must be taken off the price, or put into the quality of the product.

More is expected of everybody.

Men think of what they are doing—what they are buying. They look at both sides of their dollar.

This means the forging ahead of some concerns, and the falling behind of others.

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As never before the ***spot-light*** is on the ***value-giver.***

It is astonishing what new methods can deliver to you in style, in tailoring, in rich and durable fabrics—at the same prices you have been paying.

And yet there are men and there are dealers, plenty of them, who lag along with the old standards because ***they do not realize what is taking place in the clothing trade.***

Men dislike change. Habit is one of the dullest things in the world. The average man has a habit of buying from a certain dealer, and the dealer has a habit of buying from certain manufacturers.

There is nothing so arrogant or self-satisfied as habit that has gone to sleep over an established success.

We were the first clothing concern in America to go on record with the conviction that more could be done than anybody was doing toward a ***betterment of values*** through efficiency methods in the clothing business.

To prove our conviction we built in Chicago the most advanced tailor-shops in the world. Acres of sun-lit floor space—all glass, white tile and electric power—the last word in scientific equipment. And here we put in force our ideas of efficiency in men and methods—with results that will stir the dry bones of the clothing trade.

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With new system and accuracy, we achieve certain niceties in fit and tailoring that you have not known before.

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We know the results are there as never before in your clothing experience—and ***she*** will be the first to tell you so.

These are interesting facts, and you wonder what effect they are having on our business.

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Kuppenheimer Clothes are going into the finest stores of this country in increasing volume.

One of the greatest merchants in America said the other day to an acquaintance of ours, "Kuppenheimer merchandise is better than they themselves realize."

He thought we did not know the merit of our goods because we did not seek to register our appreciation in the price.

This very condition shows why we are so particular in the selection of dealers who will represent Kuppenheimer Clothes in the spirit in which they are made.

Square-toed, straightforward, new-method clothing merchants who will give their customers all the advantage that we give them.

For instance, we are very strong indeed in suits and overcoats around $25, and we want a dealer who can face the $40 look in a $25 garment and put the temptation behind him.

It will pay him, and pay him big, in the long run—if he is far-sighted enough to trust the public's appreciation of values.

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